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EDGEWOOD

EDITION

VOLUME I

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From the painting by Gerl Melchers

Donald G. Mitchell
From the painting by Gari Melchers, 1901

THE WORKS OF
DONALD G. MITCHELL

FRESH GLEANINGS

OR A NEW SHEAF FROM THE OLD
FIELDS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

BY
IK MARVEL

Τὰ δὲ ἄλλοι ὁυ κατελάβοντο, τούτων μνήμην ποιήσομαι.
HEROD., lib. vi., cap. 52

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ 1907

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PREFATORY

No less than sixty-one years have passed since I wrote the original preface to the little book (Fresh Gleanings) which—as I am now advised—is to form the initial volume to the complete "Edgewood Edition" of the same author's books.

Hereupon the publishers have asked for a few prefatory lines—items of reminiscence and exposition; or better, perhaps, some welcoming words of kindly greeting for the old friends of half a century ago, or possible new ones of these more strenuous times. I give these freely—yet with the hesitancy that age compels—emphasizing point by point, with as many dabs of an old man's cane.

Item I

There is strong temptation on the author's part to run the pen—in damnatory way—through some of the young exuberance of utterance in the descriptive and other passages of

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"Fresh Gleanings," as hardly in keeping with the white locks and tremulous fingers which tell of cumulated years; but—on second thought—I leave them as so many valid tide-marks.

ITEM II

"THE LORGNETTE"—whose smart couplet of volumes may be encountered at times in old book-shops, and which belonged also to the early period of the writer's craft in books, I should on many counts have heartily greeted in this embanked edition—assured that much of its satiric comment and earnest sermonizing against the worship of Mammon, would still have aptness and significance. I enjoy, too, a remembrance of the perfect anonymity of the little primrose-covered pamphlets which made their appearance week by week in some mysterious manner upon the counter of Mr. Henry Kernot—the lively little Englishman who was the professed publisher—(with his stand upon Broadway opposite Niblo's), and who supplied me from time to time—in some covert way—with big sheaves of his diary—reporting with heroic amplitude what this and the other alert fashion-monger had to say of the "Opera-Goer," and of his dainty pamphlet. Of course

there were helpers in the work of mystification; one of the chiefest co-workers being my old school-mate Huntington—afterward, for many years, Paris correspondent of the "Tribune"—a sterling man, most justly eulogized by Clemenceau in his record of the Germanic Siege. My good friends, Mr. Raymond, of the "Courier and Enquirer," and Mr. Samuel Bowles of the "Springfield Republican," were also in the secret of "The Lorgnette" authorship, and were easily able to spoil too warm a trail in the search for the true "John Timon." Nor should I forget among other confidants Mr. Charles Scribner, the founder of the publishing house of that name; Dr. Fordyce Barker, whose geniality and ready wit made him everywhere a welcome guest, and Samuel Tilden, who, in those days, chanced to be occupant of a roomy attic in lower Fifth Avenue (only two doors away from my own quarters) where he had already begun to mass together the great assemblage of books ultimately to find enshrinement in the imposing palace of Forty-second Street.

Item III

To the same period of time belong virtually those twin books of exultant youthful senti-

ment—"Reveries" and "Dream-Life"—subject now, under expiration of copyright, to a wearisome publicity. No less than forty totally different imprints of the "Reveries" adorn in tatterdemalion way, one of the shelves in my library—a collection largely due to the persistent quests of a whimsical friend.

These issues vary in cost from two pennies to a guinea each, but (it is needless, perhaps, to say) no one of them has brought to the author any monied return—save one only, when the projector of a "Railway Library" in London, forwarded to the author an *honorarium* of £10. Presentation copies, however, of various degrees of attractiveness, have been received from generously disposed publishers in Leipsic, Berlin, London, and various home cities. For such of these as have not received other, and special acknowledgment, I trust that this public record of my indebtedness may suffice.

Item IV

A few books, of a later period, relating to homes in the country and farm experiences, mark—in this series—the subsidence of the author from the unrest and blare of cities and of travel, to the quiet and charm that grow up

under trees of one's own planting, and by a fireside that throws its light on Home!

I think there is a yearning in me toward this brood of books larger than toward any others of the entire Edgewood budget. They deal with matters that keep my regard—steadfast: and there are practical hints in them which I know to be sound, and justified by the pleasant experiences of half a century.

Item V

The fiction—embraced in scattered tales, and in one longish pastoral—half romance and half real—makes a couplet of books, in whose perusal (if the rebound of much friendly correspondence is to be trusted) I have found the warm sympathies of many a kindly reader set swiftly aflow. There are those (believe it, who may!) who have lifted their hats to the memory of good Dr. Johns!

Item VI

The latter books of this Edgewood company show a lapse into the quietness of mature life—when age covets the regalement of books, and renews the memories of travel. I much fear

that in these volumes about "English Lands and Letters," I have not tied together the delightful issues of English literature with the delightful country *entourage* from which they took their scenic coloring, with all the justness and life I had longed for. I wish I could believe otherwise—both as respects the "English Lands and Letters" and their mated and later American fellow. Their score-mark should denote such an intimate and vital union of the geography of a country with its literary development, as would be largely helpful to all young and earnest students.

Item VII

"Bound Together" is the accidental title of one of the lesser books in this Edgewood assemblage, which in its varied contents gives types of the ambitious declamation of extreme youth—the exuberance of early manhood, and somewhat of the sobrieties of that over-ripened age which now begins to inthrall me with its multiplying infirmities and its mystic, yet teasing, memories of the past. There are pages in it where I feel again the pulse-beat of "five and twenty," and there are others where I am sadly and bitterly conscious of the shaky and uncer-

tain forces which beleaguer a man well steeped in the "eighties."

Item VIII

Eighth item and—with our publishers' approval—the last; and this shall chronicle only—an old-fashioned New-England "Adieu!"—not only to the newer friends who have been lured hitherward, by the publishers' arts, but to the old ones—both here and abroad—who have been won over to kindly approval of utterances, which close—here and now!

Don[D] G. Mitchell.

Edgewood, August 10, 1907.

A NEW PREFACE

When I came back from the Old World, Mary, I dedicated to you, this first essay of my book-making life. The memory of the strange and brilliant things which had met me beyond the ocean, was hanging upon me very pleasantly;—but, pleasanter still, there lingered in my mind a recollection of the sunny hours upon our farm-land in the valley of Elmgrove.

I am not sure if you have heard it,—but some readers have imagined that my talk of harvesting, and of the old farm-house, was a mere show of rhetoric. You know there was nothing but honesty in what I wrote you; and that it was with a thrill of pleasure, I had no desire to conceal, that I wandered again through the woods and fields of my rough farm Under-the-Hill.

No, there was no rhetoric in my talk of the farm-land then,—whatever may belong to it now.

Then, Europe was a memory—a blessed memory lifting my heart and hope: now, our

Farm-land deserted,—the oaks, shading a silent sward-land,—the elms, bowing to an untrodden lawn, are a memory also.

——Well, sweet memories make up the pleasure of our life—for they nurse our hopes of sweet memories to come!

So, it is with blended recollections—bright and gorgeous ones of European temples and festivities,—gentle and soothing ones of the summer seasons at Elmgrove, that I write today this fragment of Preface, and inscribe again to you, this careless record of my first wandering.

I wish it was worthier of the world; I wish it was worthier of you. But such as it is, with all its imperfections, I am certain that you will receive it graciously from one who hopes for your charity, and who is sure of your affection.

I had thought of running over the book again, and of crossing out what seemed to be the ebullitions of boyish and pedantic fancies. But I have not done it. I wished that the book should stand, a type of my first feeling. I could perhaps have made it less obnoxious to the hard-sayings of the critics, and have woven a little more maturity of observation into its careless glimpses of the old-world life; but I

have chosen rather that it should carry all its old weakness with it. I have wished—though it may seem a selfish wish—to claim so much more of your indulgence, as would suffice to cover all its failings.

I know the claim will not be refused; and I know that you will be as willing now, as always, to excuse my defects, and to forget my errors.

I had undertaken, Mary, to write a Preface: I have forgotten myself—to a letter. The only excuse I shall make, will be—to print it, and to send it to you,

With my kindest wishes,

Ik Marvel.

New York, May 30, 1851.

PREFATORY LETTER

TO M. W. G.

HEAVEN bless you, Mary, with richer sheaves than this!

You know that I had learned to use the sickle on our farm-land in the valley, before I went away;—and could bind up the ears at harvest, with the stoutest of my men. Now here, I bring back these Gleanings from beyond the Waters:—I have plucked a grain-head here, and a grain-head there; but only since I have come home, and only at your request, have I bound a few together in a Sheaf.

Here it is, homely and rude as our pastures upon the hills: but it has a fragrance for me—dare I hope it can have as much for you? In the binding up, it has made scenes come back, and stir my soul, as I thought it could not be stirred twice.

——Yet is it useless—altogether useless—the effort to make words paint the passions that blaze in a man's heart, as he wanders for the first time over the glorious old highways of Europe!

This sheaf, Mary, is a sheaf of tares.

You might pardon it: but there is that sly-faced step-dame—the Public—whom, as yet, I do not know at all,—whom as yet, I tremble to face; and I fear greatly, that she will look with a colder eye than yours, over these Gleanings, thrown together with the same free and careless hand, with which I used to tie up the last sheaves before a shower.

But it is too late now to waver: and if I have not one kind look save yours, I hope I may have the courage to say, in the submissive spirit of Medea:—

Eatur—nihil recuso—merui.

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FIRST STEP TOWARD THE CONTINENT

FIRST STEP TOWARD THE CONTINENT

PAUL PRY

My physician said I must quit England: so I put ten sovereigns in my pocket, and set off Southward, through the summer county of Devonshire.

——To-morrow, thought I,—for it was the last stage between Exeter and Torquay, and had grown so dark, that I could see no longer the pretty cottages along the way,—to-morrow, and I shall see strange faces and strange dresses, and listen to a strange language; for by ten next morning, I hoped to rub my eyes open, in the Southern atmosphere of one of those little Norman Isles, which lie off the Northwest coast of France.

In the exhilaration of my spirits, I hinted as much to the coachman; and asked, in the same breath, if we should be down in time for the steamer—a fact of which, however, I felt as morally sure, as that the snug coach, Paul Pry, was then and there, toiling up the last

range of hills that shuts off the view of the Channel waters.

—What steamer, yer honour?—said the coachman.

—The steamer for Jersey, surely; it was stipulated, when I took my place, that we should not be too late for it.

—Egad! that 's a good 'un; why, there 's been no steamer, yer honour, these three months.

The serious air of the coachman did not leave me the benefit of a single doubt. The first moment my thoughts ran back, in no very Christian temper, to the man who had booked me at Exeter; the next, I was inside the coach, with my feet stretched over the front seat, thinking soberly of what should be done.

To go to Southampton for the Mail steamer would cost more money than I had left, and to cross the Channel in such vile fishing-craft as might be in Torbay, would expose one to ten thousand risks, and I had decided upon neither one thing nor the other, when the coach stopped at the door of the Royal Inn.

TORQUAY

After a fortnight of rain in England—and

whoever has been in England a fortnight has had just such experience—how like the dawning of some better world upon this, is a true sunshiny day, when the sky is clear, the air warm and soft, and the sea, with a fleet of white sails shining on it, as blue as Heaven!

It was a day to make one feel at peace with his species. I did not carry with me a single vengeful thought—not even for the man who had booked me at Exeter—as I walked out upon the quay before the inn door, as thoroughly capable of enjoying the summer warmness as any invalid of them all, who were sunning themselves on the sunny sides of nearly all the houses of the town.

——For it is worth mentioning—that five-and-twenty years ago, Torquay was as humble a little fishing-place as when Harry of Richmond landed in the bay with his army; but it came to be known—some way or other—that nowhere on the British coasts were the winter suns so soft and warm; and *presto* sprang forth little cottages and villas on every shelf of the hills, and the inns where one could buy only a stoup of fisherman's ale, will now make you a bill as long as the bills at Bath.

The hills sweep round the bay so as to shut off every rude wind of the North; and the sun

goes glancing over their green sides—now here, now there—but never leaves them from morning till night. I lost myself wandering in the little valleys among them; along the bosom of each were walks made, and from under the tangled limbs of fir-trees, I would now and then climb suddenly upon a level spot where the sunshine lay, and where sat a gem of a cottage; and from the paling round the cottage, I would see the town lying along the lip of the bay under so new an aspect, that I would look two or three times before I could be sure that it was the same town of Torquay. Some old church tower that had grown familiar would have disappeared, and a new and taller tower would rise from the houses, that I did not know; and as I went to other openings upon the hills, the old tower would come back, and the new one vanish—but always the bright waters of the bay sleeping below.

Here and there came upon me companies of invalids, luxuriating in the sun. One face I saw—that of a sick girl—comes to me now much oftener than it ought.

——She was sitting in one of the little Bath chairs, and a serving man was drawing her up the hill. Her mother was walking on one side, and her brother, or he may have been her

lover, the other—if he was a lover, I pity him, for she must be dead before now. Her hair was flaxen, and once or twice she laid it back with a gentle motion, from her cheek; her eye was bright—too bright, and swimming with a tender expression, that seemed to me a tender thankfulness for so glorious a day.

The man drew her to the edge of the cliff where I was standing, and her expression grew more earnest as she looked out over the sea, where the sun lay in a flood. There was no ripple—only a gentle waving motion that did not break the surface, but which at intervals came rocking up to the beach, and the low murmur it made, was all that broke the stillness.

The sick girl looked out upon the water—and from that turned to the face of her mother—and then to the face of the young man—and then to the sea again—and from that up to the sky—and her small hands met together, and were clasped for a moment—and I thought a tear or two fell from her eyes.——I turned away as if I had seen nothing of it; but I did see it, and it made a different man of me for a week.

I had half a mind, forgetting the Doctor, to stop in Torquay. So I had a chat with my landlady. She would be charmed to have me

for a lodger, and her terms were two guineas for board, a guinea more for room; and for service—it should be left entirely to my discretion.

——I did not whistle, but slipped my hand into my trousers pocket, and tried to jingle the four sovereigns I had left, and pursed up my lips very tightly—in short, I must have made a very awkward appearance.

That very afternoon I had paid my bill, and before night was sitting in the best parlour, up-stairs, of a little inn at Paignton, the other side of the bay. So small was the inn, that the housemaid was sent off to the butcher's shop, to buy me a steak for supper—with this I took a tankard of ale, and before a grate full of coals sat dozing the night away, till the village clock struck eleven.

THE INN BY THE BRIDGE

I WAS glad the coachman did not ask me where I was going, when I got upon the Plymouth coach next morning—for I could not have told him. We had not gone twenty miles before we entered the sweetest gem of a valley that could be found in all Devonshire; and scarce had we entered it, before the coachman pointed out

with his whip, a heavy, home-looking, stone mansion beside the way, where, said he, in spring time—they take lodgers, who go trouting all down the valley.

— And if they take lodgers in spring, why not in winter, said I.

— Sure enough; why not? said he.

So, when we were opposite, he reined up his horses, and I jumped down with my portmanteau in my hand. The good woman showed me into a snug little parlour, and the maid came in with a pan full of coals, and presently the grate was all in a glow, and the room dusted; and for dinner, I was served with such old-fashioned apple-pies, and such luscious clotted cream, as are to be found nowhere else in England.

—— Ah, it was a rare time that, in the old inn at Erme-bridge! Out of one window I could see the stone arch that leaped the stream, over which the coaches thundered twice and three times a day; and beyond it, the gray roofs of the village nestled together on the side of the valley, with the brown church tower, mossy and old, lifting above them—and beyond, the hills rising, and spreading into green grain fields. Out of the other window, that went down to the floor, I could step into a rich

plat of grass, with trim walks in it, and laurels blossoming, and holding up their painted heads as proudly, as if the month were June, and not January. From the very edge of this little green spot stretched a pheasant wood—for how many miles over the hills, I do not know; but I have walked myself tired in it, and never found the end; and sometimes the pheasants would steal out, and go stalking under the laurels, and stretch out a wing and a leg to sun, on a soft bit of the gravel; but when I touched the window, they would whir away to the middle of the wood.

Stranger things happen every day, than that I should forget all about the instructions of Dr. Manifold, and loiter a whole week at Erme-bridge. I could make a very long story, if I chose, of my landlady's discourse—of the talk of the wise ones of the village, as they happened in of an evening for a mug of toddy or a glass of my landlord's ale—of my rambles over the grounds of the Squire, whose castellated mansion broke up into the sky, at the South end of the valley, with a score or more of chimney tops—of my stealing slyly upon herds of deer, to see them go galloping away like the wind—of the Sunday service at the church, where the Christmas-greens were still

hanging, a sprig of holly in each corner of the pews, and wreaths woven of fir-boughs and myrtle hanging in dried festoons from the desk where the curate stood, (whose man-servant would now and then slip into the inn with the parish jug—as if the curate had not an equal right to the good things of life as any man of us all!)—but I have not the heart to make a long story of it; for Ill-health, that had dogged me like a hound all the way down through the North of England, came here upon my track again. I got once more upon the Plymouth coach to give him a new chase; and as we rattled over the bridge, and I caught the last courtesy and the last smile of the landlady at the door, I vowed in my heart, that—if my wife were willing—I would spend my honey-moon at that same inn of Erme-bridge.

THE ZEBRA

It was a wretched, rainy night; and as I went about through the muddy and narrow streets, and under the black, overhanging gables of Plymouth, I fancied that all whom I met gliding about in cloaks, were worthy old Roundheads, making ready for the Mayflower. I felt that there was something half-kindred in

our purpose; for I was threading the slippery streets, in search of some craft to take me over to the Island of Jersey, out of the clutches of a Tyrant more ruthless than Charles and Laud together.

So I went splashing along, around sharp corners, and through ill-lighted ways, with my feelings so wrought up by crowding fancies and the strangeness of the scene—the distant lamps glimmering on the wet pavement—the rain-drops pattering on me from the quaint old blackened balconies—that once or twice, I caught myself turning half round at sound of an approaching footfall, to see if a posse of King Charles's men were not upon my track; but they were not, and I found my way quietly enough down to the George and Dragon.—Just such a bit of a carousing inn it was, as would have rejoiced the heart of Roger Wildrake with a heaping tankard of sack. But though the merry old days of Wildrakes are gone, the days of sack-drinkers are not. The twofold virtue is still recognized at the inn of the George and Dragon. The tap-room was full. They were sitting on wooden benches around a blazing fire in the grate—the half of them with pipes, and every man of them with his mug of ale.

For my own part, I like to see now and then such residuary customs of the Past; and in an old lumbering town like Plymouth, it freshens memories, and makes an agreeable coincidence, and puts the quickest possible edge upon a man's appetite for seeing and living over again the times that are gone. And if there are folks so stupidly sober as to question my habit in the thing, I shall enter no such plea as *non peccatum est;* for in many a little inn along the Tweed have I drained a good tankard of home-brewed, and felt myself—not a whit the worse for it.

The landlord came out from behind his bar, where he stood between two rows of glittering tankards, and went down with me upon the Quay, in search of a skipper friend of his own, who was going on the morrow to Jersey. It was a little black, one-masted vessel we found, rocking just under the lee of the pier, and we had shouted a half dozen times before a stumpy figure put its head out of the forecastle, and told us the Zebra would sail at morning tide next day.

I promised to send my luggage to the Dragon, and the host of the Dragon said it would be all right. I splashed home again, and dreamed all night of doublets, and striped

hose, and Round-heads, and basket-hilts, and Old Noll, and Pym, and Plymouth Rock—and now and then, like a gleam of light breaking through the dreams, came a pleasant vision of sweet Alice Lee.

The tide came in, and the tide went out, and the sun got up to its highest; still the Zebra lay just off the pier; and every time I met the Captain, who was a dapper little Islander, he would half embrace me in a perfect transport of excuses.

I think I must have borne it very meekly, or his confidence in my forbearance would not have remained so unshaken; for he had repeated this manœuvre I know not how many times, before we were fairly ready to set off. I had even taken a steak in the back parlor of the Dragon, and had gone up the heights above the town, to see through a glass, the waves dashing over the top of Eddystone, nine miles down the bay; and the sun had gone down at the first clinck of the windlass, and the light was blazing on the end of the Breakwater, when we rounded it, and dropped down into the Sound.

There is nothing in a run across the English Channel, *ipso facto,* either curious, or worth the telling. But there I was, a sad

wreck of an invalid, with two sovereigns in my pocket, a doctor's prescription, and a pill-box —with only so much dinner in my stomach, as I had picked up on ten minutes' notice in the back room of the Dragon—in a little forty-ton vessel, cutter-rigged—with a half-blooded Captain, who had sprung a brandy-bottle in his berth, before we were quit of Mt. Edgecombe —bound two or three hundred miles away, to a dot of an Island, so set around with barefaced and sunken rocks, that to make it in the best of weather, is like sailing between Scylla and Charybdis, amid the howlings of Sea-green dogs.[1]

For company, were forty fat sheep—a butcher—a Plymouth pilgrim, who was a shoemaker, and had a wife and nine children —a stone-cutter with his bride, going to try his new-knit fortunes in the Islands of the sea. Philippe was Captain, but stayed most of his time below, wrapped in a cloak; Ben, the mate, had but one hand, but he managed the tiller very well with his stump; Tom was the only sailor aboard, and had it not been for him, I believe I should never have lived to tell the story of the voyage. Pierre wore a long

[1] ——cœruleis canibus resonantia saxa. (Æn., lib. iii. 432.)

dreadnought, spoke bad English, built the fire, emptied the slops, and did the cooking. Beside myself, there was not another soul on board, except a small dog, who, before we had been out eight-and-twenty hours, became disgusted with appearances on deck, and went below, where he lay coiled up in a corner of the hold.

In the cabin were four berths: Philippe had one, the butcher another, the stone-cutter and wife (they took turns—so did we all before we got to Jersey) another, and myself the fourth. A stove and table filled up the middle. A light wind hardly kept the sail full down the Sound.—At ten it was calm, and the canvas flapped the mast. At twelve we were dashing ahead merrily, and sheets of foam flew from the bow, all over the vessel: I wrung my Scotch cap dry, and put it on for a night-cap, and turned in.

I had not slept two hours, before I commenced dreaming—dreaming, strange as it seems, now that I come to write it down—about being in a tub of malt liquor; and I had sunk so low, that it was just gurgling in my ears, when I woke up: I was as wet as if it had been no dream. The berth was soaking wet, and had soaked through three coats, and wet me to the skin. I staggered on deck—it was

no drier there. The wind had hauled ahead, and the waves came driving at us, and licked us over, like hungry dogs. I cannot describe the action of the little craft as she tossed and plunged, and then leaped down into a dark trough of the howling waves. It was dreadful—I could not bear it. I tried to shake some of the water from me, and crawled below; and took one of the Doctor's pills, and turned my head to the wall.

My thoughts were quick and active; for the peltings of the wet, and a but-half-admitted sense of danger made me wakeful as the morning; but my thoughts took one inevitable direction; I could have pleaded in a period as long as the longest in one of Fenelon's sermons, and by half more eloquent, for a single half hour of quiet.

—— Oh, ye pleasant romancers about the gay life upon the sea,—whose romances spend themselves in dreams and in longings, I wish you could have had the berth of this poor soul for an hour, that night in the Zebra!

If a man's thoughts are not lively enough to run away from his distresses, at such a time, there would be no hope for him—he would go down in sorrow to the grave. Now, my thoughts were frolicking through the green alleys of England, and cottages sweet as love

ever fancied,—when I was restored to present consciousness, by the efforts made to breathe an infernal smoke, that filled the whole cabin of the Zebra.

Pierre had come in, in his dreadnought, and was building a fire in the stove. Presently he put over a pot of coffee; and when it had boiled, he generously offered it around at the berths, in a tin dipper. I was not sure—but thought I had seen the same dipper passed, in a hurried manner, from the berth of the stone-cutter's wife to the gangway, in the first glimmer of the morning.

—No, thank ye—said I—too ungraciously, for after all, thought I, it is only suspicion—corroborated, I must say, by the fact that the stone-cutter himself scrupulously abstained. The Captain, however, drank a full dipper of it; and if he did not relish it so much as his brandy, it was surely no fault of the dipper, which was as good a dipper, mechanically speaking, as one could wish for.

But the stone-cutter's wife was not the only one who proved unseaworthy; for there were noises from the berth of the butcher below me, that sounded like anything else, more than the turning out of coffee.

By and by there was a slight scuffle on deck; the Captain was at the foot of the gangway,

and Pierre at the top:—they passed down the drenched cobbler, and set him up in the lee corner; the poor devil had not strength to say anything. Next they handed down his wife, and set her up to windward as a sort of bolster, to keep the old fellow from tumbling against the stove, at each lurch of the vessel. Next, they passed down one of the cobbler's boys—then one of the cobbler's girls. I grew uneasy, but said nothing—I doubt if I could have said anything.

They kept on passing them down—first a boy, then a girl—then a girl, and then a boy, until I had counted nine. They filled the floor like a mat, homespun—I tried to smile at the joke, but I could not. Through all this, the cobbler had not said a word—nor one of the children—nor the butcher—nor the stone-cutter's wife—nor I; but I thought how it would be, for there was no room now to pass about the dipper; indeed I doubt if one of them could have carried a steady hand.

Presently there was a low cry.

—Ma, Ma, tell Johnny ——

—Poor dear! how can he help it—said Ma; and the cobbler's wife made a hurried effort to clear a spot beside her;—how could she hope it, wedged in as they were?

The cobbler tried to recoil, but said not a

word, though his mouth was full of bitterness —poor soul!—so was his lap.

Now it happened just then, that my London beaver, which was upon a beam under the skylight, lurched over and fell among them. I would not have got down to pick it up, if it had been worth ten guineas. So it went bobbing among them, striking one in the teeth, and another in the eyes, and once burying Johnny to the shoulders. There was a suffocating cry from under it, and by a single pinch of the thumb and finger, the cobbler's wife made a cocked hat of it; still, flattened and shapeless, it went driving round, nor stopped till Pierre picked it up, and jammed it into his locker.

I grew tired of all this. I do not like to confess to seasickness, but there was a feeling at my heart (it may have been the stomach, as I 'm no anatomist) which played the very dickens with me. I got upon deck—I never knew how—but have a faint recollection of three or four of the cobbler's children squalling after me, as if they had been trodden on. I put an arm round the bulwarks,—begged Pierre to lay a tarpaulin over me, for it was raining in torrents, and looked out upon the sea.

Now and then a wave would rise close beside the vessel, and a gust tear off its whole

beaded top, and bring it—a long sheet of water —crackling and spattering over me. I would duck my gray wool cap under the tarpaulin, but no sooner out, than—whist came another scud, half blinding me with spray. A gull now and then would battle with the wind, but seemed struggling to get to land. The clouds thickened gradually into darkness, for the sun was down;—*ponto nox incubat atra*—black night brooded on the waters; the very half line came to me, as I sat hugging the low bulwarks, and gasping between the gusts.

O! terque, quaterque beati, you school-boys, who scan Virgil to the beats of the master's rod, though it be on your bare backs, rather than the thumps and dashings of a January gale upon the writhing carcass of that little floating Zebra—more headlong in its gallop than the wildest that courses the plains of Timbuctoo!

There was no sleep that night. I did not go back to the cabin: I gave the mate a half-a-crown for his bunk, which was just within the gangway. True, the clothes smelled bad, but the cabin smelled infinitely worse.

No better sky opened on us next morning. Again the vile smoke filled the cabin; again Pierre made the coffee; again he passed the

dipper. I was faint, for I had eaten nothing since the dinner in the parlor of the Dragon. I begged a bit of biscuit, munched it, and staggered forward to the water-cask. The butcher, too, had crawled on deck, but he said nothing to me (he knew my berth was over him) and I said nothing to him.

By noon a little sun showed itself. A London packet was beating down Channel. It scarce seemed to mind the sea that was tossing us about, as if we were not worth a reckoning. I would have given my two sovereigns, and my hat, and all I had, to have been on board of her.

The cobbler's boys crawled on deck. Pierre made a little broth, and I begged some, and ate it in a pint bowl that I had not seen before. Before dark, we had made the Island of Sark, but night came on black again, and in the morning, hungry and faint, I crawled again upon the wet decks, to see—nothing but a great gray waste of waters, dashing and lashing around us.

The sheep were almost dead, and so was I. There was not a quadrant on board, if there had been a sun to light it. The captain knew no more of navigation than the butcher; yet, there we were, tearing away at a deuce of a

pace—Philippe in the rigging, and the one-handed man at the helm—Heaven only knew where. So we had run on till near noon, when we decided—and the butcher and I came into consultation—to put the vessel about. All was ready for the new move, when Philippe cried, land. As I had no more faith in the fellow's eyes, than I had in his conscience, I doubted still.

Soon, however, there was a blue lift in the horizon. An hour, and we made Guernsey and rounded it; then we made the highlands of St. John's and of Grosnez; and saw the tall belfry of St. Owen; and shot among the troubled waves, within two oars' length of the fearful Corbiere; and passed La Moye, and ran under the shade of St. Brelades, and frightfully near La Fret; and dashed round Noirmont tower —away through the broad bay of St. Aubins —under the scowling-guns of the castle— straight between the pier-heads of the dock of St. Hiliers.

——I will never go to sea again in a vessel of forty tons;—I will never sail again with such a half-blooded blade of a captain;—I will never sail again with a cobbler who has a wife and nine children;—I will never sail again with a butcher who does not know a coffee-cup

from a wash-bowl; but, the cruise in the Zebra being at an end, I can only say,—I will never, under favor of Heaven, make such another.

SAINT HILIERS

It was very odd, but even so, that Ill-health, which, as I said, had dogged me all through England, lost the scent in some of those doublings upon the Channel; and I felt myself a well man, (though a very weak one) at the first step I put upon the quay; and tenfold so, when I had taken a good bath, and a good dinner in the neat little inn of my host, upon the Place Royale.

My heart warms as I go back to the pleasant little city of St. Hiliers, picturesquely strewed along the sands of St. Aubin's bay, with grim and great Fort Regent scowling over it from the rock,—its houses lighted up by sunshine, its streets smooth and clean to a nicety—all of which I knew, and all the hucksters' shops and alleys, as well as I know the green, broad valley that stretches from my window to-day. Morning after morning, in pleasant winter time, have I wandered through the streets of the Island city, busy and active,—and along the quays, where lie vessels from Rio and the

Cape, and Newfoundland; and by the pretty cottages that sit upon the hills above the town, and out upon the long reach of pebbles, that connects Castle Elizabeth with the shore. There, they say, upon the rocky isle, an old hermit had his home; I have laid myself down in the bed in the rock, where they say that the hermit laid; but the wild Normans as early as the times of Charles the Simple, killed the poor anchorite, and now nothing is left of him, but his hole in the rock, and his name—for his name was St. Hilier.

Pleasant memories hover about the old castle, for Walter Raleigh was once its Governor, and had a snug room on the first floor, with—I dare say—many a good butt of sack on the floor below. Clarendon wrote a part of his history in some odd corner of the battlemented building. But the days of its glory are gone; and the head-quarters of Charles the Second, who made the old walls shake with jollity, have become a guard-room for half a dozen lazy fellows in gray coats and breeches, who keep up a clatter with pipes, and a few tumblers of weak wine. Age has worn sad furrows in its face, and a few guns from the prim-looking Fort Regent, upon the hill, would batter it down to the sea.

It is very strange how this Island people, living as it were within hail of the coast of France, and speaking the Norman language, and living under Norman customs, should yet be the sturdiest loyalists, and the most consummate haters of French rule, anywhere to be found in the dominions of her Britannic majesty. Time and time again, the French have struggled to possess the Island—twice have had armies upon it, but always have been driven back into the sea.

Now, little Martello towers line the whole shores, springing from the rocks just off the land; and throughout the reign of Napoleon, a red light might have been seen in them all at night—for in each, two artillery men boiled their pot for a week together.

The last regular descent upon the city, or in fact upon any part of the Island, was somewhere about the year 1780 or '81.[1] Baron de Rullecourt landed one stormy night with seven hundred men, at a point of rocks within a half-hour's march of the town Square. Before light they had roused Major Corbet, the gov-

[1] Falle's History. Earlier attacks upon the islands are mentioned in Raleigh's History of the World; particularly that upon Sark—a curious story—in the time of Edward VI.

ernor of the Island; two tall French grenadiers served him as *valets-de-chambre,* and marched him, arm in arm, upon the Place Royale. By this time the Islanders were awake, and were surprised to find seven hundred French soldiers marshalled in their quiet Square, and Major Corbet, in his night-cap, in the front ranks. Major Corbet, acting probably under advices of his French retainers, ordered the Island garrison to capitulate.

Major Pierson, the next in command, being thoroughly awake, declined compliance; and by noon a thousand of the militia had crowded up all the little streets which lead off the Royal Square. Major Pierson was at the head of his company. The Frenchmen stood firm.

Major Corbet, shivering with the cold, for it was January, penned another and final order, as commander-in-chief. Major Pierson stuck the billet upon the point of his sword, and waved to his men to come forward.

Crack!—went the French musketry.

Major Pierson fell dead, but his men bore up stoutly; Baron de Rullecourt fell; the French ranks became thinned—the Islanders closed round them, hewing, and firing, and shouting. They beat them down,—they trampled them under foot,—they met in the

middle. It was a rare time for the quiet little town of St. Hiliers. Only fifty got safely to their boats.

The Islanders speak of it now as a thing of yesterday.—Poor Major Pierson! says one.

—*Et Rullecourt—le pauvre diable!* says another; and they show you the stone (I could see it from my inn window) on which he fell fighting so bravely.

Making up, as they do, a family of themselves, apart from the rest of the world, it was curious to observe how their thoughts ran upon old themes. They were once, it is said, nearer the Main than now; and this leads me away from St. Hiliers—its inn—my host Monsieur B——, his fat wife, and daughter, to take a rambling glance at the whole Island.

THE ISLAND OF JERSEY

Tradition—a pleasant old story-teller as ever lived—says that the people of Normandy, once passed over to the Island of Jersey upon a bridge of a single plank, paying a small tribute to the Abbot of Coutance. If the method should be resumed, there would be needed a plank five leagues long—and the bishop must be toll-gatherer, for the abbot is dead.

Perhaps it was when crossing was so easy,

that the fierce Normans made such terrible inroads upon the island, and upon all the neighboring parts of France—even to the gates of the palace of Charles the Simple, that this weak monarch proposed to Rollo, who called himself Duke of Normandy, this bargain:—Rollo was to have quiet possession of the islands of Sark, Alderney, Guernsey and Jersey, and all that part of France now called Normandy, with the king's daughter Gisla, into the bargain—provided he would neither ask, nor take anything more. More of the king's daughters, Rollo, as a discreet prince (and tradition says thus much for him), probably never wanted;—for the same tradition says, Gisla was both old and ugly.

Yet,—so strange are the ways of Providence,—from this same match, brought into effect by so romantic attachments, is legitimately sprung His Royal Highness, Albert Prince of Wales. How much of the blood of Gisla or of Rollo, stirs up the little chubby rogue, at his hoop-driving in the park behind the palace, it matters not to inquire.

A part of the bargain I had forgotten.—Rollo, on marrying his wife, was to become a Christian; an odd way, it may seem to many, of promoting the Christian virtues in a man;—but those were rude times. Rollo managed his

new estates well; he was both loved and feared. It was the custom of the humblest of the peasantry to call in the prince to settle their disputes; "Rollo, Rollo, *à l'aide mon prince!*" was the cry;—and so often was it repeated, and so just were the Duke's decisions, that the cry became a part of their law. It went down to the people under succeeding monarchs—to the times of Robert the Magnificent, and William the Conqueror, and Henry; and even still later, it had force in Normandy.

Apropos is this story, I have somewhere met with, of the burial of William the Conqueror,[1] whose ashes lie under the high arches of the *Abbaye aux hommes* at Caen.

——The grave was dug, the monarch was in his coffin—the candles were burning, and the incense was rising. The dead monarch's son Henry, in armor, and his guards in glittering armor, stood looking on;—they raised the coffin to lower it in the grave, when suddenly, a voice from beside the royal cortege cried,—*Ha Ro! Ha Ro! Ha Ro! à l'aide mon prince!*

The attendants set down the coffin on the

[1] *Histoire des Français.*—Sismondi. Mrs. Hemans has written some very pretty verses in connection with the same incident.

pavement. Henry looked stern, but could not control the effect of the cry.

A peasant claimed the spot as his; his evidence was made good by the concurrence of the bystanders; and not till the money was counted him for the burial-spot, did the dead king find a place in his grave.

The strangest remains to be told:—the cry has still a sacred and binding force throughout the Island of Jersey—and the *Clameur de Ha-ro* fills pages of their books of law. Woe be to the aggressor who hears the cry, though Rollo has been dead a thousand years!

After Rollo, came seven Dukes,—then William, who fought at Hastings, where Hubert's grandsire drew a long-bow. William gave Jersey with the rest of Normandy to his son Robert—poor fellow—he had his eyes put out in Cardiffe Castle—a day's ride from Bristol; and the phthisicky old warder will tell you the story, if you go there, now.

Since that sad day, England's kings have been masters of Jersey, with the exception of a little time when Cromwell sent over his army, and subdued it. For the men of Jersey were great royalists, and Charles II. led a gay life there after running away from Worcester, or (Scott's version) after stealing out of Ditchley

park, under advice of old Doctor Rochecliffe. And now they show you, with pitiable pride,—the table at which he sat,—the bed on which he slept (one of them), and speak of him (many of them) as a father.

Cromwell, however, conquered the Island, and Haines was made Governor——but a truce to all this; you will find as much in your geographies. It gives one no clear idea of the beautiful, green, little Island of Jersey;[1] so we will take a ramble together through the shaded lanes, and look out upon the fields.

In the first place, there remain upon the island the old Seigneuries; nowhere else will you hear of the Lords of the Manor. The old feudal privileges have, it is true, mostly gone

[1] I am not writing a geography, nor a gazetteer, I therefore put statistics all down in a note.—The Island is twelve miles long, by eight broad. Its population, in round numbers, is fifty thousand—of whom half are at St. Hiliers, and St. Aubins,—another little city opposite the first. Twenty thousand are engaged in agriculture. The language is indifferently—a French patois, and bad English. French is the language of the courts; French and English of the churches. Over thirty thousand tons of shipping are owned by the inhabitants, and double the amount enters in a year. Exports are cows, cider, and potatoes—all excellent; imports—wines, grain, and fish. There are no duties. Exchange is in favor of Great Britain to the amount of a shilling in a pound.

by: still, enough remain to give their holders rank and name; and the gems of the island are the old Manor-houses. Buried in trees, they are of quaint architecture, and you look up through long avenues upon their peaked gables, and brown faces half covered with ivy. There is the manor-house of Rozel,—a miniature castle, with a miniature park about it, on which the deer are trooping; and from its windows you look over St. Catherine's bay, and Archirondel tower—rising tall and weather-beaten out of the edge of the sea. There is the Seigneury of Trinity—a great, soberly mansion, whose walls the thick evergreens have made damp-looking and mossy, but within, it is ever cheerful as summer.

Nor are the Seigneuries all; for the whole island is one great suburb.—Now we have a huge stone wall at our left, coming up to the very track of the carriage-wheels,—if track there could be upon the delightfully smooth roads: a little moss hangs in its crevices; the edge of a mouldy thatch appears over one end. You enter by a high archway, over which are two hearts united, graven in the stone, and a date a century or two old; the archway opens upon the cheerful, noisy court of a farmery;—on one side, facing the sun, are the cottage win-

dows, and a gray thatch, thick and heavy, covers the roof; lines of hospitable-looking sheds, weighed down with thatch, flank the cottages, and the stables are opposite; between are piles of straw, and ricks, and carts, and pigs—and ducks quacking, and an old woman in a short petticoat and a red turban. A black and white cat is sunning herself on a shelf by the door, and a big dog stalks lazily out, to give you a growl of salutation as you pass on your way. Just by the farmery, looking over the hedge, you can see a dozen of the beautiful cows of Jersey feeding in the orchard; and they will lift their heads, and turn their mild eyes upon you with a look that is half human. All the while the hedgerows on either side roll up in round, green mounds. The narrow space between is hard and smooth, and so winding that the view is always changing; and if you spring for a moment to the top of the grassy knoll, where the hedge is thin, you will see such a carpet of greenness as will make the heart glad in winter; and beyond its limit, toppling out of the trees—a cottage, with so many roofs and angles, and windows and chimneys, as would make the study of a painter;—still beyond, like the burrowings of a mole, follow those same green hedgerows, winding down to the sea,—which is not so far away, but that

you can see the glisten of the water-drops and the shaking of the waves.

There is picturesqueness of another kind upon the island;—deep valleys, away by St. Mary's toward the West, and hills pushing boldly into them, with untamed forests on their foreheads; and upon the tops of some of them are standing Poquelays—so they call them—tall upright stones of the times of Druid worship.

There is the remnant upon the high cape of Grosnez,—a patch of a ruin,—about which more old wives' stories hang, than ivy-berries upon the wall.

There is tall Mount Orgueil, and its tall castle topping it—just in that state of decay, that one loves to wander dreaming up its stairways;—for the wooden wainscots are not yet mouldered, and you tread great oaken floors that shake and creak; you climb tottering stair-cases in angles of the wall, and lo! at the landing—the floors have fallen, and you look down a dizzy depth from chamber to dungeon;—you sit in an embrasure of the window of the great hall of the castle, as the sun goes down; and the red light reflected from the waters, that rush thither and away upon the beach, checkers the heavy whited arches.

Stamp upon the floor, and the timbers trem-

ble, and the echo rings;—a great door slams below, and the crash comes bellowing into the hall;—a little door slams above, and the ruin seems to shake; a bat flies in at the door, and flies out at the window. As the twilight deepens, and gray turns to black in the corners of the hall, wild goblin dreams crowd over you;—there is a laugh faint and low (for it comes from the boys of Gorey)—it is an imp in the shadow. Now it comes louder—hurra!—it is Prince Rupert,[1] and Charley at their cups.

——What a leer in the look of the prince, what a devil in his eye! A low shout again—*Vive le Roi! vive le Roi!*

How the glasses jingle! A bat flies in, and a bat flies out.——A laugh, low and meaning—Hist! there is a maid in the corner, and she looks—entreaty.

Clinck, clinck, go Prince Rupert's spurs, as he sets up a goblin dance.

——King Charles laughs—what a laugh! and his sword goes click, click, against the heavy oak table as he reels with his glass.

—No, no; it is not Charles, it is not Prince

[1] Historical critics will quarrel with me for sending Prince Rupert to Jersey, where, so far as I know, he never set foot; but if a man may poetize with a license, surely he may dream with a license.

Mount Orgueil, Isle of Jersey

Rupert. It is Robert[1] of Normandy—for he built the castle—and his tread is heavy on the old floor, and his armor goes clanking—clanking.

But his eyes are out—Poor Robert! Wicked Henry! The sockets are deep and bare. 'Fore Heaven!—his head is white:—it is a skull!—and the skeleton—for it is a skeleton, and no armor—goes clanking—clanking, over the oaken floor.

——I said it was a place for dreams—for it was after all, only the warder come with his keys who tells us it is time to lock up the ruin.

LA HOGUE BIE[2]

Going home—to St. Hiliers—from Mount Orgueil, by the way of St. Savior's, there may

[1] Robert, eldest son of William the Conqueror (1100), was supposed to have been the builder of the castle. It will be remembered that Normandy pertained to him (vid. Turner) by his father's arrangement. It was purchased from him by William Rufus; and the succeeding monarch, Henry Beauclerc, the youngest brother, having conquered Robert, retained him prisoner in Cardiffe Castle in South Wales (where I had the pleasure of sitting in his dungeon), for twenty-eight years. And—the story runs—the prisoner's eyes were put out with a heated copper basin, by command of his brother.

[2] Legends somewhat similar to this are to be found in

be seen over the hedge, a little to the right of the road—so near, that in the evening you would see it, and stand and stare—a tower, built upon a mound; and the mound is covered with trees, and the tower is covered with ivy. At night, you might fancy it a great giant, squat upon his haunches, with long green hair, waving to and fro in the wind.

It is very old—so old, that tradition only assigns it a date of erection. It has passed through the hands of a great many owners, but has always been maintained in perfect repair. It is even held sacred by a great many upon the island: and throngs go to it upon Sundays—to wind up its shaded mound, to scramble through the little ruined chapel at its base, and to toil up its long flight of steps to look out upon the island. For nowhere do you see more of the island, or do you see it better;—the checkered fields,—the shining streaks of road,—the green lines of hedges,—the high

the collection of MM. Grimm. This, however, as I received it, was uniformly without the machinery of the Gold bird, as in the "Deux Frères" (de Hesse et Paderborn), or of the Animals, as in "Brunnenhold und Brunnenstark," or "Guntram und Waltram."

Something like the present is doubtless to be found in "Les Contes Populaires de la Normandie;" though I have not been able to see a copy of that work.

rock of Fort Regent,—the white city below it, are as plain as a painting to the eye. In a fair day, Guernsey can be seen, and the tall island of Sark; and Eastward, over the glittering strip of ocean, looking hard and fixedly, one can see a narrow white point lifting above the horizon, and whoever you ask will tell you it is the tower of the cathedral of Coutances. And if you roll your eyes about like a stupid stranger, the same informant will very likely tell you the story of La Hogue Bie:—a story that is in the mouths of all the old wives of Jersey. By many, too, it is implicitly believed, nor shall I take it upon myself to say that it is without reason.

Long time ago, and the marsh of St. Laurence upon the island of Jersey was infested with a great monster—dragon-shaped—possibly a surviving member of the great family of Iguanodi, of whose former existence Dr. Mantell has established the proof—that devoured, without pity, men, women, and children. The bravest warriors put on their armor and went out to fight the monster, but the monster devoured them. The boldest tried to waylay him at night as he came out from the marsh, but his red eye pierced the darkness, and when they saw it darting out gleams of light, and heard

his huge body crackling over the shrubs, the boldest fled. A bullock was but a mouthful for the monster, and their flocks were all consumed;—the people lived in high stone houses for dread. And when their flocks were all killed, how could they live longer? They made companies and went out to meet the monster; but a single sweep of his dragon tail swept down the foremost ranks.

Now in those times, there lived in Normandy, a most valiant knight, whose name was De Hambie. De Hambie had heard of the monster that spread such desolation over the fair island of Jersey, and he burned with desire to give battle to the Dragon.

So, one day, when the monster had gorged himself with the noblest flock in the island, and seemed to be sleeping upon the edge of the marsh, the islanders sent over a messenger to De Hambie, to come and slay it. De Hambie put on his armor and took his tried spear, and one attendant:—and his wife, who was young and beautiful, went with him as far as the Abbey of Coutances, and bade him adieu, in tears before the altar.

A whole day De Hambie fought with the monster: he broke his tried spear, and two other spears that his attendant had given him

were broken—one only remained. Twice his shield had fallen clattering under the paw of the Dragon;—his mace was thrown, and the blood was oozing through the joints of his armor: his hand shook as he lifted his spear for the final throw.

——St. Mary be praised! it pierced the red eye of the Dragon—through eye and through brain the rough boar-spear sped.

The monster howled;—they say his howling was heard from Grosnez to Gorey; he turned over and died.

De Hambie, worn out with fatigue, laid himself down to sleep. Dark purposes floated through the mind of his attendant as he stood beside him. He thought of the rich lands of De Hambie stretching through the fairest valley of Normandy;—he thought of his castle so strong, and his larder so choicely stocked;—he thought of his fair young wife. None but he had seen the monster slain; there would be none to dispute his tale. In an evil hour he smote his sleeping master, and De Hambie, who had slain the Dragon, was himself slain.

The treacherous servant went back with this lying story on his lips:—"Fair madam, the monster has slain the noble De Hambie, but I have slain the monster. With his last words,

my noble master has commended his poor servant to you." And, with his lying lips, he kissed the fair hands of the weeping widow. She mourned grievously;—for De Hambie had been good—as he was valiant. She was grateful to the brave man who had slain the Dragon, for she believed the tale of the treacherous follower, and in an evil hour, she gave him her hand and lands.

A wicked conscience is never safe: *'nemo malus felix'*—and the traitor babbled in his sleep.

The indignant woman plunged a sword in the heart of the faithless villain—the sword of her noble husband. She sought the spot on which De Hambie was slain so cruelly;—she built a mound over the spot, and upon the mound a tower—so high she could see it from her window of the Abbey of Coutances.

The mound is covered with trees, and the tower is covered with ivy;—you can see it a little upon the right of the road as you go from Mount Orgueil to St. Hiliers;—they call it La Hogue Bie.

LA SOLITUDE

It was the name of the little cottage where I lived when at Jersey,—La Solitude. Monsieur

de Grouchy could not have chosen a better, if he had hunted through the whole vocabulary of names; you turned off down a little by-way from the high road to St. Savior's to reach it. The very first time that I swung open the green gate that opens on the by-way, and brushed through the laurel bushes, and read the name modestly written over the door, and under the arbor that was flaunting in the dead of winter with rich green ivy leaves,—my heart yearned toward it as toward a home.

There were no round, chubby, bright-eyed faces looking out of the windows under the roof—not one, for my landlord and landlady were childless. It was, indeed, La Solitude. The noise from the road turned into a pleasant murmur before it reached the cottage, for it had to pass over the high wall of my neighbor's garden, and over his beds of cauliflowers, and his broad alleys trimmed with box.

——Let us step up a moment into the little parlor upon the first floor; it would not be high enough to rank as *entresol* in the atmosphere of St. Denis;—it matters not one straw, for I do so dearly love to wander in fancy over those humble wayside nooks in Europe, which I had learned to call, for ever so short a time,

—my home, that I shall be eternally interrupting my story, to peep at them again and again.

The curtains are of dark-colored chintz, and there is a most capacious old-fashioned sofa, that is covered with the same; the ceiling is low, but you need not stoop—for my landlady is none of the shortest, and on fête days she wears stupendous head-gear. The grate is English, and is glowing in good English fashion;—a cozy arm-chair stands by the corner, and a round, heavy table in front; and if it be four by the clock over the mantle, the table is covered with a snow-white cloth, and it is smoking and smelling savory with dinner;—on one corner a tall bottle of Medoc is standing sentinel, and over opposite—as a sort of reserve guard—more for appearances, than actual service—is a pot-bellied little decanter of Sherry. Under the window,—though you can scarce get your head out for the trailing vines, is the green by-lane. Further down it, looking to the left,—is another cottage; but you cannot see it—the trees are so thick; I never saw one of its inmates; but sometimes, just at dusk, I used to hear a pair of feet go pattering under my window—they must have been small feet—and used to hear the snatch of a soft song—it must have been a young girl's voice; and I of-

ten thought that I would ask my landlady, who lived in the cottage, but I came away and forgot it.

There stood another cottage at the mouth of the lane, where it left the highway. The very first morning I passed, a lady in a sun-bonnet was weeding a patch of flowers in the yard.—The next morning she wore a better bonnet; and so, between seeing her one morning in one bonnet, and another morning in another—seeing her face one morning and her back the next—I came to be quite familiar with her appearance and attitudes, and I dare say, if I had stayed long enough, our acquaintance might in time, have ripened to something like chit-chat over the holly-hedge that bordered her garden.

But I was most familiar with my neighbors over the way, the other side of the lane; though I never remember to have met a single one of them, even in my walks through the town. The intimacy sprung up in their garden, and grew through my windows.

My landlady told me the occupants of the cottage were brothers—one a bachelor, and the other married; and that his were the two children, I had seen tottling over the gravel-walks in the garden.

But my landlady had not told me which was the married man, and which the Benedick. It put my ingenuity sadly to the test to establish the difference. They were not far from the same age—one a heavy, florid man, with a portly step—the other thin, not as tidily dressed, and shorter by an inch. They sometimes of a morning walked down the garden, and out at the green gate together, but oftener the thin man was first by a half hour at the least.

I tried to hang an opinion upon this, but could not. There was something, however, in their ways of shutting the door that gave me for a time strong hopes of determining their respective conditions. The thin, pale man, uniformly shut the door very promptly, and occasionally with a slam; the florid man, on the contrary, usually loitered in the half open door, while he was putting on his gloves, and then closed it very deliberately, but impressively, and walked down the garden, as if he were at peace with all the world. The man, thought I, who closes the door emphatically and promptly, and earliest by a half hour (for here, the first-mentioned observation comes in very gracefully to sustain the last)—as if the world indoors were one thing to him, and the world

out-of-doors quite another, must be the—— husband.

On the other hand, the man who loiters with the door half open, as if, I thought, the world within and the world without, were all *one* to him, must be—I was very sure of it—the bachelor brother.

The expression upon the countenance of the last, tended the more to confirm my opinion; for, after observing it attentively every morning for a week, I could discover no expression at all, either of joy, sorrow, disgust, or anxiety —one or other of which, under the circumstances, would I thought, very naturally sit upon the face of a husband.

The pale man seemed to me to have more thankfulness in his nature; and as he felt first the fresh, cool air of the morning, I fancied that he breathed a sort of inward thanksgiving to Heaven, for having made such a morning, and for having given him such a blessed opportunity to enjoy it;—and surely, thought I, it is, or ought to be, characteristic of a married man, to be grateful for even the most trifling mercies of Heaven.

Toward noon, it always happened that a small boy with a basket, rung the bell at the green gate, and the maid-of-all-work ran out—

always in the same pea-green dress, slip-shod —to bring back the steak, or joint, or brace of fowls, as the case might be.

At four precisely, the two brothers, arm in arm, enter the little green gate; and four times out of five, it happened that just at that hour, the two little children would be frolicking about the garden, and that both would set off on a canter down toward the gate, shouting, I fancied, (for I could not hear,) at every jump,—"Papa—papa!"

The florid man uniformly stood still for the little girl to come up, and the pale man as uniformly advanced a step to catch the little boy in his arms.

Which was the papa?—for my life I could not tell.

They walk together into the house; presently the stout man appears with a knife in his hand—walks to the farther end of the garden, and cuts a huge bunch of celery—he then disappears, and I see no more of either till after dinner.

——I have finished my own, and am sitting before the window, when out come the two brothers, and seat themselves for a quiet smoke upon the bench beside the door. The stout man puffs slowly, and at long intervals,—and

throws his head back against the wall—and clasps his hands across the lower button of his waistcoat—and puffs—and looks into the sky, as if it were all his own.

Happy man! thought I, without care, without anxieties—your own robust, contented looks, are, after all, the best proof of your fortunate estate.

I could not help contrasting his free and easy appearance with that of the poor man beside him. The puffs of this last were violent and irregular; indeed, his cigar was gone, before that of the stout man was half consumed. I thought he gazed with a look of envy upon the careless air of the bachelor brother. Poor soul! from my heart I pitied him.

—Meantime the children steal out;—the boy treads on the toes of the thin man, and the little girl (and it puzzled me for a while) covers the face of the stout man with kisses.

Once on a fair noon, after I had resided a fortnight at the cottage—the mother made her appearance with a babe of only six weeks old in her arms;—this, I determined, should be the test. She stood for a moment before the brothers, as if hesitating; and then with a smile, I thought half of irony, she put it gently into the arms of the thin man. He turned his

eyes upward a moment—but whether to thank Heaven for having given him such a babe, or in a prayerful wish that Heaven would make it soon able to take care of itself,—I could not determine. The mother sits between the brothers, and talks vivaciously to one and the other—never seeming to have a single sentiment of pity, for the sad wreck of a husband beside her.

Now, whether the motion of the father's arms induced the sensations of sea-sickness, or whether the babe had been over-fed, it suddenly fell violently sick. The poor man jumped up, with an exclamation that reached my ear through the window. And—I could not have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes—the mother and brother burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, at sight of the thin man and the sick baby.—It was wrong,—it was inhuman, but I could not help laughing at the poor devil myself; and I was the less disposed to resist, as I wanted to enjoy a kind of triumph over my landlady, who was but two years married, and who was taking the last dishes from the table.

—Ha, ha, said I, Madame, as she came and peeped over my shoulder—*voyez vous,*—this poor soul—ha, ha—his own child——

—Monsieur! interrupted Madame, looking me fixedly in the face.

—*Eh, bien, Madame, je dis—moi—he, he—que ce pauvre diable—ce mari*——

—But, Monsieur, said Madame, the thin man is not the husband——

—And the stout man—

—Is Monsieur D——, the husband of the lady, and the father of those pretty children.

——I asked my landlady to draw the curtains, and bring up candles.

But the time has come to leave Jersey; and if it is objected by any, that I give no sufficient account of the social habits of the people, can I not point back triumphantly with the feather-end of my quill to the last three pages, where are drawn actual daguerreotypes of the inhabitants of as many cottages?

——Nay, more; have I not, forgetting my native modesty, peeped through the chintz curtains of my window, and so exposed to the eye of the world, the domestic secrets of my neighbor's family?

I can only add, that the people of the island are most easy and familiar in their social intercourse. There is about them a *bonhommie,* and heartfulness that makes one's feelings warm toward them. There are no foolish dis-

tinctions in their society; mere rank is not insisted on; and everywhere the stranger is received with a most affable courtesy.

It was a night in early spring, on which I had arranged my leave-taking. Two months the cottage had been my home; in that time, I had gained my health once more; and in that time, too, had come to me—sad, sad news from over the ocean—and I had wept bitter tears at that home in the cottage.

——But the parish clock of St. Hiliers has struck—the landlady calls; I snatch the curtain aside for a last look into my neighbor's garden;—the moon lights up pleasantly the brown face of the cottage, and silvers the box borders and the gravel-walks; I give a hasty final glance around the parlor,—into the grate, burning so cheerfully; and often since, —in the *maisons garnies* of Paris,—in the dirty inns of the Apennines, and in the splendid hotels of Vienna, have I longed for the quiet comforts of my little home at *La Solitude*.

THE WORLD OF PARIS

THE WORLD OF PARIS

LAND

I WENT down to the lee side of the vessel, and my eyes rested on a chalky line of shore that rose out of the water, four or five leagues away—Eastward. I knew it must be France.

The first sight of a strange country does, somehow or other, upset all of one's preconceived notions.

If a man gains knowledge from Geography,—he has the position, and shape, and boundaries, and running rivers of a kingdom in his eye; if he has loved History,—there stretches out under his mental vision, great battle-fields, and decayed castles, and scattered tombs of warriors and kings, and such groups of battered turrets as are in the pictures of Froissart, and tracks of armies; if he has striven after a Social and Literary idea of a kingdom,—such a kingdom as France—there are thronging in his thoughts—pageants,—brilliant interiors,—tall and princely forms of houses, in which

Mesdames Maintenon and Coulanges may have made their wit to sparkle—golden hangings and luxurious lounges, and long wainscots, and big wigs of the time of the gallant Louis Quatorze—priests in embroidered robes, nuns in caps,—incense rising,—lofty spires of cathedrals——a little of all this, had been in my mind the night before, and whisked through my dreams. But in the morning, as I looked out Eastward, there was nothing of it at all; —nothing but a low line of chalky shore, against which the green waves went splashing, in the same careless way in which they go splashing over our shores at home.

It seemed very odd to me that the land should be indeed France: but it was;—and the dirty little steamer "Southampton" was puffing nearer and nearer to it every moment.

A Norfolk country gentleman stood beside me, who like myself was visiting France for the first time; and there was that upon his countenance, which told as plainly as words could tell it, that the same thoughts were passing through his mind, as were passing through mine. So we stood looking over the lee-rail together, scarce for a moment turning our eyes from the line of shore. Presently we could see white buildings dotted here and there.

—Very odd-looking houses—said the Norfolk country gentleman, laying down his glass.

—Very odd—said I; only meaning, however, to assent to the Englishman's idea of oddity, who counts every thing odd, that differs from what he has been used to see within the limits of his own Shire. It is quite beyond the comprehension of a great many English country gentlemen, how many people in the world can have tastes differing from their own; and wherever this difference exists in small things, or great, they think it exceeding odd.

I remember standing with such a man, on the Place before St. Peter's, on a night of the Illumination.——The lesser white lights had been burning an hour over frieze, and dome, and all,—so that the church seemed as if it had been painted with molten silver, upon a dark-blue waving curtain; and when the clock struck the signal for the change, and the deep-red light flamed up around the cross and the ball,—and along every belt of the dome,—and blazed between the columns,—and ran like magic over the top of the façade,—and shot up its crackling tongues of flame around the whole sweep of the colonnade, and in every door-way—making the faces of the thirty

thousand lookers on as bright as if it was day —all upon the instant—'Pon my soul, sir—said the man beside me—this is dev'lish odd!

—Dev'lish odd—thought I; though I was not in the humor to say it.

But to return to the French shore:—the houses we saw, were of plain white walls, and roofed with tiles. They had not the rural attractiveness of English cottages—no French cottages have—but they were very plainly, substantial, serviceable affairs. Presently we could make out the forms of people moving about.

Very odd-looking persons, those—said the Norfolk country gentleman, looking through his glass.

—Very odd—said I, looking in my turn; for I like to keep in humor with the innocent fancies of a fellow-traveller. I knew the men of Norfolk did not wear such blue blouses as we saw; but aside from this, I could not observe any great difference between the French coastmen and people I had seen in other parts of the world.

A little after, we made the light, and rounded the jetty, and saw groups of people, among whom we distinguished port officers and soldiers.

—Extraordinary looking fellows—said the Norfolk country gentleman.

—Very, said I—half seriously; for the soldiers wore frock-coats and crimson trousers, and most uncouth, barrel-shaped hats, and little dirty mustaches; and had a swaggering, careless air, totally unlike the trim, soldier-like appearance of English troops.

In a few moments we ran up the dock, and caught glimpses of narrow, strange old streets; and two of the *gend'armerie* came up, arm in arm, and tipped their big chapeaux, and asked for our passports.

—How very absurd—said the Norfolk country gentleman, as he handed out his passport.

—Very—said I, as I gave up mine.

The quays were crowded with porters and hotel men, quarrelling for our luggage; and here we first heard French talked at home.

—It strikes me it 's a very odd language—said the Norfolk country gentleman.

—Very—said I; and we stepped ashore in France.

GOING INTO PARIS

My Norfolk friend and I stopped at the same house;—and two or three mornings after, are

upon the deck of the same steamer that fizzes up the Seine. Together we looked upon the checkered fields that spread over the rolling banks of the river, and the towers of old churches that were seated close down to the water. As the banks shut together above Quillebœuf, the villages thickened, and old timber houses, filled in with stone and mortar, stretched along the river. Now, we began to see those avenues, and trimmed tops of trees, which are recognized by French taste, but which my Norfolk friend persisted in calling most extraordinary affairs. Now, too, as we lay off the larger villages, began to show itself the listless, pleasure-loving air of the French peasantry.—The porters lay down their burdens, and lean against the houses to look at the steamer as it passes; women in the doorways stand with their arms akimbo, and their round faces as free of thought, as if there were not a care, or a labor in life. Now and then in a larger village, there is music upon the quay, and a crowd of boys, and women, and workmen, throng about it;—the little drummer flourishes his sticks, with his head thrown one side, and an eye to the women, and our passing company;—the fifer blows his very loudest, and I can see his foot beating time—the girls, rosy and bright, look tenderly at them—look

tenderly at us; the boys in their short, blue smock-frocks are gleeful as the music;—the boat fizzes along;—the group on the quay grows confused;—the houses mingle into a patch of white upon the shore, with an old gray tower among them; and soon a turn in the ever-winding Seine shuts them wholly from our sight. So they pass us—wooded shores, glimpses of forests, dells opening up sweet landscapes—then change to banks rolling, and waving with ripened grain.

So we pass Lillebonne, and most beautiful Caudebec, and the twin towers of Jumiège. They say that under these towers are the tombs of two princes, sons of Clovis II., and the story of them is, that they fought against their father. Their father took them prisoners, and in the night went into their dungeon with a swordsman, and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, as they lay in their chains;—then bound them with cords, and put them in a little boat upon the swift-running Seine, to find their way to the sea. Away they went whirling over the greedy waters,—on and on, for there were not then many villages, nor many boats upon the river—a day and two nights they floated—their limbs bleeding, their mouths unfed—until the monks of Jumiège spied them over against their abbey and

brought them to land, and tended them kindly till they died. And the monks cut their effigies on their tomb; and the effigies, though worn and disfigured, are in the abbey yet, and you can read their sad epitaph—*Les Enervès.*

——But lo! in the valley before us, the tall towers of Rouen! The Norfolk country gentleman thought it an odd old town, but stopped there to learn the odd language they spoke. I bade him adieu on the inn steps some days after, telling him that I went on to study at Paris—for which, I dare say, he thought me a very odd sort of person.

Away to the left of our track, in the plain, through which flows the Seine, after running hour upon hour through bellowing tunnels, and by châteaux upon heights—appears a tall cathedral spire, and a forest of turrets under it. I know it can be no other than St. Denis, the burial-place of the kings; and by that sign I know that Paris, the capital city, is near by; for I remember how Froissart said, that when King John of France, brother of Edward, who died in England, was brought back for burial, the clergy of Paris "went on foot beyond St. Denis[1] to meet the bier."

[1] Chronicles of England and France. Sir John Froissart, Chap. *222,* Book I.

And now,—out of the window,—as we glide round a curve high above the river and plain, comes a view of the great capital—the longed-for Paris, gay Paris, *la belle ville,* enchanting city—lying in the clear sunshine stretched upon the plain;—no mist lies over it—no folds of smoke rest on it—no cloud—no shadow of cloud: a glittering heap it lies—the Seine glittering in its midst. The valley is a great savannah, here and there rolling up waves of hills, but nowhere is there sight of mountain; fortresses pile up gray and old from the green bosom of the plain; but around, and back of all, the blue sky comes down and touches the tops of the vineyards that grow in the valley.

I see two old brown towers in the town rising above the houses, and know they must be the towers of Notre-Dame. I see a dome lifting above all other domes, and know it must be the dome *des Invalides;* I see a great gray hulk of building, floating, as it were, in a sea of trees—I know it must be the old palace in its garden; I see in the farthest cluster of the houses, where they almost fade into the horizon line, a pillar, and something glittering upon its top—a winged, gilded angel—and the angel stands upon the column where the tall

and terrible Bastile stood. I see another shaft: it is a single stone, tapering and pointed, and there seems an open spot[1] around it where the sun shines on the pavement, and glistens, as it were, on two great globules of spray—I know it for the column of Luxor, and though it is a stone's throw away from the bank of the river, yet in the dark days of France, a stream of pure blood ran all the way from it, and urged its heavy, sluggish, damning current through the parapet wall, and fell splashing upon the thick, foul waters of the Seine!

Nothing can be imagined more luxurious in the way of seat, than a first-class French car: you can sit upon figured white silk or damask, and cushions yielding to your slightest movement;—you have them at your side, you have them for your head;—Brussels carpet to tread upon—silk curtains to shut out the sun; and their construction below, is such that you feel no jar, but seem to be swimming through the air.

All the French roads are well constructed; I do not know that they are better essentially than the English—being very similar in general appearance; but I had always a greater

[1] Place de la Concorde.—The station of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror.

feeling of safety in French carriages—owing, perhaps, to less rate of speed. The police regulations are admirably arranged and enforced. Speed averages from twenty to thirty miles the hour; the engines have been, hitherto, mostly of English construction, but are now manufactured at Paris. There is, perhaps, less of travel upon the French railways than upon any of the Continent, and surely far less than upon those of Great Britain. The French travel very little for amusement—very little in their own country for observation; this arises, in some measure, from the monotonous character of their roads, offering little to arrest the attention of the ordinary observer, and still less to gratify the tastes of those so essentially *politan* in feeling as the French nation; they find their resources in their capitals—they neither wish nor seek for better things: a few wander away during summer to the mountain towns of the Pyrenees—a few to the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, and some to the sea; but most content themselves best with the gayeties and glitter of the city. Business negotiations are arranged by the professed commercial travellers, and as a consequence, the number of those travelling for business purposes is exceedingly limited.

That restless, moving, curious spirit which is driving Americans to every quarter of the earth, meets with no sympathy from a Frenchman; it is a mystery to him—he believes inquietude belongs to travel, and he can not conceive how any should enjoy inquietude. There belongs to this feeling none of the Briton's cherishment of home; were it so, it would be irreconcilable with his turbulent, excitable, and rebellious spirit. It is because he is essentially gregarious in his nature, that the Frenchman can not understand how the separation or dispersion that is incident to travel, can be source of enjoyment. Even the wild turbulency to which his restless spirit is disposed, is but an extravaganza in his lifetime of pleasure,—but a new scene-shifting, without any change of theatre. Hence it is, that less will be seen of the French upon their highways of travel than of any nation in Europe.

Returning now to the luxurious carriage, let the reader imagine himself, with all Paris in his eye, and with so much French on his tongue, as will enable him to pronounce intelligibly the words *Hôtel Meurice;* and with so much understanding of all the questions that are addressed to him, whether, *"Où logez vous?"* or *"Combien de malles avez vous?"* that he replies to one and all with the air of

a man who knows very well what he is talking about, *Hôtel Meurice*—with such stock, I say, of ready conversation on hand—let the reader imagine himself hurtling over the last bridge on the railway from Rouen, to the capital city.

In the corner is a red-faced man in brown gaiters and plaid trousers, and if your knowledge of French has led you to venture some trifling remark, it will have been met with an ominous shake of the head, that has made you inwardly curse your awkward pronunciation. And if, unfortunately, you shall have made a second venture, with a little previous practice under breath, you will have met with a still more ominous shake of the head, and a repulsive gesture that sets communication at defiance. Nor will you, perhaps, in your ignorance of dress and habitude, have suspected your companion for an Englishman, until you hear him utter a string of stout English oaths at the officers of the Octroi, who insist upon overhauling his luggage now,—for the third time.

Later experiences would teach you that a first class carriage is no place to study French habits, for the reason, that French travellers in general, are better consulters of economy, than to ride in them; and further, that nine out of ten first class passengers are English, who will not speak French—often because

they can not, and who do not speak English, because they will not. Can stronger reasons be imagined?

To return once more; you cross the heavy, shaking timber bridge—you drive through the bellowing tunnels, and you come to a stop within the rich iron palisades of the Station of Paris. Eager, strange faces are looking through the barrier. You find your portmanteau upon the benches of the Octroi—you unlock wonderingly; the long fingers of the officer probe it to the bottom.

—C'est fini, Monsieur—quelque chose à votre discretion?—says the Examiner.

—Hôtel Meurice.

The Examiner turns up his nose at you, as an incorrigible dog.

The porter has caught your destination, and puts your portmanteau upon the Omnibus, and he has shown you a seat, and pulls off his hat *—Le facteur—Monsieur—quelque chose—pour boire?*

—Hôtel Meurice.

The coachman cracks his whip; the conductor takes his place.

—Mais, Monsieur—says the pleading facteur—*quelque chose—quelqu'argent?*

—Hôtel Meurice.

—Que Diable!—Mais, Monsieur—

The thought occurs, that your pronunciation may be still misunderstood—and to be lost the first day in Paris! You seize your pencil, and write in plain characters upon a leaf of your pocket-book—*Hôtel Meurice.* You beckon to the desponding facteur—he gathers new energy—he reaches up his hand—you put in it the slip of paper.

—*Sacr-r-r-r-r-r-r-e!*—says the man—you turn a corner, and the poor facteur has vanished. Your companions of the omnibus are too well bred to smile; but they look strongly tempted. How uncomfortable to be alone for the first time in Paris!

FIRST SCENES

What strange, red, waxed floors are these in the fifth story of the Hôtel Meurice—and what a queer little bed, in which a short man can not lie straight! You open the window—they open like a door, the windows of Paris—and you look into the square court of the inn. It is clean, and brightly paved; a travelling-carriage of huge dimensions, and becovered with trunks of every imaginable shape, is drawn up in one corner, and a courier with a gilt band upon his hat is strutting back and forth. A knot or two of men, looking like as possible to

the people you have left behind you in England, are talking under the archway; and though you can not hear the words they are using—the house is so high—yet surely there is no mistaking that genuine British laugh.

If you go below, you will see two or three men writing violently at the desks of the Bureau, and any one of them will address you in English. But it is in a strange accent, and the whole place seems strange. Step to the other side of the court, at the ringing of the bell, and you enter a rich saloon—*la salle à manger.* There is none of that hurry of entrance that belongs to the dinner-call at home; every one is quite easy—quite confident that there will be place, and that there will be time. Nor does one see the barbarous custom of our cities, of feeding the two sexes apart; but there are elegant ladies scattered up and down the table—the surest guarantees of good order, and of good breeding. It may be very well to say that the business habits of Americans require a haste and abruptness not compatible with the presence of the gentler sex; but surely nothing so much as their absence makes a man forget those finer courtesies of the table, which much as any thing, in every country, mark the character of the gentleman. And I suggest, for

whomever it may concern, if in this thing, the hot-brained haste of Americans should not give place to a cultivation of some of the more attractive graces of life?

There are English, indeed, who choose their own parlors and seclusion, carrying abroad with them, in some measure through necessity, those habits of segregation which belong to their classes at home.

Flowers and fruits in pretty array stretch down the French table-d'hôte, and the dishes surprisingly small, to one accustomed to American habits of abundance, are served by English-speaking waiters. There is a charm in the quiet and the nicety; and there is an ease and freedom, without vulgar familiarity, rarely seen in France, out of Paris, but which belong peculiarly to the first hotels of Switzerland, and the German baths.

After *dessert,* for there is little sitting over wine at a French table, one lounges into the coffee or smoking-room the other side of the court, or out under the arches of the Rue de Rivoli, or across the way into the great garden of the Tuileries, among the throngs that are wearing out the after-dinner hour, in gossiping under the lindens and among the oranges. Nursery-maids with flocks of children, old

ladies with daughters, old men with canes, are walking, sitting, laughing, reading—for the sun is yet a half a degree above the top of the distant Arc de l'Etoile. Its outline rises firm against the red evening sky. You can almost distinguish the sculptures of its cornice, though it is a mile away, and a sea of bright green foliage is waving between. Or if you stand in the middle of the garden—in the middle of the entrance-way to the palace—you may see the whole arch from top to bottom, up a long, smooth avenue, whose further end is dotted with carriages of a hundred sizes in the long perspective. The column of Luxor rises black in the middle scene; group upon group of people pass out at the gateway—under the column—up the avenue; all the while, the rustling of a tall fountain—the laughs of playing children, in your ear—all the while their bright faces and curling locks, and the sparkle of the water in your eye; and before you, stretching out to where the arch, the monument of Napoleon's genius, strides upon the sky—is the brilliant perspective, as gay and wondrous with its moving multitudes as a dream.

Just at the left, upon entering the gate, over against the hotel, is a long, low, verandah-looking building, with swarms of people at round

From a Photograph, Copyright, 1900, by Underwood & Underwood

The Champs Elysées—looking from the Place de la Concorde towards the Arc de Triomphe

tables in front of it, where they are drinking little cups of coffee, with a thimble-full of brandy—and so dissipate an hour at the cheap rate of half-a-franc.

Let us walk up and sit down at one of the empty tables—there is no one to stare at you, be as awkward as you may—your accent ludicrously strange; you may spill your ice upon the ground—you may upset your chair—there is no one to smile at your clumsiness, and you feel that you are not among English—that you are not among Americans.

——So we watch the swarm of persons grouping away into the shadows of the trees, and the vast extent of the old gray palace, lengthening away into obscurity—as sombre and thought-stirring, seen thus for the first time in the dusk of evening, as has been its history. There are journals scattered over the tables, if there were not richer interest in observing than in reading; and the evening drums are beating as the battalion moves down from the Place Vendôme, and their noise dies upon the ear, as they scatter over the city. The loungers lessen at the little tables—the crowd go out of the iron gates one by one, and the tall sentinels permit none to come in. The lamps of the Café, where I have been sitting, are put

out—the white-aproned waiter gathers up the journals—and it is night in the garden, though in the city it has hardly begun.

At going out of the gate, is a man with a strange tin temple upon his back, covered with crimson satin, and from under each arm are peeping out silver-tipped water-spouts, like the keys of a Scotch bagpipe, and he tinkles a bell, which means (for he says nothing) that for a couple of sous, he will draw you from his temple, a glass of what he has the assurance to call lemonade. Perhaps an old woman is hanging off a yard or two, with a tray of very indigestible-looking cakes, which will be needed by whoever ventures the lemonade, and the last doubly needed, by whoever favors the old lady's cakes. There is an understanding between the dealers. Gateways are favorite stations for them, and at all the gateways in Paris you may find them. Sometimes one saunters up the Boulevard des Italiens—sometimes under the obelisk of Luxor, and on occasions they are adventurous enough to appear within the aristocratic precincts of the Place Vendôme. Their customers are,—workpeople in blouses,—small and unruly boys, who are led about by nursery-maids, and families of provincial tourists.

I stroll along the heavy palisade of the garden, looking into the faces of the passers, and following with my eye the red, green, and blue lights of the heavy coaches for Neuilly, and Passy, and the Arch of Triumph, which go thundering by. As if in a quiet, but strange dream, I wander on;—here I meet a sergent-de-ville in his heavy chapeau, with his light long-sword, becoming his tall, erect figure;—he gives me one glance—I can read in it—*un Anglais*—and he passes on; but his presence, even for the moment, makes me feel safe. Before I am aware I am on the great, glittering Plâce de la Concorde;—the lamps on their brazen columns are glittering on every side, and the giant fountains are throwing up with a roar their torrents of water. One way I catch a glimpse, through an avenue of lights, of the classic front of the Madeleine—the other way, over the bridge, are the heavy columns of the Chamber of the Deputies; and the obelisk, beneath which I stand, lifts its mysterious tapering finger into the blue heavens above me.

On this spot sprang up that quarrel between the people and the soldiery in 1789, which ripened into the darkest days the modern world has known. Here had its station the dreadful guillotine;—down that avenue went the carts

lumbering with the headless bodies of the dead;—there, under those trees of the Champs Elysées, skulked the devils of the Reign of Terror to see the blood shed, a sacrifice to their madness;—there skulked too, men with forms bent forward, and trembling with eagerness—looking at the up-turned faces of the dead ones, to see if by chance, there was the face of some brother, or son;—there were the frightfully pale faces of women, with eyes fixed and tearless—never lifting their feet from the wandering currents of blood—their natures changed by horror, in those days of the Reign of Terror.

——Ah, Robespierre, and Danton, and brother Dumas, and Desmoulins who gloated at the blood running here—devils as you were, and as you are—your own gory heads went tumbling and thumping after all, over these stones, and your dead tongues protruded, tasted the blood you had made to flow! Poor Louis XVI.! poor Marie Antoinette—so gentle—so beautiful—with such an impassioned eulogist as Burke—no sword sprung from its scabbard to defend husband or wife on this terrible spot! The age of chivalry had gone.

——Brissot, Charlotte Corday, Louis Duke of Orleans, Marie Hélène,—how little I

thought, when reading your sad stories, that on my first night in Paris—so bright and beautiful a night as it was—I should stand upon the very spot where the clanging and glittering knife came down upon your necks!

I remembered too, how at a later day—when the blood-stains were dried upon the spot, an altar[1] had been built, and the Austrians, and Prussians, and Russians had gathered here—and I thought how glorious a thing it must have been, to have listened to a *Te Deum* sung in the midst of them, and to have heard the click of ten thousand swords upon the pavement, as the armies knelt down in prayer!

With vague recollections haunting me, I wandered round and round the obelisk, and went down to the parapet wall by the Seine, and saw the dark shadow of the bridge, and the moon reflected in the water—never thinking now of the crowds passing me,—my thoughts busy with the past; but I noticed that the steps were growing fewer, and the moon was getting higher, as I strolled back to the Inn.

And these were the first scenes, and these my first thoughts in Paris.

[1] 1814. L'Histoire de Napoleon.

THE VALET AND THE MERCHANT

AMONG the first, and most interesting acquaintances which the stranger finds at Paris,—and they may be found in other parts of the world,—are the *valets de place.* The court and neighborhood of the Hôtel Meurice, are, I am enabled to say from experience, particularly favored in this respect. They talk English to a charm,—they can understand the very worst of French, and say with an air that goes quite to the heart:—*Monsieur parle fort bien; sa prononciation est vraiment charmante.*

How is there any resisting the advances of such a man? Besides, he knows the town throughout:—the best eating-houses—the best shops, and the churches to a fault. His conversation is piquant; he overflows with a fund of light and lively anecdote; he is a perfect chronicler of dates and events—not barely those commonplace ones which have crept into printed histories, but his observations are more recondite; what forsooth, cares he for such notable truths, as that in 1770 a thousand persons were crushed to death upon the Plâce de la Concorde—or that a company of lancers were cut to pieces about the Porte St. Martin?

But when he tells you, with all the energy of inspiration, some private details of the massacre of St. Bartholomew—or that the surgeons in the Hôtel Dieu cut off, regularly, two legs a-day before breakfast, and gives you sundry memoirs of the dead bodies at the Morgue—you may well congratulate yourself on finding so efficient an aid for exploring the wonders of Paris.

What is five francs a-day to a man of such resourceful spirit? You want a book—who can do without Galignani's Paris Guide? He takes you to the first shop of the town, and at the naming of the price, your valet whispers you, in an undertone, and confidentially,—fery sheep—fery sheep indeed.

Meekly you pay the price, and as you go out, our shopkeeper puts a franc or two in the hands of the valet—which is neither here nor there. Whatever may be wished, you will find the same obliging willingness on the part of the valet, and the same business knowledge of localities. You may find, indeed, from some good-natured friend or other, who knows the city better than yourself, that you have been paying double prices, no small part of which was in commissions to your valet; and that you have been listening to a great many cock-and-

bull stories. But all this only adds to your lively experience of the gay capital, and should neither put you out of humor with yourself, or your worthy domestic;—for to be out of humor with one's self, is always profitless;—and to be out of humor with your conductor, would only give scope for renewed politeness in the form of apologies, on the part of that individual,—afford him some private amusement, and in no way lessen his disposition to pursue a profession, in which he is duly educated, and for which he has been duly licensed.

Indeed, whoever passes three days for the first time in Paris, without being thoroughly and effectually cheated,—so that he has an entire and vivid consciousness of his having been so cheated,—must be either subject to some strange mental hallucination which denies him the power of a perception of truth, or he is an extraordinary exception to all known rules. And the sooner a man learns this, and learns to take it good-naturedly, the better for his sleep,—and the better for his appetite. I thought two visits to the capital had opened my eyes to this; yet, on the first morning after my last arrival in Paris, I was foolish enough to get angry, for only having to pay four francs for a bed—in which I could not sleep, and four more for bad ham, and

wine which I could not drink. I tried to scold: —but it is what a man of shrewdness should never try to do at Paris,—most of all, for so ordinary a circumstance as being cheated: the Parisian smiles—and bows, and thinks you may have a colic; but never once fancies a stranger can be so foolish as to resent being cheated at Paris:—make a bow—thank the garçon—ask for a match to light your cigar, and he will see you are a man who knows the world, and are to be respected accordingly.

——To return to the valet,—the sooner one can get rid of him the better. I remember crowding my way into a tent-booth on a fair-day at Strasburg, and waiting inside until an Amazon in short petticoats, had finished a fencing-match with a soldier of the garrison—to see a panoramic view of the chief cities of the world, among which were New York and New Haven. And on comparing the canvas with my recollections, I think the burghers of Strasburg may have had very nearly as correct an idea of those American cities, as the stranger may have of Paris, who makes his point of observation the Hôtel Meurice, and employs as exponents of the scene, (corresponding to the magnifying-glasses of the panorama,) the English-speaking *valets-de-place*. They will indeed, show the stranger the

more prominent objects of curiosity—the technical "sights" of the city, the palaces, the churches, the galleries,—they may take him to some strange ball scenes at evening; but of the lesser, every-day features—the unobtrusive things which give color to a correct picture of the Parisian world—they will show little or nothing. What, pray—will the valet-guided stranger know of all the *hôtels garnis,* which make up the living quarters of thorough bred Parisians?——Or what of the families of concierges living—ten souls—in a ready furnished room six feet by nine? What would he know of the world within a house,—each floor a country—each suite a town, as unknown to the next, as if one were in Mexico, and the other in Yucatan? What knows he of the whole world of restaurants scattered up and down, in which Prince and peasant find their dinner, —and where he may pay two sous or as many Napoleons;—and the cafés, from those brilliant with gold and mirrors to the dingy salons of St. Antoine? What knows he of the eccentricities of cabmen, and the dealers in wines and small stores, and the students' dinners, and the garden of the Luxembourg—of the intricacies of the Palais Royal—or Bal Montesquieu?

In short, he knows of nothing but the exteriors of things;—nothing of the omnibus, but its noise—of the Boulevards, but their crowds—of the shops, but their prices—of the Châtelet, but its height—of the Latin quarter, but its mud—or of Montfaucon, but its smells.

There are indeed, many travellers, who content themselves with the mere shadows of things, as it were—with seeing this palace or that palace—this assemblage or that; who compares his daily observations with the printed data of his guide-book, caring for nothing beyond the coincidence of the two. I remember being in company with such a Vandal for a time in the south of Italy—a man who went to Virgil's tomb, out by the huge grotto of Persilippo, as he would go to take up a note of hand,—a man who *ticked off,* day by day, such objects of visit as Baie, or Herculaneum,—Cape Mysene, and the Elysian Fields—and slept a Christian sleep after it, as if he had achieved the object of Travel! I never want the company of such another.

Abjure then, I would say, the valet, and take instead the map, the dictionary, the grammar, and a pocket history. If there be possessed no knowledge of the language, there might be safely advised further, a garret upon the sixth

floor, looking upon a small court—late hours (at home), and close study. Without a speaking acquaintance with the language, one is obliged to give himself up too much to the direction of others,—loses the benefit of his own sagacity and observation, and exposes himself (*experto crede*) to almost innumerable vexations.

——Fancy, for instance, the absurdity of a man, with a minimum of bad French, getting red in the face, and disputing prices with a Parisian shopkeeper! And the shopkeeper is all *politesse;*—there is no matter-of-fact disputing air about him; he catches your eye the very moment you enter; he gives you a word of welcome, as if you were the dearest friend on earth; he shows you the best of his stock; he is never ruffled; dispute his terms and he puts on his blandest smile:—*Trop cher? Bon Dieu! c'est une plaisanterie, Monsieur, n'est ce pas?* I sthink you pay forty times so much at *Londres. Tenez voyez-vous, ah! sacre! quelle étoffe—la meilleure fabrique de la France—parole d'honneur, Monsieur, j'y perds—oui, j'y perds.*

But if it be good philosophy to bear meekly with the cheateries of the shopmen—it is doubly so with the shop-girls.

The high-heeled shoes, and high head-gear,

that turned the soul of poor Laurence Sterne have, indeed, gone by; but the Grisette presides over gloves and silks yet, and whatever she may do with the heart-strings, she makes the purse-strings yield. You will find her in every shop of Paris—(except those of the exchange brokers, where are fat, middle-aged ladies, who would adorn the circles of Wall-street)—there she stands, with her hair laid smooth as her cheek, over her forehead—in the prettiest blue muslin dress you can possibly imagine,—a bit of narrow white lace running round the neck, and each little hand set off with the same—and a very witch at a bargain.—He who makes the shop-girl of Paris bate one jot of price, must needs have French at his tongue's end.

There may be two at a time, there may be six, she is nothing abashed; she has the same pleasant smile—the same gentle courtesy for each, and her eye glances like thought from one to the other. You may laugh,—she will laugh back; you may chat,—she will chat back; you may scold,—she will scold back. She guesses your wants:—there they are, the prettiest gloves, she says, in Paris. You can not utter half a sentence, but she understands the whole; you can not pronounce so badly, but she has your meaning in a moment.

She takes down package upon package; she measures your hand—her light fingers running over yours, —*Quelle jolie petite main!*—She assists in putting a pair fairly on:—and how many pair does Monsieur wish?

——But one!—ah, Monsieur is surely joking. See what pretty colors,—and she gathers a cluster in her fingers,—and so nice a fit,—and she takes hold of the glove upon your hand.

——Only two, ah, it is indeed too few, and so cheap. Only fifteen francs for the six pair, —which is so little for Monsieur,—and she rolls them in a paper, looking you all the time fixedly in the eye. And there is no refusal; and you slip the three pieces of money upon the counter, and she drops them into the little drawer, and thanks you in a way that makes you think, as you go out, that you have been paying for the smiles, and nothing for the gloves.

One wears out a great many gloves at Paris.

THE GOVERNMENT OF PARIS

As one lingers day after day, and week after week, in a strange city, whose memories have belonged to his education, and whose memories

haunt him night after night, as he feels that he is sleeping on the storied ground—as he lingers, I say, these pleasant dreamings vanish. It is hard to feel them slipping away day by day;—it is a sad experience when you go by old Historic scenes, and realize first, that the busy world around you has swallowed up your sentiment, so that it ceases to kindle, and your eye wanders over them, as the veriest commonplaces of the day.

——There is perhaps, some old, narrow street, with ancient buildings rising high up on either side, and dismal alleys branching from it—so narrow, the sunlight scarce comes between; and the street has a name—a famous name, that as you read it on the blackened corner, touches some chord of memory, like an electric shock. Straightway the round, rough paving is forgotten;—the prying, earnest faces are forgotten;—all sense of danger is flung aside, and the tall buildings lean over to your earnest eye, full of tales of blood and slaughter; you can not tell if it be Froissart,—if it be Monstrelet,—if it be Jean des Ursins, who, in past days at school, or at home, had given you the key to the scene;—you care not—for your brain is full of one wild, tumultuous dream of memory. Recollections may be vague and

misty; but there is something,—some old fashion of the Soul, that keeps them stirring; and they change, and glitter, and fade—imagination all the while wrestling with the crowding shapes, to give them tangible forms and fixedness. Then it is a man exults, for the presence of that active mind that is in him, and rejoices, like a boy, in the scenes of his Travel.

But, as I said, these things go by. The old street—the narrow street, comes in time to be a mere dirty alley;—the sharp stones hurt your feet, and you look curiously at the faces in the windows. Then it is, too, that your thoughts begin to be busy with questionings about this modern lifetime. The Column that had awakened memories of battles, with stormy sounds of drums and fifes, and the flaky presence of plumes waving in the fight, begins to suggest inquiries about its size and construction. The streets that were the mere ground of barricades and murder, begin to be streets like those at home, with pavements and gas-lights. The house you live in, begins to be like a house in the New World—subject to the same rules of construction and decay, and does not lose its identity, as at first, in the sweet, crowded dream-land of the Old City.

You begin to inquire soberly about the reasons of things:—how it is, matters go on so

quietly with a million of excitable Frenchmen? —How it is you are safe in the midst of them —as safe or safer than at home?—in short, how the great machinery of the Paris world is working so noiselessly, and so effectually?

You see a stone out of its place in the pavement, and a day does not pass, but a parcel of quiet workers, without any visible director, with pickaxes and shovels, restore the order. You see a man run down by one of the groaning Omnibuses—and appearing on the instant, you know not whence, are five or six men in military dress, who bear him carefully away for surgical treatment; and if no friends claim him, in two hours time, he is carried to one of those great Hospitals, where he has one of those beds, and a share of that attendance, which is daily bestowed upon seventeen thousand sick and homeless souls. You hear a disturbance—a slight quarrel in a thoroughfare—a few on-lookers collecting, and before you have noticed his approach, a man in military cap and with light sword, is among them, and takes one of the brawlers by the arm—he waves his hand to the crowd, and it disperses. How is it that one feels so secure against every annoyance in the city he has thought of, as the city of wickedness?

The Municipal authority in the capital is the

Prefect of the Department of the Seine, corresponding very nearly with the office of Mayoralty in the larger of the American cities. There is under him, a Council of Prefecture made up into different administrations, having cognizance of various public affairs:—as for instance, of Roads and Public Works, of Public Instruction, of Departmental Taxes, of Post Offices, of the *Poste aux Chevaux*. Beside this, there belongs to each of the twelve Municipal arrondissements, corresponding to the wards of our cities, a mairie, (mayor) and two deputy mayors; these officers sit every day from two to four hours. But in addition to all this machinery of civil administrations, and what comes more nearly under the eye of the stranger, is the Administration of the Police.

The head of this department is the Prefect of the Police, holding authority directly from the ministers of the crown. It is he, or some one of his thousand officials, that permits you to enter the city,—it is he who permits you to stay in it, and he who permits you to leave it.

He has control over the lodging-houses of the city,—over the porters, the hackmen, the boatmen, the draymen;—he has an eye to the markets, that weights are just, and that provisions are good;—he fixes the price of bread;

—he controls bakers, and brokers, and baths; —he is the great conservator of order, and it is he who makes the stranger's way safe in any part of Paris by night or day. If you drive a cabriolet, he tells you what is to be paid; if you ride to the Opera, he tells you the streets you are to pass through; if you lose your way, he puts you right; if you lose your money, he finds it for you; if you break a law, he slips his arm in yours, and walks with you down to the Palais de Justice; if you are trampled down in the street, he plucks you up, and gives you over to his surgeon; if you tumble into the Seine, he kindly fishes you out, and carefully lays your body upon one of the slanting tables in La Morgue.

This same omnipresent officer presides every other Friday over a council of health, held by the first physicians and surgeons; he gives to stranger-operatives their certificate of right to work at their respective callings. He has under him forty-eight commissaries—one in each of the quartiers, into which the twelve arrondissements are divided. These are the special heads of their districts, and their houses may be distinguished along the Rue St. Martin and Rue Richelieu at night, by a crimson lantern burning at their doors.

Nor is this all; under the Prefect, and under the commissaries, are two thousand sergents-de-ville, who wear broad military chapeaux, and a light sword, and may be seen at all hours of the day, on the Boulevards, in the Garden, and the dirty alleys of the Cité.

Nor yet is this all;—under the Prefect, and under the commissaries, and holding humbler place than the sergents-de-ville, are the Municipal guard—three thousand picked men on foot, and seven hundred horse. The first are stationed in all the theatres at night—they patrol the streets—they rescue the injured; and wherever there is a street disturbance, there you will see the black horse-hair plume of the mounted Municipal guard.

There are beside, hundreds of secret police in almost every station of life; and there are the "officers of the peace" in their unsuspected citizen's dress. No portion of the capital is free from the presence of some officer of this mighty Police. Every theatre has its regular quota—every assembly has its spy.

——You are going to the opera:—your carriage is stopped two squares from the Opera-house, by a horseman in a glittering helmet with black plumes waving over it;—he directs with his drawn sword the way the coachman

is to take; the order has been arranged and prescribed at the Prefecture of Police. Arrived at the door of the theatre, three or more of the mounted guard upon their black horses direct order upon driving away;—it may snow, or it may rain—it may be early or late—still the stern-looking horsemen are there—their helmets and swords glittering in the gas-light. You alight from your carriage, and a couple of the sergents-de-ville are loitering carelessly upon the steps;—they run their eyes half-inquiringly over you, as you enter. Each side the little ticket-box is stationed a soldier with musket,—two of the Municipal guard. You enter a passage sentinelled by another; and within, are three or four loitering at the doorways.

Perhaps there is a slight disturbance; some brawler is in the house; in that event, the soldier at the door disappears a moment;—he comes again with four or five of his comrades; —there is no need of excuses or promises now; —the brawler goes out over benches and boxes. He is handed over to the sergent-de-ville. The sergent-de-ville calls a carriage, and the brawler rides to the Palais de Justice.

Perhaps the disturbance is more general. The soldiers try to arrest it; they press some

down, they motion the others: but perhaps half the company are hissing and shouting so that the play can not go on. In this event—and it occurred during my last visit to Paris,—a plain-looking gentleman, dressed simply in black, with a bit of ribbon in one button-hole, leans over from one of the boxes, and tells the audience, in a quiet way,—if the noise does not cease, he shall order the theatre to be cleared.

There is no use in expostulation—still less in resistance—for the man in black, whom nobody knew till now, is a commissary of police—and in twenty minutes could order a thousand men upon the spot. The house was quiet in a moment, and the play went on.

For a rogue—merely morally speaking, there is no safer place than Paris. He may offend against every law of God and man, so it be not written in the books of the Prefect de Police,—and he is secure, and he may hold his head with princes, and take the cushioned stalls at Notre-Dame, and dine at the Café de Paris, and rent the first *loge* at the Opera. But let him offend in the least the statutes, and there is no corner from Notre-Dame, to Mont Martre that can hold him. He may assume any disguise, and change it as he will—those men in the cocked hats, and with the straight

swords, and worse still—those men in plain suits, whom nobody knows, will have their eyes and their hands upon him.

It is no use—the going backward, or forward, or talking about rank, or money, or position;—he may as well march at once quietly down to the old Palais de Justice—walk straight into the court—take off his hat to the Commissariat, and ask politely for a room on the first floor, a bottle of old Macon, and a few pipes.

There is something in the constant surveillance of such a police, not altogether reconcilable with an American's idea of freedom; yet at the same time is there a secret and indefinable charm, in feeling the presence and security of order,—order unfailing and almost perfect. It makes up, indeed, a great part of the luxury of Paris life,—this quietude amid all the gayety. Nor is it wholly the false serenity, which hangs like a summer atmosphere over the scenes of Boccaccio's story;—it is guaranteed by arms, and the nicety of complete military organization. It gives a home feeling in the gayest, and so to speak, most Cosmopolitan city of the world;—and when I came back toward it, from the great Eastern cities—there was a yearning at my heart. as if it was half

a home; and I welcomed the broad chapeaux of the Sergents-de-ville, with a little of the same feeling, with which I welcomed, at a later day,—the high gateway, the wide-branching elms, the gray porch—covered with its green, flowering creeper—of my country home.

LES MAISONS GARNIES

——What visions of dimity curtains, and waxed floors, and winding escaliers, and dark courts, and little conciergeries, and fat women with huge bunches of keys at their girdles, come up to my mind's eye, in recalling a day's search through the furnished houses of Paris! They are the homes of the native, and the homes of the stranger.—Not a quarter—not a street is without them. They are adapted to princes, and to the poorest;—from the first floor in the Rue Lafitte, to the fourth in the Rue des Mauvais Garçons. The order of the city attaches also to them, and you may find in them the retirement of a home, in the midst of the bustle of a city.

You may, if it please you, know no one but your concierge, to whom you pay your bill, and who cleans your room. At meal times you go where you will.

The very search for such quarters as may please your fancy, offers a pleasant kaleidoscopic view of Paris life;—here is a busy valet-de-chambre, with a white apron, in the larger houses, who takes six steps at a jump, and insists upon the *bon local;*—there, a prim little daughter of the concierge, trips a long way before you, and insists upon showing you every vacant room in the house; and laughs at your bad French in a way that makes you talk infinitely worse—and throws open the window, and pulls back the muslin curtains—descanting all the while in the prettiest possible language upon the prospect. Then, again—obstinate old women with spectacles, who put down their knitting work, and drop tremendous courtesies—who would be charmed to have Monsieur for a lodger—who give the best of linen; and who—say what you will—insist upon understanding you to accept their terms unconditionally; and when you would undeceive them, overwhelm you with explications, that only make matters worse, and you are fain to make all sorts of excuses to be fairly rid of them. What array of broken promises and prices, of subterfuges and solicitations, throng over the memorial of a single day's search for lodgings!

——And what a happy rest from all, on my first visit, in the little, wax-floored, white-curtained chamber, on the second floor of a *maison particulière* under the shadow of the Cathedral of St. Roch!

There was a quiet old lady in the conciergerie, who made the bed, and brought up the water, and kindled the fire. And the corset-maker next door had all sorts of visitors; and in the mourning shop opposite, every day the shop-girls new arranged the laces, and caps, and cross-barred muslins, so that I came to be, in less than a month, a connoisseur of Modes. Many a quiet afternoon, too, have I leaned out of the window, and watched the goers-in at the Cathedral—up the same steps where was gathered, in the unfortunate days of France, the ruthless rabble, to see poor Marie Antoinette go by to execution; or looking the other way, I could see the gay throngs go trooping through the garden of the Tuileries; and ever, at night, from high over the weather-stained, bullet-scarred front of the church, I used to hear the loud, full-sounding bells chiming over the silent city. And their sounds so near, and so clear, crowded strange dreams into my mind, and pleasant dreams, because they were wild and vivid, and I came

to love the sound of the bells, as a familiar lullaby.

——fra le piu care
Gioje del mondo, è 'l suono delle campane.

The old Italian had listened to the sweet Florentine bells, and I—thanks to this wandering American spirit—have dreamed under those of San Giovanni, and of San Roch.

There attach other recollections to other neighborhoods in which I have been a sojourner. Who could forget the happy Madame C——, in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, who serves her lodgers with coffee, up six pair of stairs,—sometimes at the hands of the little mischievous Pierre, in the blue smock-frock, and sometimes at the hands of the stumpy little girl who calls her—*ma tante?*

There was, beside, the happy-looking shoemaker, in the dark corner of one of the many hotels of the Rue de la Harpe—and the little iron wicket with its tinkling bell,—and the dim corridor—and in the room at the end, sitting before the meagre grate, the ever-cheerful Abbé G——.

And it is in that old, quaint, dim quarter of the Sorbonne, where are narrow alleys and dirty, and student faces, and bent-over old men, and

doubtful Restaurants, that one may learn fullest, the character of the furnished houses of the city. Once dwell in them for ever so little time, and you—if you have anything like this madcap, truant fancy of mine—you are borne straight back to a crowded dreamland,—you tremble at the slam of your own door at night.

——Oh, Philip de Comines—your secret chronicles of kings are barren to the grouping fancies of a New-world dreamer, in some old *maison garnie* beyond the Seine!

What a history of mysteries might be made out of a single one in the old quarters of Paris! What would I not give for the revelations of an octogenarian concierge in some of the hotels of the Rue de Seine, or of the Ancient Comedy!

Passing along the narrow sideways of either of these streets, or of the lesser ones which branch from them in every direction, and you will see, here and there, at each hand, heavy double doors opening upon a stone-paved, dismal, little court. In the farther corner is a dark, ill-lighted box, over the window of which, is written *Conciergerie.* An old man and his wife are sitting upon stools within; perhaps they are stitching busily upon old clothes; or if it be four o'clock, they have their

dinner—a savoury mess, in one bowl between them. A bed, dusty and dirty, fills up the farther side of the room;—a long line of keys hang under the window;—two or three old, torn books, and half a page of a National, with a programme of the Opéra Comique lie on the low table: a pen and ink,—a dog-leaved note-book,—a stone pitcher, and two tumblers —a gray cat squatted in the only spare chair,— a colored lithograph of the Duc d'Orléans, and a pewter crucifix in the corner, make up all the furnishings of the dismal little home of the concierge and his wife. If you are a lodger, the man takes, mechanically, your key from its nail, and gives it you, with a good-day.—If a stranger in search of a home, the old lady gathers up five or six of the keys, and ushers you up dim stairways, and along ill-lighted corridors to the vacant rooms. The crooked and abrupt turns confound one; the blind stair-cases, the concealed doors, the windows looking—nowhere, the voluble strange-talking tongue of the old lady, and the jingling of her keys in the door-locks, all raise curiosity to the tip-toe.

Nor will your curiosity be satisfied, though you stop a month, or a year. The stair-cases are just as dim, and look as full of old men's

tales;—the corridors are just as sombre,—just as crooked;—your neighbor's door opens and shuts in just such a silent way;—the faces you meet upon the stairs, look just as strange and distant;—the man in the chamber above you paces about in the same mysterious manner as when first you took the key at the Conciergerie, and left your card for the police. You may sometimes catch a glimpse, by a half-opened door in the *entresol* of waxed floors, and glass ornaments of the mantel, and possibly of the maid scrubbing the table,—you never see more of its occupants. Sometimes you may see your neighbor—a tall man in a long cloak, opening his door—it is all you know of him. And perhaps, the concierge knows no more—except a name.

Sometimes you meet the garçon of a cook or baker in the court, with a cover in his hand that smells of dinner: he disappears down one of the corridors—you never know where. Sometimes you meet a fair-faced girl, and she goes tripping up the slanting and crooked stairway a long way before you—and as you pass, the doors are all shut—not a lock stirs—not even her light foot-fall is to be heard. Sometimes, in the first blush of the morning, you may hear steps passing your door,—per-

haps whispers,—you dress in haste to have a peep through the key-hole,—the gray corridor is empty, and still as death; you look out of the window—if by chance, it looks upon the court,—nothing is stirring. You go down the stairs at your breakfast time, in half expectation that your concierge's look will be full of revelations;—he bids you good-morning with the same nonchalance as on the first day you saw him, and takes your key and hangs it on its nail;—and you stroll down the court, biting your lip. Sometimes, late at night, when you have been two hours asleep, you hear a heavy tramp come up the stairway, and a heavy foot go shaking the corridor;—tramp—tramp, it mounts the stairs at the end, —tramp—tramp, along the corridor above: who it is, where it goes, you know as little when you come away, as when you enter a Hôtel Garni.

The month or the year ended, you pay your bill,—nobody is looking to see you off—nobody knows you are going—nobody knows you had come; the concierge bids you *bon-jour* —hangs your key on its peg, and all goes on as strangely, as silently, as mysteriously as before. Come again in a year—come in two years—come in five years, and ten to one the

same concierge is eating his dinner in the corner yet.——The old lady takes four or five keys and shows you the vacant rooms;—the same leaning stairways—the same corridors—the same steps in the morning—the same tramp at night—the same strange mystery confounds you as before.

The rooms I held on one of my visits to Paris, in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, though not so much in the strange, old quarter, as those of which I have been speaking, yet had a story-telling air of their own. The house was old, very old—so that the stair-cases were all upon a slant; and the heavy, black stones of which they were formed, were in some places, sprung an inch or two from the wall, and disclosed yawning gaps. And the courts about the old house were dropped here and there, never, that I could discover, with any order;—and the stairways led off so blindly in some directions that I never had the courage to follow them to an end.

My rooms were near the top of the house; I mounted five pair of stairs—went through a short corridor with a painted and waxed brick floor, where I entered the first of my suite. This was an anteroom, opening upon a narrow court, which had very narrow windows peep-

ing into it, up and down. Out of the anteroom, opened a kitchen and pantry with all the cooking paraphernalia attached—these rooms looked into another court, still smaller and more dismal than the other. From the kitchen opened a bedroom, in which there was no window at all—simply a low, French bedstead, and mattress. Beside the bedroom ran a corridor from the anteroom, which conducted to my little parlor, with still another bedroom, and another court adjoining. The window of the parlor commanded a look over an angle of the Place du Carrousel, and the noise that came up from its pavement, was all that met my ear;—since I was so far from the staircase and corridor, that the steps of my fellow-lodgers were lost in coming through the long range of rooms, over which I held control. There were, however, plenty of lodgers;—for I had met strange-looking people on the stairs, and seen them fingering the door-locks, and sometimes heard steps above me, toward midnight. Once or twice, too, from the window of the wash-room, I had seen a grizzly face peeping out of a narrow slit, far above, in the court —but whose it was I never knew.

There is something that is the very reverse of cheerfulness about empty rooms, and above

all,—an empty kitchen;—and when I heard, as I sometimes did, the most trifling noise about the old, ricketty grate at night, I have waked up with a start, and felt,—shamed as I am to confess it,—something very like fear.

My concierge was a brisk, little man, more communicative than most of his class,—who served as facteur to the neighborhood, and who came up at nine every morning to make my bed, and to wax my floors. I sometimes led him into conversation upon former occupants of the house; but all I could gain from him, only afforded strange, wild glimpses of the mysteriously moving and changing hotel life. Some things, however, that he told me of a lodger, two or three years before, in the very rooms I occupied, impressed me strongly at the time; and as they seem to offer good illustration of what I have said about the *maison garnie,* I shall take the liberty of setting them down here, at the risk of being thought too much of a Romancer.

STORY OF LE MERLE

One September morning, of 183—, —said he,—a Sergent-de-ville tapped at the little door of the Conciergerie, and handed a slip of

paper to my wife, asking, at the same time, if the persons whose names were written upon it, were lodgers in the house. My wife put on her spectacles, and read these names—*Jean et Lucie Le Merle.* There were no such persons among the lodgers.

The Sergent-de-ville asked if there had been such within the month past? My wife ran her eye over the little book she keeps for names—there were none like those upon the slip of paper which the officer had handed her. He seemed disappointed:—he asked her the number of the house, and the name of the owner; and pulling a small tablet from his pocket, compared, I suppose, what he had written, with the answers my wife had given him. ——He still seemed dissatisfied, and wanted to see my wife's book of names.

The Sergent-de-ville did not succeed in his search:—he ordered that any persons with such names coming within the month, should be immediately reported to the Prefect of the Police,—enjoined secrecy for the time, and went away, leaving the slip of paper, and a piece of five francs at the Conciergerie. The last day of the month my wife and I dined upon a *Fricandeau de veau, au sauce tomate,—omelette au confiture,*—a Strasburg pie, and

drank the health of the Sergent-de-ville, with a bottle of Chablis wine. No lodgers of the names on the paper had come.

A year after, in the month of September, when we had quite forgotten the names,—the five francs, and the dinner,—and there came up to me in the court of the Messageries Générales, a pale, thin man, leading a little girl of ten years, and asked me to take his portmanteau to number 26 *Rue St. Thomas du Louvre.*

—*Très volontiers, Monsieur,*—said I,—since it is my home.

My wife showed him the very rooms Monsieur occupies at present. He glanced over the little courts upon which the windows look, seemed satisfied with appearances, and took the chambers. He handed my wife a card, on which was written—*Jean Le Merle et fille.*

As I said, we had quite forgotten the Sergent-de-ville, and the incident of the last September. Still it occurred to us, that there was something about the name, which the new lodger had given, not unfamiliar. So one evening, we rummaged the book to see if we had had no such lodger before. We could find none like it; but just as we were shutting the book, and were wondering what made the name so familiar, a slip of paper fell out from between

the leaves, on which was written *Jean et Lucie Le Merle.*——On the instant, we remembered all about the Sergent-de-ville and the five francs, and the dinner.

Here was one of the persons whom we were to have reported;—but the time had gone by, a full twelvemonth. Besides, it seemed to us that the poor man had suffered enough of disquietude already; so we determined to send in the name as he had written it, with those of the other lodgers,—as is our usual way, without any mention of the occurrence of the year before. The police, we thought, could not expect that five francs should make us, who see so many names, remember a single one, from one year's end to the other. Nor did we dare say anything about the slip of paper to our new lodger; in fact, we burnt it the same evening, and kept the matter wholly between ourselves.

The little girl who came with the new lodger was beautiful. She had long, black, glossy hair, that hung in curls over her neck, and an eye jet black, but with a strange look of sadness in it, for one so young. We saw little of her, however. Of a morning, they would go out together,—the little girl clasping firmly the hand of the pale gentleman, as if

she were afraid to lose it one moment, and they would turn down across the crowded *Place du Palais Royal,*—and for two hours we would see no more of them. By and by they would saunter back,—the gentleman would take his key, without passing a word with my wife, and no more would be seen of them, until two or three hours after noon. In passing by the barriers of the Tuileries at this hour, I have sometimes seen them sitting on a stone bench in the garden, or strolling under the trees,—and sometimes, though very rarely, I used to see the little girl playing with the other children about the green boxes of the orange-trees. She was always dressed richly and prettily; and my wife used to wonder if she could arrange her curls and her little gipsy bonnet so well, or if Monsieur himself arranged them for her. Often did the lodgers in the *entresol,*—an old man and his wife, who had lived in the same room for seven years,—ask who was the little black haired girl in the gipsy bonnet, that went tripping every day over the Place du Carrousel, clinging so firmly to the hand of the new lodger?

No one ever asked after Monsieur Le Merle; —no letters ever came for Monsieur Le Merle. Once only, a package was left by a facteur, ad-

dressed simply "Le Merle, 26 St. Thomas du Louvre." The next morning, I saw a casket on the table, and afterward, on a day when it chanced to be open, I saw in it a rich pearl necklace. On Sundays, and on days of fête, the little girl wore it, and it was rich enough for a Countess.

Sometimes, when I was waxing the floors in the corridor, I heard snatches of a soft song from these rooms, and it seemed to me, though I do not certainly know, that it was in a strange language. My wife, too, has said, that the talk of the little girl had a strange accent, as if, some day, she had spoken in another tongue. Her eye, too, was larger, and fuller, and sadder, than the eyes of Parisian girls, and seemed to belong to a country farther to the South. A few books were always lying on the table of Monsieur, but were all of them in French; only once I saw upon the bureau a beautiful little volume with gold clasps, and a miniature of a lady in the cover,—and it was written in a language that I did not know. And once, only once that I remember, on a Sunday, when they went out—Monsieur said to Notre-Dame—the little girl carried the book with the gold clasps, and wore the same day the beautiful pearl necklace. On some days, Mon-

sieur would go out for a time alone; and then we always noticed that the little girl,—whether from fear, or what I do not know,—took the key out of the door and fastened it from within.

Meantime we heard nothing from the police; everything went on quietly;—we should have thought no more about Monsieur Le Merle than any other of our lodgers, had it not been for the dark-haired girl, who seemed to have no other friend in the world.

One day it happened that Monsieur had been gone longer than his usual time, and my wife heard a gentle tap at the window of the Conciergerie. It was the little girl of the Attic;—she had put on her bonnet, and come alone down the stairs;—she was afraid, she said, to stay so long alone in the great chamber;—she wanted to go out to find her papa. She did not know where he was gone, but she was sure she would find him. My wife persuaded her to put off her bonnet, and sit with her in the Conciergerie; and when it grew late, and still Monsieur Le Merle did not come, I brought her some dinner from a Restaurant, but she would scarce eat anything for her fear.

At length, just at dusk, and while Monsieur

Le Merle was still away, a carriage drove up to the door, and the footman tapped at the window-pane, and asked if it was 26 *St. Thomas du Louvre?*

—*Oui, Monsieur.*

—Madame wishes to see Lucie Le Merle.

—It is I—said the little girl:—till then we had not known her name. My wife led her out to the carriage. She said two ladies elegantly dressed were seated in it. One of them whispered a few words in the ear of Lucie. The poor child looked wonderingly in her face a moment—shook her head, and turning round to my wife, said— *Qui est-elle—Je ne sais pas —moi.*

The lady whispered to the child again:—this time she touched a chord in the little girl's heart. A tear or two dropped from her young eyes—*Qui êtes-vous, donc, Madame, dites-moi, je vous en prie.*

The lady whispered something more in Lucie's ear—what it was, my wife could not hear. Our little lodger ran up stairs, and came down with the casket, which had stood always upon the table under the mirror, and caught up her bonnet from the Conciergerie, and presently was in the carriage with the ladies.

—Your father?—said my wife, doubtingly.

—*Je vais le voir*—said our little lodger, and the carriage drove off, under the arch of the Louvre toward the Quay.

My wife and I were troubled: we sat up till midnight hoping to see Monsieur and the child again. I went up to lock the chamber,—on this table was lying the book with the gold clasps; and it seemed to me, as I looked at it by the light of the candle, that there was something in the face painted upon it, like that of the black-eyed girl. I undid the clasps, and found written on the first leaf—*Lucie—à sa fille, Lucie.*

The next morning appeared Monsieur Le Merle. His face was haggard, as if he had not slept. His first inquiries were for Lucie; and when we had told to him all that had happened the day before, he was made frantic. That very afternoon, he made me go with him, and stop by him, upon a seat up the Champs Elysées, to see if by chance I could detect the carriage or the ladies who had taken his treasure from him. We stopped until it was dark, but could see nothing of either.

The next morning a note was dropped through the window—by whom my wife did not see, addressed simply *Le Merle*, and I remembered it was in the same hand—at least

so it seemed to me,—with the line on the first leaf of the book with the gold clasps.

Our lodger seemed startled when he read the note,—he paid us what was due for the rooms, and I took his portmanteau in the afternoon, and put it upon a coach in the Place du Palais Royal. He bade me good-day, slipped a piece of five francs in my hand, and I shut the door of the *fiacre*.

That very evening, at a little past ten, as my wife and I were enjoying a small cup of coffee, which we had ordered in from the Café du Danemarck, there was a slight tap at our window. It was a Sergent-de-ville. He handed us a slip of paper, and asked if the persons whose names were upon it, were lodgers at the house. My wife sat by the candle. She put on her spectacles and read—*Jean Le Merle et fille.*

Odd things come in our way every day—what with changes of lodgers and bad characters—but this was very odd. We told the Sergent all we knew of our lodgers on this floor, and he took me with him to the Place du Palais Royal. We inquired of every cabman upon the stand, but not one could tell us anything of Monsieur Le Merle. One only had seen me close the door of the coach; but it was

not now upon the stand, nor did he know the number. The Sergent-de-ville asked particularly of the note of the morning, but I could tell him nothing:—he left me.

About a month after, the Officer called at our door, and asked me to go with him over the Pont Neuf. On the way he told me that a body had been found that morning in the Seine, and in the coat pocket was found a note, crumpled and blurred, but they fancied they could make out the name—Le Merle. He led me straight to the Morgue. Three bodies were lying upon the tables, and a dozen or two of people were looking through the grating. The Sergent-de-ville pointed to me a body in the corner;—it must have been many days in the water. It was bloated to near twice its natural size, and the skin was of a dirty green color. Over the head of the body, against the wall, hung the simple dress of a gentleman—the dress that had been found on him. I could judge of nothing by the appearance of the body—it was a dreadful sight to look at.

The Sergent-de-ville asked the officer to pass the coat through the grating;—as he did so, and I took hold of it, I felt something hard in the breast pocket, and putting my hand in, pulled out a small book with gold clasps.

There had been a little miniature set in the binding, but the water had destroyed it. I opened the clasps, and found on the first leaf—*Lucie——à sa fille, Lucie.*

I was then sure it was the book I had seen upon this table. I feared that it was truly the body of poor Le Merle, and told the Sergent-de-ville what I had known of the book. I ventured to ask him about Le Merle;—Mon Dieu; these officers of the Police have a short way with them, Monsieur!—he gave me a piece of five francs, and said it was all he wanted of me.

I felt a little sad when I got home about poor Le Merle—so did my wife. So at five o'clock we spent the money of the Sergent for a good dinner of *bœuf braisé aux pommes*—two slices of melon, and a bottle of old Macon —*c'est bon, Monsieur, ce vieux Macon—c'est très bon.*

—Yes, said I—but did you never hear again of the little Lucie?

—*Jamais, Monsieur, jamais.* My wife thought she saw her two years after, in a carriage, upon the Place de la Concorde; she said that she had grown more beautiful, but looked more sad. She thought she could not have mistaken her large, full eye, and said she saw

on her neck, the same brilliant chain of pearls that used to lie in the casket.

—I should like very much to know her history,—said I.

—*Et moi aussi*—said the little concierge, as he gathered up his brushes to go below:—*Ah, elle était charmante, Monsieur, je vous assure;* —and he left me to think about the strange things he had told me,—things which I had not the least reason to distrust, since stranger ones are happening every year, and every month, in the great world of Paris.

THE CAFÉ

More can be learned of Parisian life and habits in one week at the Café, than in a year at your English Hotel.—To go to Paris without seeing the Café, would be like going to Egypt without seeing the Pyramids, or like going to Jerusalem, without once tarrying at the Holy Sepulchre. The Cafés are distributed in every part of the French capital. They are the breakfast-houses of the inhabitants of the *maison garnie:*—but not like any other breakfast-houses on earth are those of Paris.

I remember, that in the old Geographies, the

gayety of the French character used to be represented by a homely wood-cut of a group of men and women dancing violently around a tree:—now, I can not imagine a better type of Parisian life and habitude than would be an interior of a Parisian Café, with a gay and motley company loitering at the little marble tables, gossipping,—reading the journals,—and sipping their morning coffee.

The Parisian takes there his chocolate, and his paper—his half-cup and his cigar—his mistress and his ice; the Provincial takes his breakfast and his National—his absinthe and his wife: even the English take their Galignani and their eggs, and the German his beer and his pipe. It is the arena of the public life of Paris. What the Exchange is to a strictly commercial people, the Café is to the French people.

There the politics and amusements of the day meet discussion. Each table has its party, and so quietly is their conversation conducted, that the nearest neighbours are not disturbed. At one,—two in the dress of the National Guard are magnifying M. Thiers; and an old gentleman at the next table, with gold spectacles and a hooked nose, is dealing out anathemas upon his head.

Opposite the Porte St. Martin, whose foot ran blood during the three days of July, is the Café de Malte: there are more stylish cafés, but nowhere do they make better coffee between the Madeleine and the fountain of the Château. There F—— and myself breakfasted many a morning—strolling down from the Rue de Lancry, a half-mile upon the Boulevards—turning in at the corner door upon the Rue St. Martin—touching our hats to the little blue-dressed Grisette at the dais, who presided over spoons, sugar, and sous—and took our seats at one of the marble slabs, upon the crimson cushions.

We were, in general, but two of the forty frequenters of the Café de Malte.

——Beside us, would be some Lieutenant in scarlet breeches, blue coat, and ugly cap,—very like the tin pail in which New England housewives boil their Indian-puddings—with his friend—some whiskerado, who is tickling his vanity by looking at his epaulettes, and listening applausively to his critiques upon the army in Algiers. They are drinking a glass of absinthe to whet their appetites for dinner—a thing only to be accounted for from the fact that the Officer dines at mess, and so cares little how much he eats;—and that the

whiskerado has an invitation to dine with a friend, and so wishes—by double eating, to do away with the necessity of dining to-morrow. On another side of us, is perhaps an old man of sixty, who wears a wig, and looks very wisely over the columns of the Presse, and occasionally very crossly at a small dog, which an old lady next him holds by a string, and which seems to be playing sundry amusing and very innocent tricks over the old gentleman's boots.

The lady,—his neighbor, looks fondly at her dog, sipping now and then at her chocolate,—throwing bits of crumbs to her canine companion,—all the while looking anxiously at every new comer through her glasses—possibly watching for some old admirer;—for no circumstance, nor age, nor place, nor decrepitude can dissipate a French woman's vanity.

Another way, are three talkers—each with his half-cup, discussing the National. Their ages are from twenty to eighty. There are characters—from the impudent sansculottes—to the dignified man of the school of the Gironde.

——Here is a man, just opposite, with dirty hands—dirty nails—uncombed hair, and dirty beard, who has finished his coffee, and sits

poring over a bit of music—altering notes, humming a tune, and drumming on the table with his fingers. He is doubtless an employé of the orchestra of the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin over the way.

I, meantime,—over my coffee, rich as nectar, —a little pyramid of fresh radishes,—a neat stamped cake of yellow butter, and bread such as is comparable with nothing but itself,—am employing the intervals in study of the characters around me, or glancing through the windows upon the carts, and coaches, and omnibuses, and soldiers, and market-women, and porters, and gliding Grisettes,—all of which suck, like a whirlpool, around the angles of the Porte St. Martin.

Who that has seen the gay capital knows not the Café de Paris?—at least its outward show of a summer's evening, when the Boulevard before it is full of loungers, and the salons full within;—and the Café Anglais upon the corner,—and the Véfour,—and the Rotonde of the Palais Royal?

——I see before me, now,—though the hills and woods of home are growing green around me,—the nice-looking, black-haired French girl of twenty, who used to come in, with her mamma, every morning, at eleven precisely,

to the Véfour, and hang her mischievous-looking, green sherd bonnet upon the wall above her head, and arrange the scattered locks, and smooth the plaits upon her forehead with the flat of her white, delicate hand, —giving, all the while, such side looks from under it as utterly baffled the old lady's observation.

Do they take their coffee there yet?—and does the middle-aged man with the red mustache, who sat opposite, bow as graciously as ever—to Madame first, and to Mademoiselle last?—And does he steal the sly looks over the upper columns of the Constitutionel, as if all the news were centred along the top lines,—and as if I were not looking all the while between the rim of my coffee-bowl, and my eyebrows, for just such explications of Paris life?

And does the little, cock-eyed man at the De Lorme, who breakfasted on two chops and coffee, still keep Galignani till every English reader, and I among them, despaired?

Even now, the reader has not half so definite an idea of a Paris café as I could wish he had —of the mirrors multiplying every thing to infinity—of the gilt cornices—of the sanded floors—of the iron-legged tables—of the German stove with its load of crockery—of the

dais, with its pyramids of sugar—of the garçons in their white aprons, shouting to the little woman at the desk,—*dixneuf—quarante — treize — cinq francs — vingt-et-un — vingt-cinq.*

If one wants coffee at near sunrise, or on to six or seven, he must not look for it in the more stylish cafés. He must find his way to the neighborhood of the diligence bureaux, or the Railway; or he must dash boldly into the dim salons of St. Antoine, or beyond the Pont St. Michel, or round the Halle au Blé, or Marché des Innocents. There he will find men in blouses,—mechanics—country people, cab-drivers, and journeymen tailors, discussing the news of yesterday, or perhaps six—looking over the Constitutionel of the day. Such men count by the thousands, and make up a large part of the tone of popular feeling,—with influence which, however much it may be derided in the salons, is felt in the government,—an influence which, when inflamed, has brought King and Queen to execution.

——And here I can not help indulging, for a moment, in a quiet kind of triumph at thought of the liberty to mingle in all such scenes, which one possesses, who travels—as I had the good fortune to travel—alone. He is

bound to sustain no aristocratic family pretensions;—he is tied to no first floor at the hotel;—he has to consult no fastidious taste, except his own;—he bears about with him but a single pair of curious eyes, that do not blink at dirt or smoke, if they are only seeing some new phase of the strange world they have come to see;—throwing off the flimsy *rôle* of respectability, with a stout pair of English shoes he may wander over the city, mindless of the mud of St. Antoine, or the Ile St. Louis.

Your travelling party are discussing over a cold breakfast in the salon of their hotel,—where they shall go,—what among the thousand sights they shall see, while I—two hours ago have finished my coffee at some quiet table of the town—it was a different one yesterday, it will be a different one still to-morrow,—and am ready for the glories of the Louvre, or the mass at Notre-Dame.

There are those whom the Café does not satisfy. Fat old Bourgeois from Lyons,—wool-merchants from Châteauroux, or apple-sellers of Normandy, are not content with such mimicry of the provincial breakfast, whose abundance would rival a German dinner. Such—and American breakfast-eaters would come within the category, until Paris air has sup-

plied Paris habits—must give their orders at home, or step into the Restaurants within the Palais Royal, where morning meals of two dishes and dessert, and half a bottle of wine, are eaten for a franc and fifty centimes,—and down the Rue St. Honoré, real English breakfasts may be eaten for the same.

Does F——, I wonder, remember the bread that used to stand on end like a walking-stick, in one corner of the salon, at the boarding-place in the Rue Beaurigard—and the sour wine—and the old Madame with her snuff-box at her elbow, and her fingers and nose be-browned—and what a keen eye was hid under her spectacles, and what blue-looking milk, and what sad, sad chops,—and what a meek Monsieur—our old teacher—for help-meet?

Yet it was possible,—for there was Mademoiselle, blithe as a cricket all the day.

But there are better boarding-places than that in the Rue Beaurigard.

——*Par exemple, la Rue de Bussy.*

How neatly little Marie arranges the rooms —not a speck of dirt anywhere; and for table management, who can surpass Madame C——?

I shall see them all again by and by—at least I hope it, and hope for a deep, rich bowl in the Café Véfour, and a crisp little loaf of

the Vienna bread, and the Journal, and sugared water, and all. It may be that on another visit, I may not be so free as at the last; it may be,—since the American, like the Frenchman, is somewhat gregarious in his nature,—that incumbrances may lie in the way of a resumption of the old rambling humor; but sure I am, that now and then of a morning, I shall steal away from whatever pleasant or painful circumstances may environ me, and hunt up, with a child's mind,—the old scenes,—the youthful scenes,—the dearly-remembered scenes,—of which I am now writing.

After midday at the Café, the small half-cup gains upon the bowl of the morning; and for three hours after noon, there is a sensible falling off of visitors; and the trim *présidente* leaves her place to dress for the evening.

Then drop in the sorry old single men, and quarrelling married men, and such curious observers as myself, to look at the fresh-faced, bright-eyed, neatly-dressed fair one who presides. As the hours pass,—after-dinner loungers come in: old women with white lap-dogs waddle to the tables, and take their thimbleful of coffee. The seats outside the door fill up; they laugh and lounge, and sip, and talk;—some stroll away to the thea-

tres;—their places fill up. The lamps are lit. Young men call for ices—old men call for punches. At half the tables is the rattle of dominoes. Nine, ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock come over the Paris world. The Omnibuses have stopped thundering by;—the garçons put up the shutters. The people lounge away—not home—there is no such word in their language, but—*chez eux*.

So, another day is gone from their lifetime of pleasure, and they are twenty-four hours nearer the end.

THE RESTAURANT

The Parisian does not take his coffee at home, nor his dinner. The Frenchman is sociable to excess; but his socialities are all out-of-door socialities. He will talk with you in the Diligence,—he will talk with you in the theatre, or at the café, but you rarely see him at home. Friends meet at the Opera,—in the Garden of the Tuileries, or dine together at the Restaurant,—and ten to one, they do not know each other's lodgings.

Nothing is known practically, by the Parisian, of our glorious Saxon home-spirit—that spirit which finds its development around the domestic fireside. What such book as the

"Winter Evenings at Home" is there, in the whole range of French literature?—What such poem as the "Cotter's Saturday Night?"—What such home-painter—in verse, as Crabbe,—or in colors, as Wilkie?

Christmas-dinner rejoicings, and the Yule-log—glorious tokens of the old Northern feeling, which we in our New-land are by half too slack in sustaining—are to the Parisian like the ballads of the Norsemen to unlearned ears.

Go with your letter to a French gentleman of the Capital, and he may overwhelm you with his protestations of friendship;—he may invite you to his box at the Opera;—he may ask you to dine with him at the Restaurant, but you will rarely be asked to make part of his family circle. And this is not from distrust altogether—not that he holds his family too sacred;—it is because his social feelings do not, like the Englishman's, and like the American's—centre there. They are too much out of doors. His pleasures are out of his own house, and to participate in them you must go with him abroad.

His social spirit is of larger circumference than that belonging to the Anglo-Saxon blood, but it is less fixed and strong. Home is the place to make that spirit fixed, and strong, and pure. And as I recall now the seemingly

superficial state of a Society, which has no such rallying point—I thank God that my lot is cast in a corner of the world where such an institution is cherished. And if it were possible, without being too venturesome, I would break away from the thread of this foreign talk, to protest against the wrong doing of such as would lessen the attractions of Home, by introducing the public frivolities of the French school in their stead.

Nothing seems to me to have borne so strong a part in sustaining the integrity, and unity, and energy of the British nation, as the firm cherishment of a Home feeling. The French have, indeed, a noisy love of country—but it is entirely separable from any domestic love. They worship Jupiter—they have no Penates.

But to return:—some at Paris, whose means know no limit, will perhaps, dine in their own apartments, giving their orders to the Furnisher of the King, in the Palais Royal;—before whose windows a crowd of soldiers in crimson breeches, and of men in blouses, are always looking upon the swimming terrapins, and the salmon, and the fruit of every name and country.

But, choosing to interpret the more general tone of the city habits, let us turn to the first of Restaurants—the *Trois Frères*—where go

such misguided peers as would seem rich, and such rich, as would seem peers;—where go, in short, all who, by paying high, would wish to seem of the *élite*. No window in the Palais Royal shows richer stock of game and meats, than the *Trois Frères*.

Twenty francs will pay for an exceeding good dinner; besides, one has the honor of looking upon men with red ribbons in their button-holes, and of ogling the prettiest Grisettes of Paris. As good dinners may be had elsewhere, it is true,—but the éclat of extravagance belongs to such as the Café de Paris, or Trois Frères. And really, it is surprising how much it aids a man's good opinion of himself, to be the envy of all the small boys with paper parcels, and hungry-looking newspaper venders, who see him going in or out of those brilliant Restaurants. The cooking is superb; as Goldsmith used to say,—"they will make you five different dishes from a nettle-pot, and twice as many from a frog's haunches."

There are two or three along the Boulevard which rank little lower,—and there is the British Tavern, where mock-turtle is always ready, and where English ale may be drank, and English mustard eaten on English steaks —saving only the horse-radish.

The Parisian, however, is never too aristocratic to economize, and even at the Café de Paris, have I seen a dinner for two, ordered for five living souls—mother, father, maid, and children. How the five quotients out of these two dividends, with a hungry man for divisor, satisfy five stomachs, is a matter which one, who knows Paris better than myself, might be puzzled to answer. The steaks are none of the largest, as every man who has walked the Boulevard for an appetite very well knows; indeed, I am inclined to think, that the higher the dinner ranks in fashion, the less it will rank in the scales.

Where do they give more heaping plates than at Martin's under the shadow of the Odeon? Yet there, a man may fill himself for his eighteen sous, and enjoy the society of professional men, at least, the neophytes, who cut into the fricandeaux in a way that would do credit to the dissecting-room. True, the wainscoting is not of mirrors, and the cloths do not "smell of lavender," and the wine is neither old Macon, nor Madère,—and the stews are of doubtful origin; but here, as everywhere else,—

Il saper troppo quasi sempre nuoce.

Green-eyed persons say the same of Tavernier's stews; but it can hardly be credited. Madame T. thrives too well to have thriven on cat's flesh; and there is surely nothing of the Grimalkin about the sparkling Demoiselle, who presides over apricots and oysters.

——It is a splendid saloon on the first floor of the Palais Royal,—overlooking the whole court, with its crowds of loungers, and lime-trees, and sparkling fountains, that has over its doors the name of Tavernier.

I have eaten a great many two-franc dinners at the neat, little tables,—of soup, three dishes, dessert and wine, and wish I had by me a bill of fare, to set down some among its hundred dishes. Still more, do I wish for some Cruikshank, who would drop in, just at this juncture, an illustration of the brilliant interior of that Palais Royal Restaurant, on a December evening at five.

——How nicely would come into the foreground, those two old men—Cheeryble Brothers—who have dined at the same table, at the same hour, and on nearly the same dishes—Martin tells me, for half a dozen years. One is as precise as a Mademoiselle of sixty; and the other wears always a happy, jovial, bachelor look. One tucks his napkin carefully

unfolded in his vest;—the other wipes it with both hands across his mouth, and drops it carelessly in his lap. One eats weak broth;—the other pea soup.

What a group would that long family of English make!

——F—— will remember I am sure—and have a hearty laugh at the remembrance, of the tall boy in the jacket, with a collar that covered his shoulders,—and of the red-faced Miss (Heaven spare us both again such coquetries of look!) by half longer than her dress, and who spoke execrable French. There was, besides, the oldest scion of the family, who stalked up to our fat Madame Tavernier every day for payment; no such hat was surely ever seen on the head of a Frenchman, and he wore a coat that pinched him under the arms.

—*Sacré,*—whispered the thick-mustached man at the next table,—*Quel Anglais!—quel chapeau!—quel habit!—oh, Mon Dieu!*

With what a calm dignity the manager used to pace up and down, with his napkin white as snow, folded over his left arm!—and with what infinite grace did he meet the salutations of every new comer!

——After a year's absence from Paris, on

my return, I went one day, for old remembrance' sake, into the gay Restaurant again. The friends with whom I used to dine were scattered. F——, the companion of my Swiss travel, was long ago gone home, and was breaking his bachelor bread in the quiet of New England. Sidney was boating it, with a Maltese dragoman, upon the "uttermost parts of the rivers of Egypt." The last I had seen of Sorsby, was at Venice, where I went down with him to his gondola, and waved him a good-bye, as he glided off over the broad, shining Lagoon,—straight on for Padua.

The tables, however, were full. Old Madame Tavernier still held the dais with the same expression of matronly rule as a twelvemonth back. Tavernier himself, though grown a trifle older, still kept his stand before the desk, and slid occasionally about, to say a word to some old customer, or to show civilities to some new one. Mam'selle, the brunette, still presided over apricots and oysters; even the old, white dog pattered about, soliciting favors, and came to give me a welcome, by rubbing against my leg.

The long Englishers were gone, I suspect, to summer at Harrowgate, and to talk to the shabby gentility of that watering-place, about

the delights of the Paris world. But the two old Cheeryble Brothers were at the same table yet—as happy, as precise as ever. What a monotone of life! There, day after day, the host, for six or seven hours, had stirred about his hall, with his napkin on his arm,—the dame had held the same seat,—Mam'selle wore the same coquettish looks over her plums,—the old frequenters, at the same hour, had puffed up the stairs, and ordered their little dinners,—while I had been counting cities instead of dishes,—had tried the cooking of different nations, instead of different meats,—had coquetted with Nature, when and where she was prettiest, instead of ogling the brunette, or looking after the tidy Grisettes who eat their dinners at the Palais.

I came back from cities whose History furnishes theme for the frescoes on Western palaces—and there the occupiers of the old Restaurant were still driving their gains, and discussing calves' head, and tomatoes.

LE GRAND VATEL

There is, not far away from Tavernier's—the opposite side, Le Grand Vatel. There is something like romance in eating under the name of such a patron of the Kitchen.

——Vatel lived in the time of Louis XIV.,[1] when flourished everything that could quicken appetite, and excite desire. Poor man—he did not see the end of it!

He had gone to Chantilly, to prepare a fête. The king arrived; the supper was served. By some mistake, two tables were without roasts. It cut Vatel to the quick! —My honour is ruined—said he. Fortunately, the table of the king was served. This restored courage to poor Vatel. Still, for twelve nights he did not sleep. He told his friend Gourville, and Gourville told the Prince. The Prince came to console Vatel;—nothing could be finer, said his Highness.

—Monseigneur, — replied Vatel, — your goodness overpowers me; but I know very well that two of the tables were without roasts.

A royal breakfast was to be served toward the close of the fête. Vatel was all anxiety. He had ordered the choicest dishes of the kingdom.

The morning came, and Vatel was up at four. All were asleep; no one stirring, except

[1] Madame de Sévigné tells pleasantly the story of this mishap of Le Grand Vatel,—*dont la bonne tête était capable de contenir tout le soin d'un état.*—The cooks of the present day guard as scrupulously their honor as in the luxurious age of Vatel.

one fish-dealer who brought two small parcels of *marée.*

—Is this all, said Vatel.

—Yes sir, said the man;—not knowing that orders had been sent to every Port along the coast.

Vatel sought his friend. Gourville, said he, *mon ami,* I shall never survive this.

—Pooh, said Gourville.

Vatel went to his chamber, and, placing his sword against the door, he pushed it through his body, and fell upon the floor.

La marée arrives. They search for Vatel; they go to his chamber; they knock—there is no answer; they break open the door. They find him bathed in blood, and stone dead.

—*Pauvre Vatel!* said the Prince. And now they sell dinners for a franc and a half at the sign of Le Grand Vatel. I ate of *marée* at the little tables, but it was not fresh.

CHEAP DINNERS

Browne, the philosopher, says, whatever may be a man's character, or complexion, or habits, he will find a match for them in London.—— Whatever may be a man's taste, or his means, he may find the gratification of them, at some rate at Paris.

If the Palais Royal, from the little tobacco women to the furnisher of the King, be too extravagant for one's means;—if he can neither pay two sous for his chair under the trees, nor take a six sous half-cup at the Rotonde, nor a dinner at such as the Grand Vatel, he finds another neighborhood that ranges lower; but be sure, he will indulge himself, on Sunday afternoons, with the stone benches along the borders of the court, and very possibly, luxuriate in a cent cigar. Other days, he may be seen stealing his way cautiously down the Rue St. Honoré, and turning into some of those streets that branch off toward the Quay, and the other side of the river. He knows every alley that ramifies from the street of the School of Medicine, and may even venture, on fast-days, into the neighborhood of the long shadowing Pantheon.

——And there may be picked up dinners, such as they are, for twelve and eight sous, not a stone's throw from the towers of St. Sulpice.

And what shall be said of the chop-houses of St. Denis and Montmartre? Curious-looking chops, surely, that would puzzle a Cuvier to work on the skeleton of a beast that bleats or grunts;—but cheap for all that—chop, potato, and bread, for five sous!

There may be seen luscious dinners at five, not far from the Pont St. Michel, and in the neighborhood of the Halle au Blé,—the building of the Médicis Column.[1]

And in the Faubourg St. Martin—the number escapes my memory, but the police will direct the curious, and the savory smells will guide the hungry—there is a huge pot boiling from twelve to six, filled with such choice titbits as draw, every day, scores of adventurers. A huge iron fork lies across the mouth of the cauldron, and whoever wishes to make the venture, pays two sous for a strike. If he succeeds in transfixing a piece of beef—(or what passes for beef, in the dialect of the *quartier*) he has achieved his dinner, and at a low rate—albeit he has it in his fingers, without sauce or corrective.

Unfortunately, however, many poor fellows ruin their hopes by striking too strongly, and dashing all before them; and they are mortified at seeing the fragments of some huge bit of meat which their energy has shattered, floating in savory morsels to the top.

They say that, once upon a time, there came

[1] James, I think, in one of his hundred romances, makes this Column notable. It was a part of the old Médicis Palace.

up upon the end of the fork, after a vigorous thrust, a heavy, black-looking substance, which proved to be the front of a soldier's cap. It came to the ears of the police, and a posse of officers came down upon the luckless Restaurateur, and made seizure of all the bones about his establishment. For though there was no law forbidding use of hats for soups, yet suspicion was excited of there being some missing man in the mess.

Indeed, as offering precedent for such suspicion, some of the old chronicles of Paris, soberly relate the following story:—

THE BARBER AND THE COOK

In a certain rue of the Ile de la Cité, now nearly obliterated by changes, stood, many centuries ago, side by side, the houses of a barber and of a pastry cook. Their situation was in the centre of the old world of fashion, and no barber shaved more faces, and no pastry cook sold more, or better patés, than the two neighbors. And they grew rich;—so rich, that every one who knew anything of common tradesmen's gains, wondered at it.

——The butchers wondered how the pastry cook made so many pies, and bought so little

meat. And, by and by, it was observed that many who went into the barber's shop to be shaved, never came out again. Then, on a sudden, the excited people said that the barber cut the throats of his customers, and that the pastry cook chopped them into pies.

The Parisians are by no means fastidious in respect of their food;—nor were they so, if we may credit cotemporaneous writers, in the time of St. Louis;—but even the Parisians were disgusted at the horrible idea of eating the livers of their dirty neighbors, instead of those of Strasburg geese. The thought was no sooner suggested to that excitable populace, than they rushed *en masse* to the shops of the tradesmen—hung them upon poles before their own doors, and pulled down their dwellings.

If the Abbé G—— and myself were right in our investigations,—an old lodging-house stands at present over the spot, where lived the murderous barber, and the cannibal cook.

THE MODERN COOK

The front of the soldier's cap, however, in the Faubourg St. Martin proved a false alarm, since no human bones were found in the Restaurateur's collection, and no soldier was missing from the Casernes.

It is by no means reputable to be found venturing one's chance for dinner in such places; and I was credibly assured that some medical students, and barbers had lost caste with their profession, for cultivating too great familiarity in such neighborhoods.

Better dinners, and safer, may be had in the great square of the Marché des Innocents. —What more glorious salon!—the bright, blue sky of a Paris summer is overhead;—tall, old buildings lift their quaint gables, mingled with elegant modern fronts on every side;—the fountain in the middle pours over in streaming floods, its bubbling and sparkling torrents, making the air cool even in the heats of July; and around are scattered rich stores of richest vegetables from the fine gardens of Normandy; —and dotted among them are the people of Brittany in their queer caps and petticoats;— and honest, ruddy faces that have ripened on the sunny banks of the Loire.

Just around the edge of the basin that catches within its lips of stone, the waters of the fountain are arranged some half dozen deal tables, and here and there pots are boiling, and bowls and spoons in readiness, and an old lady with a huge handkerchief upon her head, to serve you.

You will find beans, or potatoes, or meat,

and you may have a bowl of either of the two first for a sou; but bread and salt are extras;—meat ranges a trifle higher, and few but the aristocrats of the neighborhood presume upon the meat. No better place, for the price, can be found in Paris;—my investigations with the good Abbé G—— have quite satisfied me on this point. If it rains, of course an umbrella must be carried, or the broth, which is not the least part of the dinner, will be cooled. One may end with a handful of rich plums, and as cheap as the broth.

Outside the barriers of the Octroi,[1] up and down the Seine, and at the Barrier du Trône, are restaurants for such as choose to walk farther, and pay less: or who prefer a poor rabbit, to a fat cat. Little stands of fruit, and wine, and cake, abound, where they escape the tithe of the tax-gatherer, and on Sundays are thronged by thousands from the Capital.

[1] The city of Paris is surrounded by an iron palisade called the Barrier. There are fifty entrances, some of them of splendid architectural effect; and at each is collected the so-called Octroi duty, on all consumable matter entering the capital. Every person entering is examined. Guizot himself stops his carriage and submits to official inspection. Nearly ten millions of dollars are realized annually from this source alone. It is strictly a Municipal tax, and obtains in all the large towns of France.

We have hardly yet done with dinners within the city. Many a poor fellow is, at this very hour,—five of the afternoon,—perspiring over a chafing-pan of coals, whose fumes escape at a broken pane of glass, and over which is sissing and steaming a little miserable apology for a rump-steak. These are the single men, who wish to keep up appearances; and you might see one of them upon the Boulevard, and never guess but he was a diner at a reputable restaurant;—except you might observe that his wristbands were turned carefully up out of sight, and his collar covered with a black cravat.——Poor fellow! he has no shirt,—though the coat is a good one in its way, and so with the hat.

On fête days he shows linen, and calls for a bottle of ordinary beer at one of the cafés up the Champs Elysées. On other days, his means oblige him to cut the restaurants, and take a small cut of the butcher off the forequarter, and near the knuckle. Sometimes he takes the knuckle itself for a bit of soup; and with a little potato, and parsley, and salt, followed by a piece of bread, it really makes a very palatable dinner.

There are poor artists, and Americans among them, who, for worthier motives than

occasional dress, eat their dinners thus, rather than risk the doubtful meats in the lower class of restaurants. Indeed no dinner of ordinary bulk, ranging much under thirty sous, can be eaten in Paris without suspicion;—unless, indeed, it be of those vegetable potages which are served up under the rich old fountain of the Marché des Innocents.

None understand the economy of eating better than the French. A knuckle will serve a Frenchman farther than a haunch an ordinary man.

All the arts of securing nutrition from that which chemists might, by the weak tests of their laboratory, declare to have no nutritious matter at all, belong peculiarly to the alchemy of French cooking. There is no part of the brute structure but yields something in the form of digestible dishes to their rigorous investigations.

Whatever will season a soup, or flavor a pudding, in the vegetable or animal world, is known. It has been submitted to their kitchen analysis; and the *synthesis*—to use the language of the schools—is even more wonderful than the strange results of their analysis. Compounds without number,—amalgamations of qualities as opposite as nature could form

them,—combinations heaped upon combination, and a name for each successive product, chosen with the same skill that directs the the formation of the object to be named:—so that, poor as the French language is in general terms, none is richer in table vocabulary; and their *omelette,* and *fricandeau,* and *paté* pass muster in nearly all the languages of Europe.

Many strangers in Paris search English restaurants, in the hope (a vain one) of finding the rich mottled beef of Hereford, or the banks of the Tweed. There was an old lady who cooked beef-sirloins, and made plum-pudding under the West side of the Madeleine; and her tables were always full. The only real English roast beef in Paris, I found there; they pretend to it at the Royal, and the British tavern; but the meat has no smell of the shambles. I give the palm to the old lady;—without, however, great cause to remember her little rooms with favor, since it was in them I lost a fair-made bet for a couple of bottles of Chablis.

I declared one day to my friend G—— that the red-faced man over opposite me was an Englishman. The evidence was,—he ate mustard with his beef, and called for a hot plate. Could there be better?

G—— said no; thereupon we staked the wine, and appealed across the table. The bet was lost: but the man had lived fifteen years in England.

We drank one bottle of the Chablis two evenings after, before the little grate,—in the room at the end of the long corridor,—in a hôtel garni of the Rue de Seine;—and friend Abbé G——!—sitting there before your grate,—in your room at the end of the corridor,—in the hôtel garni of the dark Rue de Seine,—pray, when shall we drink the other?

THE RELIGION OF PARIS

Speaking of my friend the Abbé, brings to mind his character and pursuits. He used to remind me of that good Abbé of the Ile de France, who advised and condoled with the widowed mothers, and who figures in a long black robe, and broad-brimmed hat, in all the illustrated copies of "Paul and Virginia." But, my friend did not wear habitually his Church uniform, for his care had been a large one in the country, and he had come like all Frenchmen to the city for relief: he has even ventured upon a nice haunch of mutton with me upon Friday. For all this he had far higher respect, and love for the spirit and ob-

servances of the Religion of the Metropolis than I ever had myself.

Religion at Paris, always seemed to me more of a sentiment than a principle:—that is to say, their Religion has more than the liveliness of a feeling, than the earnestness of absorbing duty. Except at times of funeral, one sees few earnest faces in the Parisian churches; they, the worshippers, do not leave wholly their gayety at the door. They listen to the prayer and to the discourse, attentively—rarely can you see more of attention; but it seemed to me always an attention fixed upon the eloquent lapse of words, or some sweet mental image of the Virgin;—an attention made grateful by the presence of the pictures, and the groined arches overhead, and the fragrant odors of burning herbs;—an attention, it may be most devout, with some fancied or real presence of God in the soul,—but very rarely the attention of what Protestants call "a broken and a contrite heart."

No people would be so intolerant of unadorned churches and poor preaching as the Parisians. Nor would they altogether fancy the scolding habit of the Scotch presbyters; they mean to be happier after a service than before it. Why a sad man should go to church to come away sadder, is what they can not comprehend. I

remember that Madame de Sévigné, in one of her letters to her daughter, gives this admirable comment upon one of the sermons of the great men of her time:—"Il fit le signe de la croix, il dit son texte; *il ne nous gronda point;* il ne nous dit point d'injures; il nous pria de ne point craindre la mort, puis qu'elle était le seul passage que nous eussions pour ressusciter avec Jésus-Christ——*nous fûmes tous contents.*" Ninon d'Enclos might have heard the same doctrine, and said as much of it, and as truthfully. And it is true of a great many discourses, which have not the redeeming excellences of Bourdaloue.

There is no such thing as Religious bigotry known at Paris;—this would seem strange to a man fresh from such pleasant reading as the Chronicle of St. Bartholomew. St. Germain l'Auxerrois is still standing, and its tower is standing, from which, on that dreadful August night of 1572, went out the first signal for slaughter;—but at the foot of it now, as you enter the door, an old man with a gray shock of hair is standing, and sprinkles Holy water on you, from his horse-hair brush. Innocent-looking priests glide up and down upon the pavement, and the sunlight streams through the stained windows,—and it seemed to me,

as I saw it flickering in rainbow colors over the gray columns,—a sort of token, a new "covenant with promise" that no such Bartholomew slaughters should come again.

Every man in Paris seems satisfied with his own Religion, and very careless about his neighbor's. Every sect follows its peculiar observances without hindrance; nay—the very church where the most zealous Calvinists worship, was granted them by the crown, and enjoys a stipend from the Government. Scarce is there a Protestant church in the kingdom but receives some degree of administrative support. Even the first man in authority in the realm,—M. Guizot, is a Protestant. And amid all the hatred to which that minister is subjected, by his peace policy, one hears no odium thrown upon his Religious belief.—This is a thing apart—a thing speculative—a thing for noble reflections—a thing to lend a little mystery to verse—a sublime episode to life—a thing to render beauty attractive by adding devotional sentiment—a thing to add a little grace to companionship, by an unseen, but fully accredited tie;—little else of Religion is recognized at Paris.[1]

[1] In his argument for the support of Christianity, Chateaubriand uses this remarkable language:—La Re-

The Sunday at Paris is richly illustrative of the Religious tendencies of the people. It is the festive day of the week. The authorities give their finest military displays in the court of the palace;—the fountains of the Garden play in their best style;—the shop windows wear their richest appearance;—the theatres show their best pieces;—and the galleries of art are crowded with their gayest company. Yet it is not forgotten by the Parisians that the day has a sacred purpose. At the morning mass,—at an hour when many good Protestant people are dallying with sleep,—the pavement of Notre-Dame, and the Madeleine is covered thick with kneeling worshippers, who say their beads, and say their prayers with the earnestness of true devotion.

I have many a time leaned against one of the beaded columns of the Madeleine, when the sun was just beginning to throw slanting rays through the windows of the roof, and listened meditatively to the broken chantings by the altar, or watched the comers, as they

ligion Chrétienne est la *plus poétique,* la plus humaine, la plus favorable à la liberté, aux arts et aux lettres, que le monde moderne lui doit tout, depuis l'agriculture jusqu'au sciences abstraites; depuis l'hospice pour les malheureux, jusqu'aux temples bâtis par Michel Ange, est decorés par Raphael.

dipped their fingers in the Holy font, and stepped lightly along the marble floor,—crossing themselves as they passed opposite the altar, and bowing to the sacred image,—throwing a single rapid glance over the kneeling company, then stooped gently till their knees met the marble pavement, and began their silent worship.

Perhaps it would be some poor girl seizing those early hours, before the employ of the shop began, and hoping by favor of the Virgin, under whose image she prays, for a happy stroll at evening with her lover, under the trees of the Champs Elysées. Perhaps it is some lady in rich dress, with gold-clasped service book,—for there is this Religious beauty in the Catholic Church, that rank and wealth lose themselves amid the "crowd of witnesses," and there—the Countess kneels, with a begging woman kneeling beside her,—and they beg together for Grace.

Perhaps it is a gay postillion, in his crimson-faced coat, who now comes tip-toeing along, looking grave, and crossing himself, and kneeling in a humble place, and gazing steadfastly upon the image of Christ that is over the altar. For a little time, his soul seems absorbed in the view, but now his eye wanders over the

frescoes of the ceiling,—the little bell tinkles,—he remembers himself, and bows his head. Now he rises and wanders stealthily to the door;—dips his hand in the Holy water;—turns his face to the Virgin,—bows,—goes softly out,—and in an hour thereafter is shouting French oaths to his horses, on his way to the borders of France.

Perhaps it is a stout Sergent-de-ville, striding about with his chapeau under his arm, that meets your eye. His looks wander over the kneeling forms. He is least religious of all. If he prays, it is hurriedly, as if it were not his business, and he kneels, as if he rarely knelt. The people come and go, till the sun is fairly up in the sky, and the crowd disperses.

Sunday is the great day at the Café, and the Restaurant; on no other day are their gains so great. The savings of the week are lavished upon the indulgences of Sunday. Whoever dines upon a knuckle other days, luxuriates in a fricandeau on the *Dimanche*. Whoever dines at moderate prices the six days, dines at the Trois Frères the seventh; and who drinks ordinary wine the rest of the week, on Sunday orders the best.

The garden of the palace is full to overflowing;—Versailles is crowded with Parisian

company, and the Gallery of the Louvre on no other day is so thronged with visitors. The stall-men of the Champs Elysées, with their cakes, and games, and swings, drive their best bargains upon Sundays,—the necromancers, and sleight-of-hand men under the trees, are always at work upon Sunday. The public balls are fullest;—soldiers are plentiest along the walks;—omnibuses charge double prices;—and the public conscience seems lighter upon Sunday than any day of the week.

Parisian Religion with all that is good in it,—and its tender devotional sentiment is good, and its charity and liberality are good,—has yet very little about it of that sturdy self-denial for "conscience' sake," which makes the Protestant Religionist moral. Indeed, so much is Religion at Paris a sentiment, and so little a principle, that it seems to adorn even profligacy; and the poor girl, thrown loose upon that luxuriously rolling tide of Paris life, with eyes tearful before the Virgin in Notre-Dame,—prays for constancy; and would as soon be without her crucifix as without her lover.

Of the priesthood, there are without doubt very many who are vicious, and perhaps as many—certainly many, who are pure.—There

are, it may be, many worthy, and well-meaning souls, in valleys of New England—possibly in other valleys—looking ever on Papacy as a scarlet-clad harlot, or a spotted beast, who will not accept even my Protestant testimony, to the fact, that human sympathies dwell under a Papal priest-robe. Yet however sad the truth may seem,—it is even so. Nay,—Orthodoxy itself, sometimes lifts up its voice in Papal pulpits at Paris; and I am sure I have heard as honest doctrine as that of Massillon, in the discourses of to-day; and he who looks on Massillon as an unbeliever has something to unlearn.

But the strong Protestant may find pure doctrine at Paris, beside such as may be winnowed from Romish sermons, through the colander of his prejudices;—in the very heart of the city, at the Oratoire, may be heard, every Sunday, the sternest Calvinism. The seats are always full: there are Swiss faces, and Saxon faces, and not a few French faces; and the hymns that are sung so quietly, and yet in so heart-felt a way, offer grateful contrast to the astounding music of the church of St. Eustache.

There is the little chapel of that Church of England which sends its Chaplains to every

capital of Europe, and which offers up its prayers for Her Majesty, and the realm, under every sky, and on every sea. A bishop reads those prayers at Paris; and one may listen—an American wanderer may listen, to good, sweet, home-sounding English, in performance of those sacred offices, which, if he be of New England education, are bound up in some measure with his being.

Religious truth is not so closely treasured in the hearts of the Parisian world, as that its ministers can exercise any considerable control over the public feeling. Intercourse between clergy and laity, seemed friendly and familiar,—rarely dictatorial on the one side, or slavish on the other.

Many a time have I been with the good-natured Abbé, of whom I have spoken, on his parochial visits;—for there were some sheep of his old flock, who had found their way, like himself, to the Capital.

At the top of five pair of stairs in a dark street, near the Louvre, in a very old hotel, lived a quiet, deaf man, who had seen the Swiss guard shot down in the palace balcony, from his own window,—who wore a grizzled brown wig, and the seams of sixty years in his cheeks; yet the old gentleman always bustled about in

the liveliest possible welcome, whenever the Abbé paid him a visit. A matronly-looking woman, in spectacles, the mistress of the house, always arranged a big arm-chair for the Abbé, and the three friends used to discourse together, and the tabby cat to pur upon the hearth,— for all the world, as if they were true New England gossips; and just as three old people might do, who study Canticle and Catechism, instead of Confessional and Creed.

The old, deaf man, prided himself on speaking six or seven words of English very fluently; but whenever I got beyond—good-night, Sir,—or—fine day, Sir,—his deafness grew upon him wonderfully.

A letter had come in one evening from a young English girl, who had been a protégée of the old man's, but who had now gone back to her home. The Abbé translated it for him: it was a sweet letter, and touched the old man's heart; and I shall never forget the expression, with which, when the letter was ended, he repeated her name after the Abbé, and said,—*chère fille!*

I did not then know the story of her association with the old man, or it would not have seemed so strange;—it was told me afterward, and if I was not writing notes of travel, I should take the trouble to set it down.

Clerié was a noble-hearted young fellow,—another friend of the Abbé's, the only son of a wealthy gentleman, who lived some thirty leagues in the country. He was studying for the priesthood at one of the Parisian colleges;—poor fellow! he never served his priesthood here.

——I had come back from the Auvergne, full of life, and went through the old corridor in the Rue de Seine to see my friend the Abbé. He opened the door softly, and wore his priest-robe, and a solemn look; he shook my hand warmly, but pointed to a gray-haired man who was writing in the corner, and put his finger on his lip.

—Who is it?—said I.

—Clerié's father,—said he.

—And where is Clerié?—said I.

—He died last night!—and the Abbé put his finger on his lip, and turned to the old man. The old man was writing to his wife,—telling the mother how her only boy was dead. It was hard work to do it.——No wonder that he bit the end of his quill;—no wonder that he pressed his hand hard upon his forehead;—no wonder the Abbé put his finger on his lip.

So, thought I, Death's gripe is very much the same thing here, that it is everywhere else;—and Religion, whatever it be, and however

it soften, can not take away wholly the edge from human sorrow.

—*Mais il est heureux*—but he is happy,—said the Abbé,—*il avait un bon cœur,*—he had a good heart.

And so there are a great many good hearts in Paris, though the Religion, as I said at the beginning,—and the Abbé must pardon me,—always seemed to me more of a sentiment, than a principle.

LE PHYSIQUE DE PARIS

——STRANGE—said I, to my friend Sidney, whom I met very unexpectedly, my second day in Paris, and who kindly offered to conduct me along the Boulevards,—strange that the descriptions of these tourists give a man so inadequate an idea of places. I dare say,—continued I,—that I have read in my lifetime some dozen descriptions of these very Boulevards we are going to see; and yet I do not know whether they are most like Broadway, or Boston Common, or Pennsylvania avenue.

—Not so strange as you think,—said he,—since they are no more like one than the other.

—Pray, then, what are they like?—said I.

At that, he commenced a long rigmarole

about Paris having been limited, through its early years, to the island of *La Cité,* in the middle of the Seine,—how it grew over upon the Northern and Southern banks in after time,—how walls were built around it to protect it, and how, after it had extended a long way beyond the walls, Louis XIV., who loved women better than wars, had given orders to pull down the walls, and plant a broad street in place of them around the city. This street they call Les Boulevards. But the city grew faster on the Northern than on the Southern bank, so that the old Northern rampart or Boulevard has come to be near the middle of the modern city, while the Southern is still in the suburbs. This last, with its double rows of lindens, its tall houses with their gardens, and its quiet, has something the air of the park of our Eastern city. Again, that portion of the Boulevards connecting the two toward the East, is the haunt of jugglers, and sellers of old books —has its rows of trees, its small theatres, its Column of the Bastille,—a medley which, with its breadth, makes it not unlike the Avenue at Washington; while the North Boulevard, overgrown with city palaces, and swallowed up by the town, has ten times the gayety and glitter of Broadway.

——As you may see for yourself,—said he —for just then we turned the corner of the Rue Richelieu, and were standing,—he smiling, and I staring,—upon the Boulevards of Paris.

——At least,—said I,—they might have told us that the paving-blocks were square, and of granite—that the houses were of a yellowish-brown stone, with sculptured cornice, and that they were a half higher than Broadway houses, and the windows by half larger—that the walks had rows of trees, and that under them thronged people of every size, and dress, and country, and condition; and that the shop windows glittered with every conceivable brilliancy.

Ten times as much might be said, without carrying into the mind of the reader one spark of that feeling of pleased amaze, with which the stranger looks through a pair of greedy, untamed, Western eyes, upon the splendors of the French metropolis. Yet the reader shall sit down upon one of the stone benches along the walk, a single half hour with us, if it please him, and we will see who passes.

It was an old amusement for me;—sometimes my eye would follow a stout Sergent-de-ville with light sword and cocked hat, glancing

cautiously around—never giving occasion for remark, yet seeing all he wishes to see;—an eye now upon a row of cabmen along the street, then upon the window of that Restaurant, and a snuff at the grating in the cellar below;—a side glance at an elegant woman in a cashmere, who comes dashing along, and a quick eye upon two or three fellows in ragged blouses, who are stealing round the jeweller's shop at the corner;—so with his hands carelessly locked behind him, and his glances everywhere, he saunters on.

Next come two or three short soldiers in their red pantaloons, newly arrived at Paris. They look at everything, and have not yet learned enough of Paris ways, not to look at persons. They read the theatre bills on the posts, and sigh that they have not a few spare sous for the *parterre*. One of the mounted municipal guard catches their eye, and they turn short around to look at his long plume of waving horse-hair, and brazen helmet, as he gallops by;—you can see their significant smiles of admiration, and you can fancy—if you have any fancy at all—what a magnificent story they will make of it when they go back to the vineyards of Gascoigne.

Presently a little shop-girl, a Grisette, comes

stealing her quick paces through the throng of passers;—swinging, with the happiest air in the world, her brown paper parcel, and arranging, from time to time, the hair parted over her forehead; she looks at you without seeming to look; she enjoys all the flattery of your stare, without allowing you to suspect it. You may ogle her, or you may not look at all—it is all one; on she trips,—happy, seemingly, as innocence. She stops yonder just one moment before the window of jewels; her desires are only hopes, and her hopes do not disturb her; she is a true philosopher; she knows what her means will command, and she may wish,—but she sighs for nothing more. Yonder, again, at the window of a *Modiste,* she passes a running glance; a coquettish little hat of white sherd, trimmed with green, with a sprig of white lilies within, excites half a sigh; and as quick as thought—the price is imagined—her stock run over—the old bonnet discussed, and on she goes;—there, she turns half round to look at the lady's shawl who passes—on again she trips, now a little pride in her step;—she gives the handkerchief upon her shoulders a twitch, that seems to say—if Madame could only arrange it.

——Trip—trip—trip! go her small, twink-

ling feet!—a glance here, and a glance there, and she vanishes round a corner—turning half back as she goes out of sight, to see if, by any possibility, admiring eyes shall have followed her motion.

Here comes now a puffing old woman of forty, seeming very anxious that no one should see how very red her exertions have made her face, and jerking violently on occasions at a small white dog, which she leads by a string. She fancies a great many more people are looking at her—(a common error with women of forty), than really are; she appears to attract the notice of no one save the cabdrivers, who think she is in heat for a "fare," and some country women more uncouth than she, who wonder what Madame paid for her satin pellerin—and sundry roguish-looking boys, with caps very low on their heads, who watch anxiously the little dog, and the string that holds him. She is a matron of some unpretending suburban house.

Next comes a stoutish man of five-and-forty, with a wife on one arm, and a daughter on the other;—he has a beard long and dirty; one collar is up, and the other is down;—he talks very loud to his wife, who talks very loud back; and you may hear plentifully sprinkled

the words—*joli—magnifique—un miracle.*—He is fresh from the Provinces; and it is his first visit to Paris, and first for Madame, and first for the wondering Mademoiselle,—who can never cease wondering aloud at the splendid shops, and of wondering to herself, at the *charmans jeunes gens.* Poor girl! if she stop in Paris long enough to learn it fully, she will perhaps wonder still more, but her wonder will be full of vain, and bitter regrets. Poor girl of fourteen!——it is an age at which your head will turn in the streets of Paris!

Following so closely, that he almost raps their shoulders with his tray of images, is an Italian boy, with a face that has ripened to its pleasing brownness, on the rich banks of Como.

——Now who comes sauntering along, with the easiest air in the world, and face that could not express a care if one were felt—which shows no earnestness of thought or of endeavor;—who looks as if the most trying of vexations would be totally eclipsed by the loss of a suspender button, and the most weighty afflictions forgotten in the irremediable grief of wearing a boot out of mode? It is the true Parisian;—no matter if rich or poor,—the *genus* is the same. His dress is perfection;—not extravagant or outré, but so adjusted, that

it seems made on him piece by piece; and he walks as if locomotion were a mere secondary purpose, and the great aim to give to his dress propriety of action. So he passes easily along the Boulevard—the regular round of his life.

Such make the best population in the world for a despotic government. Unfortunately, the race is growing with us at home; and there is this difference,—that while under European governments, where inducements to mental exertion are comparatively limited, the fop is the subject of every good man's pity,—with us, on the contrary, he is the worthy object of every thinking man's contempt.

Another comes, who apes the last,—smoking, and flourishing a stick;—his coat is very well, and his boots are well enough, but ah, his hat, poor fellow! is a month behind the mode; he must live longer in Paris,—he will perfect himself in time;—he is only a year from the Provinces.

Here comes a man worthy to be noted well. He is in a blouse, old and dirty—his whole dress slouching;—his hands are clasped one in the other behind his back; his cap hangs low over his face, but you can see by glimpses the hair and eye of a man of fifty; he holds his head down, and walks slowly, searching for

what may have been dropped along the walk. Yonder he stoops to pick up—the remnant of a cigar. He raises his eye, as he lifts his blouse, to drop it in his pocket; but there is no expression of pleasure in his look. Sulkily he strolls on, and strolling he *thinks,* and thinking men unguided by principles of justice, and ignorant, are the most dangerous of all.

He is one of those *sans-culottes,* who if he had been living when Marie went sorrowfully to her execution, would have shouted like a mad devil. He would be foremost in a tumult of to-day.

There are few earnest faces,—few intent upon present employment,—little of the haste of an American throng.

The priests glide softly by, in their long, black robes;—the porters jostle on with burdens on their heads;—old men in threadbare coats; and with gold-headed canes pick their way slowly along;—little bare-legged boys go pattering by, and little girls in the fashions of their grandmothers;—and if we follow them on down the great thoroughfare—through the quiet Rue de la Paix, we shall see them go trooping with the swarms of children, that play every sunny day in the palace garden.

So—I used to watch those eddies, in that current, of the moving world of Paris, which

sweeps every day through the Northern Boulevard. Day after day, the current moves on;—the same in essentials yesterday, that it was to-day, and it will be the same to-morrow. Yet go half a league Eastward upon that winding thoroughfare, and you have a different company: rich dresses are rarer,—loiterers are fewer,—book-stalls are in place of shops,—blouses in place of broadcloth,—beer-shops in place of the brilliant Cafés.

Nor is this great circular line of old rampart all:—outside the Barrier is another line of Boulevards, concentric nearly with the interior, and embracing all that may be fairly called the city. Trees are planted on it, and beyond it, stretch fields of wheat and of vineyards. Upon this exterior Boulevard—to the West—rises the gigantic Arch, commemorative of Napoleon's victories. From its top you may see a rich panorama of the city and the country: straight down into the Metropolis from its middle aperture stretches a street in a wood—Les Champs Elysées,—and beyond it the palace garden,—and beyond the garden, the palace—Les Tuileries—two miles away from the Arch, with its long, stone gallery pushing back upon the Quay, and fastened upon a corner of the quadrangular court of the Louvre.

To the right, beyond the river, among trees,

are the monuments of Paris militant—the Hôtel des Invalides, and the Ecole Militaire, and the broad Champ de Mars, where in 1790 Louis took the oath of the Federation, and which in a famous month of May—your guide up the Arch remembers it well—bristled with muskets, and waved with tossing plumes—the last great gathering of the armies of France, before Waterloo.

To the left, is Montmartre with low houses and wind mills, in place of temple to Roman Mars—to the right the two towers of St. Sulpice, its telegraphic fingers working orders to Cherbourg; you can see besides, far off Northward, the two towers of St. Vincent de Paul, and in the thickest of the city—the two towers of Eustache, and in the middle of the river—the two towers of Notre Dame. Cropping out of the houses, the South side of the stream, is the dome of the Pantheon,—built for a church, but when France was made delirious by the "hot spirit drawn out of the alembic of hell,"[1] transformed into a heathen temple. Modern

[1] "But if, in the moment of riot, and in a drunken delirium from the hot spirit drawn out of the alembic of hell, which in France is now so furiously boiling, we should uncover our nakedness by throwing off that Christian religion which has hitherto been our boast and comfort, &c."—*Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

France strikes between the extremes;—they have not restored the Cross to the cupola, but they have put up an image of Immortality; Rousseau and Voltaire are in the vaults; Charity and Righteousness are in the transepts.

Of palaces, you can see the Bourbon, where Napoleon passed his last night of rule;—you can see the Royal Palace—that has been the scene of so much important history—a city of open-sided houses, and a park with flashing waters in the court. You can distinguish in the distance North and East the classic Bourse, and the still more classic Madeleine;—you can see the Column of the Châtelet, and the Column of the Angel, and the Column of Napoleon. You can see the clean Quays crowded,—the winding strip of the Northern Boulevard, dotted with ten thousand moving things,—half-darkened with shadows of princely houses, half-bright with sunlight;—you see a wilderness of roofs sharp and high,—tile roofs red—metal roofs shining, and glass glittering;—and the yellow flood of the Seine, you see sweltering along through the middle of the whole,—it would be rich in tales if it would speak, for scarce a day passes, but it floats up the body of a man:—Pont Neuf parts the waters after they have swept the base of Notre Dame, and circled the two islands of

St. Louis and La Cité;—straight on toward you it rolls its yellow tide,—gurgling through the wood rafts of Lorraine, and rocking the wine barges of Bourgogne;—it roars under the feet of the thousand walkers upon the Pont Royal—on one side, it splashes the foot of the Palace of the Deputies,—on the other, it splashes the foot of the Palace of the King;—it bears away to your right—Westward, over the tops of the Wood of Boulogne,—then pushes North, straight through the city of St. Denis;—away again Westward, under the full glow of the sun, it leaves your straining eye,—a white streak in the meadows of St. Germain.

Such is that new Paris,—the brilliant Paris,—the Capital of Europe, which the traveller brings back in his mind;—and where, then, is that old Paris,—dirty Paris,—narrow-streeted, dim-lighted, mysterious Paris, which the traveller hugged to his thought, when first he turned his glad steps thitherward?

Alas, it is going by! The old houses of the Island are tottering to their fall. The narrow streets are thrown two in one, and the sunlight comes down on the pavement, that never saw it before. They have brushed up the Sorbonne, and torn away the old lumbering palace of the bishops behind Notre Dame, and put a park and fountain in its place. The busy hands of

the Municipality are at work in every quarter, widening, and lighting, and paving. But thank Heaven! there is something left for day-dreams yet!

There is the Pont Neuf, with a grizzled head at each arch, and each has its story to tell. There is the Palais de Justice, throwing the gloomy shadows of its towers over the narrow Quay, and down upon the foul waters. I have loitered many a time under the heavy arch of its Conciergerie, and looked trembling through the iron grating, where they counted over the chalked cells, and by which, went out each morning the cart-loads of victims to the knife. The street is narrow between its walls and the Seine, and quiet. Leaning back upon the gray parapet, you can see the little window, out of which Marie Antoinette looked for two long months over the stormy city; there is the cell too of Robespierre, and of the murderer of the Duc de Berri. Along the very Quay—the paving-stones have not been renewed since 1815—passed Lavalette in the dress of his young wife, who staid in the prison behind, so long, she became a maniac.[1]

[1] The story of Lavalette's escape will be familiar to every historical reader. He was the husband of Mademoiselle Beauharnais, niece of Josephine;—was aid-de-camp to Napoleon, made Count, and commander of the

There are remnants of narrow streets still left around it—and by the Sorbonne, with gloomy houses, and gloomy-looking people, which, if your fancy be ripened with a few hap-hazard recollections, will prove as rich in tragic story, as the murmurs of the fabled Cocytus. Indeed, it is those recollections—floating like summer clouds, over the mind, that will make an old city start from the new; and if in some such dim street as I have spoken of, or on the Pont Neuf itself, or under the shadow of Notre-Dame, you can seize upon some kindred recollection, and bind it to your brain, you will find your brain growing hot under the pressure, and a rich world of visions starting to your earnest gaze.

——Stand, if you will, under one of the trees near the Place de la Bastille:—build up the old frowning, terrible towers again, and if you have but a spark of imagination, you shall see the old, white-haired man,[1] set free by the clemency of Louis XVI., groping over the draw-bridge,—shading his eyes with his hand,

legion of honor;—in the month of November, '15, he was tried and condemned to death, but escaped in the dress of Madame Lavalette; he remained concealed a fortnight in the city, and afterward made his way out of the kingdom in safety.

[1] Vid. Tableau de Paris, par Mercier.

and at length breaking forth in entreaty that he may go back to his dungeon.

——Or you shall see the unknown prisoner of Fouquet, in his black mask, through the grating; you shall see him write upon his silver plate, and throw it in the ditch at the foot of the tower; you shall see the poor peasant-finder of the plate, trembling before the governor of the prison, and murdered because he had read the writing; you shall see the physician come to serve the Unknown, and the priest to shrive him, but never is the black mask lifted; he is served like a prince, but can not uncover his face; he dies, and his cell is torn in fragments, that no morsel may reveal the secret of the Iron Mask.[1]

——Or you may conjure up the presence of the old Abbé Leseur, whose story is so simple, it must be true;—at least you shall judge for yourself.

AN OLD CHRONICLE OF THE CITY

The Abbé Leseur lived in the same century with the sad-fated Maria Henrietta,—the ex-

[1] Hist. du Masque de Fer, par Delort; also Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV., and Philosoph. Dict., Art. Anecdotes.

tolled of Bossuet,—the beautiful sister of Louis XIII. He was curate of the Church of St. Méderic, or as it is now called, St. Mery,—which stands upon the corner where the dirty Rue des Lombards crosses the Rue St. Martin —a corner around which more blood was spilled in the days of the last Revolution than in almost any other quarter of Paris. It is a queer old Gothic building, with rich tracery about its windows, but the walls are stained with the damps of three or four centuries, and the outside is heavily scarred by the bullets that flew around it in 1832.

The people who say mass at St. Mery today, are of the vilest population of the city; the beggars who loiter at its steps are the most wretched of beggars; and the priests who assist at the worship at St. Mery, are, if one may judge from their looks, the worst of priests.

It was different in the time of the good Abbé Leseur; for then there were rich houses even along the Rue St. Antoine; and noble lords and ladies came to say their prayers at the shrine of St. Méderic.

The Abbé was dozing one evening, for he had stayed later than was his wont, in his confessional box, when he was roused by the rustling of a dress just beside him;—turning his

eyes to the grating through which he had listened to the confessions of his back-slidden people, he saw the delicate, jewelled hand of a lady clinging to the bars. The Abbé put his head nearer the grating to see who was the owner of the fair hand. He saw a light, graceful form, and presently met the eyes, bending earnestly on his own, of the lovely Mademoiselle d'Estral, daughter of the powerful Baron d'Estral,—she who had been long the sweetest lamb of his flock.

Now it had been some time rumored in the city,—and the rumor had come to the Abbé's ears,—for there were gossips then, as there are gossips now,—that the beautiful Isabel d'Estral was bound by her father's oath, to marry the Chevalier Verhais.

—Methinks it is somewhat late for Mademoiselle—said the Abbé—what can she wish at such an hour?

—Your blessing, Father,—said the girl, firmly.

—It is always yours, child; but tell me first why at this hour?

—I want your blessing; there is no time for words;—why, I dare not tell.

—Then, child, I dare not bless you.

—And you will not?

—I can not—and the Abbé heard the step of Mademoiselle moving from the confessional. He opened his box, and overtaking her before she had reached the door, drew her into one of the side chapels, which may yet be seen each side the great aisle of St. Mery.

—Mademoiselle,—said the Abbé solemnly, —you have some strange purpose in your thought;—is it right that it stay unrevealed?

The form of the daughter of d'Estral trembled under the touch of the Abbé.

—Is it strange I want your blessing, good Father, when to-night is my last on earth?

The Abbé trembled in his turn:—It can not be.

—It must be,—said the d'Estral.—You know the Baron,—that he does not yield.

—And you will not obey, child?

—Never;—you know the Chevalier Verhais —why do you ask?

—And the nuptials?

—Are fixed for to-morrow night.

—Child, I can serve you.

—With your blessing, Father.

—Nay—not yet: I will conceal you where not even the powerful Baron can find you.

Mademoiselle hesitated a moment,—then lifted the hand of the Abbé to her lips.

The Abbé threw his cloak over her, and they passed out.

Along the dim streets—there were no lamps then—they passed, keeping close in the shadow of the houses. Many people met them; one only had known or saluted the Abbé. None knew, or seemed to know Mademoiselle.

Turning into a dark by-way, out of what is now the Rue St. Antoine, they stole cautiously in the direction of the frowning towers of the Bastille. At length the Abbé stopped at a low door in an abutment of the outer walls, and leading his charge through a low, dark passage, left her in a little room at the end, in the guardianship of an old woman—his foster-mother.

Two days thereafter, it was noised through the city that Isabel d'Estral, the beautiful daughter of the Baron of the name, had suddenly disappeared the night before the one set for her marriage, with the Chevalier Verhais. The Baron had made for many days unsuccessful search, and vain inquiries in every direction:—he had offered rewards for the smallest tidings, and had given descriptions of the person of his daughter. At length there appeared one who had seen a female figure, of the form described, passing along the Rue St. Antoine

at a late hour, on the day upon which Mademoiselle disappeared; and he further testified that she was in company with a man in the dress of a priest. Another gave testimony to having seen the curate of the Church of St. Mederic on the evening in question, and in company with a female; and what was doubly suspicious, the curate himself had been recognized in the Rue St. Antoine. None had ever before suspected the Abbé Leseur of wrong doing. The archbishop summoned him to appear at Notre Dame.

Two persons appeared, who swore to the fact of seeing the Abbé Leseur walking with a lady in the Rue St. Antoine, upon the evening of the disappearance of the daughter of the Baron. There was, however, no evidence to identify this lady with Mademoiselle d'Estral. Still—to the surprise of all, the Abbé frankly avowed that the person with whom he had been seen, was none other than the missing daughter of the Baron. He would tell nothing more.

The Baron was powerful both at court, and in the old palace of Notre Dame. The next day the Abbé Leseur was shown his dungeon in the Bastille. At intervals for a month, he was urged to reveal the hiding-place of Mademoiselle, but he steadily refused every solicitation.

A year passed away, and the Abbé was still in his dungeon; a new curate sat in the confessional stall of St. Mederic. Meantime, the Chevalier Verhais had gone out of the kingdom—still nothing was heard of the lost Isabel.

Three years after, and there had been great changes at the court; the Baron was no longer powerful; a new governor was set over the Bastille, and it was crowded with prisoners of state. Both the lost daughter of d'Estral, and the Abbé were nearly forgotten.

A lad came one evening, and demanded to see the old Abbé Leseur; and when the turnkey came to close the cells for the night, he asked to stop with the Abbé. There was little care of such a prisoner, and the lad stayed in the cell.

An hour after, when it had grown dark, the turnkeys in the great hall of the Castle were startled by a piercing shriek. They searched the cells, and the dungeon of the Abbé was found empty; but out of the window was hanging a broken ladder of ropes, and below, there appeared something moving upon the edge of the fosse.

They ran down with torches; they found the poor Abbé crushed to death by the fall. The lad had just strength enough to say the curate was innocent, and fainted. They tore open his

doublet, to give him air, and found to their astonishment, that it was a woman. They put the torches close to her face, and one of the bystanders cried out that it was Mademoiselle d'Estral. The poor girl opened her eyes at the sound,—seemed recalling her senses,—uttered a faint shriek, and fell dead upon the body of the Abbé.

The remains of the poor Abbé were buried in the cloisters of the old palace, that stood behind Notre Dame; and if it is not removed—you can still read upon a slab in the pavement of the church of St. Mery, the name of Isabel d'Estral.

THE COUNTRY TOWNS AND INNS OF FRANCE

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GAZETTEERS

I ALWAYS felt a strong curiosity to learn something about those great inland cities of France, which maintain a somewhat doubtful, and precarious existence in the public mind, by being set down in the books of Geographers. I had been whipped to learn in my old school a long paragraph about Lyons, I dare say, ten times over; and yet, when bowling down the mountains in a crazy Diligence, at midnight, between Geneva and the city of silks, I could not tell a syllable about it.

I had a half memory of its having been the scene of dreadful murders in the time of the Revolution, and shuddered at thought of its bloody and dark streets; I knew the richest silks of the West came from Lyons, and so, thought it must be full of silk-shops and factories; I remembered how Tristram Shandy had broke down his chaise, and gone "higgledy-piggledy" in a cart into Lyons, and so,

I thought the roads must be very rough around the city; my old tutor, in his explication of the text of Tacitus,[1] had given me the idea that Lyons was a cold city, far away to the North; and as for the tourists, if I had undertaken to entertain upon the midnight in question, one half of the contradictory notions which they had put in my mind from time to time, my thoughts about Lyons would have been more "higgledy-piggledy" than poor Sterne's post-chaise, and worse twisted than his papers, in the curls of the chaise-vamper's wife.

I had predetermined to disregard all that the tourists had written, and to find things (a very needless resolve), quite the opposite of what they had been described to be.

I nudged F——, who was dozing in the corner under the lantern, and took his pocket-gazetteer, and turning to the place where we were going, read: "Lyons is the second city of France. It is situated on the Rhone, near its junction with the Saone; it has large silk-manufactories, and a venerable old Cathedral." We shall see—thought I. What a help to the digestion of previously acquired information is the simple seeing for one's self!

[1] Cohortem duodevicesimam Lugduni, *solitis sibi hybernis,* relinqui placuit.—*Tacitus, Lib. I, Cap.* 64.

The whole budget of history and of fiction—whether of travel-writers or romancers, and of Geographers, fades into insignificance in comparison with one glance of an actual observer. Particular positions and events may be vivid to the mind, but they can tell no story of noise and presence—of rivers rushing, wheels rolling, sun shining, voices talking. And why can not these all be so pictured, that a man might wake up in a far off city, as if it were an old story? Simply because each observer has his individualities, which it is as impossible to convey to the mind of another by writing as it would have been for me to have kept awake that night in the Diligence, after reading so sleepy a paragraph as that in the Gazetteer.

I dreamed of silk cravats, and gaping cut throats, until F—— nudged me in his turn at two in the morning, and said we had got to Lyons.

INNS AND CAFÉS OF LYONS

——Hôtel du Nord—I say to the porter who has my luggage on his back, and away I follow through the dim and silent streets to where, opposite the Grand Theatre with its arcades running round it, our facteur stops, and tinkles a bell at the heavy doors, opening into the court of the Hôtel du Nord. At first sight

it seems not unlike some of the larger and more substantial inns which may be met with in some of our inland towns, but in a street narrower and dimmer by half than are American streets. Up four pair of stairs the waiter conducts me, in his shirt sleeves, to a snug bedroom, where, in ten minutes, I am fast asleep. The porter goes off satisfied with a third of his demand, and I have just fallen to dreaming again, the old Diligence dreams, when the noise of the rising world, and the roll of cars over the heavy stone pavement below, shakes me into broad wakefulness.

A fat lady in the office does the honors of the house. Various companies are seated about the salon, which in most of the Provincial hotels serves also as breakfast-room. Yet altogether, the house has a city air, and might be —saving the language, with its *mon Dieus,* up the five pair of stairs, and the waxen brick floors, and the open court, a New York hotel, dropped down within stone's throw of the bounding Rhone.

White-aproned waiters, like cats, are stealing over the stone stair-cases, and a fox-eyed valet is on the look-out for you at the door. There are very few towns in France, in which the stranger is not detected and made game of.

But what, pray, is there worth seeing, that an eye, though undirected can not see, even in so great a city as Lyons?

Besides, there was always to me an infinite deal of satisfaction in strolling through a strange place, led only by my own vagaries;—in threading long labyrinths of lanes, to break on a sudden upon some strange sight;—in losing myself—as in the old woods at home, in the bewilderment that my curiosity and ignorance always led me into.

What on earth matters it, if you do not see this queer bit of mechanism, or some old fragment of armor, or some rich mercer's shop, that your valet would lead you to?—do you not get a better idea of the city—its houses, noise, habits, position and extent, in tramping off with your map and guide-book, as you would tramp over fields at home,—lost in your own dreams of comparison and analysis?

You know, for instance, there are bridges over the river worth the seeing, and with no guide but the roar of the water, you push your way down toward the long, stately Quay. The heavy, old arches of stone wallowing out of the stream, contrast strongly with the graceful curves of the long bridges of iron. Steamers and barges breast to breast, three deep, lie

along the margin of the river, and huge piles of merchandise are packed upon the Quay.

The stately line of the great hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, stretches near half a mile, with heavy stone front along the river. Opposite is a busy suburb, which has won itself a name, and numbers population enough for a city, were it not in the shadow of the greater one of Lyons.

You would have hardly looked—if you had no more correct notions than I—for such tall, substantial warehouses, along such a noisy Quay, deep in the country, after so many days of hard and heavy Diligence-riding. Yet here are customs-men with their swords hung to their belts, marching along the walks, as if they were veritable coast-guard, and wore the insignia of government, instead of the authority of the city—and were in search of smugglers, instead of levying the Octroi dues upon the corn and wine of the Saone, and the olives of Provence. Soldiers, too, are visible at every turn, for the people of Lyons have ever been disposed to question earliest the rights of the constituted authorities; and the liberal government of the charter, reckon nothing better preventive of the ill effects of this prying disposition than a full supply of the small men in

crimson breeches, who wear straight, sharp swords upon their thighs, and man the great fortification upon the hill above the city, which points its guns into every alley, and street.

There is more earnestness in faces in this town of Lyons than one sees upon the Boulevards—as if there was something in the world to do, besides searching for amusement. There is a half English, business-look grafted upon careless French habit of life; and blouse, and broad-cloth, both push by you in the street, as if each was earning the dinner of the day. But the blouse has not the grace of the Paris blouse;—nor has the broad-cloth the grace of the Paris broad-cloth. Both have a second-rate air; and they seem to wear a consciousness about them of being second-rate;—whereas your Parisian, whether he be boot-black to a coal seller of the Faubourg St. Denis, or tailor in ordinary to the Count de Paris, feels quite assured that nothing can possibly be finer in its way, than his blouse, or his coat. Even the porter can not shoulder a trunk like the Paris porter; the waiter can not receive you with half the grace of a Paris waiter; and the *soi-disant* Grisettes, who are stirring in the streets, are as much inferior to those of the Rue Vivienne, in carriage and air, as Vulcan

would have been inferior to Ganymede, as cup-bearer to Jove. Even the horses in the cabs have a dog-trot sort of jog, that would not at all be countenanced in the Rue de la Paix; and carters shout to their mules in such villain *patois Lyonnais,* as would shock the ear of the cavalry grooms at the School Militaire.

Yet all these have the good sense to perceive their short comings; and nothing is more the object of their ambition than to approach near as may be, to the forms and characteristics of the beautiful City. If a carman upon the quay of the Rhone, or the Saone,—which romps through the other side of the city, could crack his whip with the air and gesture of the Paris postman, he would be very sure to achieve all the honors of his profession. And if a Lyonnaise milliner woman could hang her shawl, or arrange it in her window, like those of the Place Vendôme, or Lucy Hoquet, her bonnets would be the rage of all the daughters of all the silk merchants of Lyons.

They have Paris Cafés at Lyons,—not, indeed, arranged with all the splendor of the best of the capital; but out of it, you will find no better, except, perhaps, at Marseilles. Here you will find the same general features that characterize the Paris Café; in matters of

commercial transaction, perhaps the Exchange overrules the Café; and in military affairs, probably the junto of the Caserne would supersede the discussions at breakfast; but yet, I am quite assured that the most earnest thinking here, as in nearly every town of France, is done at the Café.

The society of the Lyons Café is not so homogeneous, as in their types of Paris. Here, blouses mingle more with the red ribbon of the legion of honor; and a couple of workmen may be luxuriating at one table over a bottle of Strasburg beer, while at another a young merchant may be treating his military friend in the blue frock coat, and everlasting crimson pantaloons, to a pint of sparkling St. Peray.

The Café too, does not preserve so strictly its generic character, and half merges into the Restaurant. At any rate, I remember seeing the marble slabs covered with napkins at five, and stout men with towels under their chins, eating stewed duck and peas. And later in the evening, when I have dropped into the bright-lighted Café, just on the quay from which the Pepin steamer takes its departure for Avignon, I have seen strong meat on half the tables.

As there is more work done in a Provincial city, so we may safely presume there is more eating done: my own observation confirms the truth. So it is that the breakfast comes earlier, and those who loiter till twelve in a Lyons Café are either strangers or playactors, or lieutenants taking a dose of absinthe, or workmen dropped in for a cup of beer, or some of those youngsters, who may be found in every town of France, who sustain a large reputation with tailors and shop-girls, by following, closely as their means will allow, the very worst of Paris habits.

The coffee itself is short, as every where else, of Paris excellence; but the nice mutton chops are done to a charm, and there is so much of broad country about you,—to say nothing of the smell of the great land-watering Rhone at the door, that you feel sure of eating the healthy growth of the earth.

The chief of the Paris Journals may be found, too, in the Lyons Café;—and what aliment are they to poor Provincials! It were as well to deprive them of the fresh air of heaven as to deny them such food:—even the garçons would pine under the bereavement. The spiritless Provincial journals are but faint echoes of detached paragraphs from the capi-

tal; they aid the digestion of the others, not from a stimulus supplied, but rather as a diluent of the exciting topics of the city. Nothing but local accidents, and the yearly report of the mulberry crop could ever give interest to a journal of Lyons. In consequence they are few and read rarely. Still the Provincial editor is always one of the great men of the town; but newspaper editing is on a very different footing, as regards public estimation, in France, from that in America. And in passing, I may remark further, that while our institutions are such, from their liberality, as ought to render the public journal one of the most powerful means of influencing the popular mind, and as such, worthy of the highest consideration, in view of the opinions promulgated, and the character of the writers, yet there seems to be no country, in which men are less willing to give it praise for high conduct, or reproach for what is base.

The restaurants of such a city are not far behind those of Paris, except in size and arrangements. Lyons, like Paris, has its aristocratic dinner-places, and its two-franc tables, and its ten-sou chop-houses. In none, however, is any thing seen illustrative of French habitude, but is seen better at Paris.

As in the Cafés, so you will find larger eaters in the Restaurants of the provinces; and the preponderance of stewed fillets and roast meats, over fries and confits, is greater than at even the Grand Vatel. You will find, too, that many of the Paris dishes, which appear upon the bill of the day are unfortunately consumed; but if you order them, you will be sure of the compassionate regards of the old widow lady sitting next table to you with three blooming daughters; for if a stranger but smack of Paris in ever so slight a degree, he is looked upon in every corner of France as one of the fortunate beings of the earth.

It is presumed,—nay, it is never even questioned,—by a thorough-souled Frenchman, especially such as have never journeyed up to Paris, that whoever has visited *la belle ville* has reached the acme of all worldly pleasures; —that every other city, and the language of every other, are barbarous in the comparison. A Paris lover would break as many hearts in the Provinces as a Paris advocate would write codicils, or a Paris cobbler make shoes. None harbor the hallucination so entirely as the women of the Provinces,—hint only that they have the air of Parisians, and you make friends of shrewish landladies, and quizzing shop-

girls;—though their friendship, I am sorry to say, is no guarantee against being cheated by both.

SHOWS OF LYONS

It would be very hard if Lyons had not its share of those sights, which draw the great world of lookers-on,—who travel to see the outside and inside of churches, and palaces, but who would never think of walking out of their hotel at dinner-time to try a meal in such snug restaurants, as may be found on the square by the Hôtel de Ville,—to look the people fairly in the face. And a very quiet and fine old square is that, upon which the rich black tower of the Hôtel de Ville of Lyons throws its shadow. Its pavement is smooth and solid, its buildings firm, tall, and wearing the sombre dignity of years. Civil carriage-men hold their stand in the middle, and toward mid-afternoon, loiterers group over the square, and ladies are picking their way before the gay shop-windows at the sides.

The proud old Hôtel itself is not a building to be slighted; and the clock that hammers the hours in its dingy, but rich inner court, could tell strange stories, if it would, of the scenes that have transpired under its face, in the cruel

days of the Directory. Nowhere was murder more rife in France than at Lyons; and the council that ordered the murders held their sittings in a little chamber of the same Hôtel de Ville, whose windows now look down upon the quiet, gray court. It is still there now; you may see a police officer hanging idly about the doorway, and at the grand entrance is always a corps of soldiers. Two colossal reclining figures, that would make the fortune of any town in America, still show the marks of the thumping times of the Revolution;—it was the old story of the viper and the file, for the statues were of bronze, and guard yet in the vestibule, their fruits and flowers.

The fame of the cathedral will draw the stranger on a hap-hazard chase of half the steeples in the town; nor will he be much disappointed in mistaking the church of Notre Dame for the object of his search. And abundantly will he be rewarded, if his observation has not extended beyond the French Gothic, to wander at length under the high arches of the Cathedral of St. John. Shall I describe it? —then fancy a forest glade—(you, Mary, can do it, for you live in the midst of woods)—a forest glade, I say, with tree trunks huge as those which fatten on the banks of our streams

at home;—fancy the gnarled tops of the oaks, and the lithe tops of the elms, all knit together by some giant hand, and the interlacing of the boughs tied over with garlands;—fancy birds humming to your ear in the arbor-wrought branches, and the gold sunlight streaming through the interstices, upon the flower-spotted turf,—and the whole bearing away in long perspective to an arched spot of blue sky, with streaks of white cloud, that seems the wicket of Elysium.——Then fancy the whole,—tree trunks, branches, garlands, transformed to stone—each leaf perfect, but hard as rock;—fancy the bird-singing the warbling of an organ—the turf turned to marble, and in place of flowers, the speckles of light coming through stained glass,—in place of the mottled sky at the end of the view, a painted scene of glory, warmed by the sunlight streaming through it,—and you have before you the Cathedral of St. John.

In front of the doors, you may climb up the dirty and steep alleys of the working quarter of the town; and you will hear the shuttle of the silk-weavers plying in the dingy houses, six stories from the ground. The faces one sees at the doors and windows are pale and smutted, and the air of the close, filthy streets

reminds one of the old town of Edinburgh. The men, too, wear the same look of desperation in their faces, and scowl at you, as if they thought you had borne a part in the rueful scenes of '94.

The guillotine even did not prove itself equal to the bloody work of that date; and men and women were tied to long cables, and shot down in file! A little expiatory chapel stands near the scene of this wholesale slaughter, where old women drop down on their knees at noon, and say prayers for murdered husbands, and murdered fathers.

The Rhone borders the city; the Saone rolls boldly through it, and each of its sides are bordered with princely buildings; and on a fête day the quays and bridges throng with the population turned loose;—the Cafés upon the Plâce des Celestins are thronged, and not a spare box of dominoes, or an empty billiard-table, can be found in the city.

The great Place de Bellecour, that looked so desolate the morning of my arrival, is bustling with moving people at noon. The great bulk of the Post Office lies along its Western edge, and the colossal statue of Louis XIV. is riding his horse in the middle. The poor king was dismounted in the days of *La*

Liberté, and an inscription upon the base commemorates what would seem an unpalatable truth, that what popular frenzy destroyed, popular repentance renews;—not single among the strange evidences one meets with at every turn, of the versatility of the French nation.

Lyons has its humble pretensions to antiquity; but the *Lugdunensem aram* of Roman date has come to be spilled over with human blood, instead of ink; making four-fold true the illustration of Juvenal:—

> Accipiat, sane mercedem sanguinis et sic
> Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem,
> Aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.
> (*Juv. Sat. I., v. 42 et seq.*)

There is an island in the river, not far from the city where Charlemagne is said to have had a country seat;—if so, it was honorable to the old gentleman's taste, for the spot is as beautiful as a dream; and Sundays and fête days the best of the Lyons population throng under its graceful trees, and linger there to see the sun go down in crimson and gold, across the hills that peep out of the further shore of the Rhone.

——I doubt now if the reader has a definite idea of the proud, old irritable city of Lyons;—

of the narrow streets, and tall, substantial houses;—of the silk-workers upon the hill-sides, up six and seven pair of stairs, "rattling, rattling, rattling," all day long;—of the two towers of the great Cathedral, and the tracery of the Gothic arch between;—of the Café with the tinkling bell of the lady in the dais, and clean, white chops;—of the gray, old Hôtel de Ville, looking capable of the mischief its councillors have wrought;—of the broad and business-like quays, with bales of silk, and barrels of wine;—of the teeming and bounding rivers rushing by in a flood;—of the broad valley that is almost a plain, save the sharp rising hill of Fouvières, from which you may look down over the crowded and noisy city—the gray of the houses, the green of the meadow, the blue of the river, all mellowed by the soft, warm sunlight of central France.

——If not, he must consult the Gazetteer again.

But Lyons is not the country; and it seems oddly, to call that city with its two hundred thousand inhabitants, a town. There are towns, however, in France; and the best way to get to them—for a bachelor, is by *Diligence* —the *désobligeant* and post-chaise having mostly gone by.

THE MESSAGERIES GÉNÉRALES

You brush past a sentinel at 130 Rue St. Honoré, at Paris,—go through the archway, and you are in the great court of the Messageries Générales. A dozen of the lumbering Diligences are ranged about it, and you seek out, amid the labyrinth of names posted on the doors the particular end of your travel. There is the little poetic license in the use of names, and you will find Russia, and Syria, and Gibraltar posted,—which means only that you can be booked at that particular desk, the first stage upon the way.

Before each office is drawn up its particular coach or coaches; and a multitude of porters, with coat-collars trimmed with lace, are piling upon them such tremendous quantities of luggage as make you tremble for the safety of the roof—to say nothing of your portmanteau, with your nicest collars, and shirts, and dress-coat, and bottle of Macassar oil,—all in its bellows top, and perhaps at the very bottom of the pile.

As the mass accumulates the travellers begin to drop into the court, and range them-

selves about the Diligence. The heavy leather apron at length goes over the top; the officer comes out with his list of names, and as they are numbered, each takes his place. Ik. Marvel, for instance, has number three of the Coupée, in which he is jammed between a frightfully large French lady and a small man with a dirty mustache, and big pacquet, which he carries between his legs, so as to make himself to the full as engrossing a neighbor, as his more gentle companion at the other window. These three seats make the complement of that particular apartment of the Diligence which faces the horses, and is protected by glass windows in front.

The Interior counts six by the official roll: there are, perhaps, a little French girl and "Papa," who have been speaking a world of adieus to the city friends, that have attended them up to the last moment, as if they were about setting sail for the Crosettes in the South Pacific. There are young men—students, perhaps,—who have had their share of kisses and adieus, and there are one or two more inside-travellers, over whom tears have been shed in the court.

Even these do not make us full. The *Rotonde* has its eight more:—here are men in

blouses, farmers, dealers in provisions, stock drivers, women-servants, and German bagmen. Nor is this all: three mount the top, and puff under the leathern calash in front. The coachman next takes his place, after having attached his six horses with rawhide thongs. The conductor lifts up his white dog—then mounts himself. Adieus flow from every window. There are waving hands in the court, and dramatic handling of umbrellas; and the whip cracks,—and the machine moves.

The little guard with his musket, at the entrance, stands back;—we thunder through. The conductor shouts, the cabmen wheel away, the dog barks incessantly, the horses snort and pull, and the way clears. One poor woman with cakes upsets all in her haste to get away; two or three hungry-looking boys prowl about the wreck; a policeman comes up, and the boys move off—all this in a moment, for in a moment we are by.

—Ye-e-e—says the coachman, as he cracks his whip,—Gar-r-re—says the conductor to the crowds crossing;—wow-wow-wow—yells the snarly, white dog;—*Pardi*—exclaims the fat lady;—*le diable!*—says the man with the dirty mustache,—and down the long Rue St. Honoré we thunder.

FRENCH ROADSIDE

THERE are no such pretty little half-town, half-country residences in the neighborhood of the French cities, as one sees in the environs of all the British towns. First, outside the Barriers, come the *guinguettes* and eating-houses; —then great slattern *maisons garnies* for such as choose a long walk, and dirty rooms, before paying town prices. These lessen in pretensions as you advance, and lengthen into half villages of ill-made, and ill-kept houses. The inns are not unfrequent, and are swarmed by the wagon-men on their routes to and from the city. These pass at length, and the open country of wide-spreading grain-fields appears.

Perhaps it is nearly dark (for the Diligence takes its departure at evening) before the monstrous vehicle clatters up to the first inn of a little suburban town for a relay. The conductor dismounts, and the coachman is succeeded by another,—for each has the care and management of his own horses.

Of course there is a fair representation of the curious ones of the village, and if a passenger dismount, perhaps a beggar or two will plead in a diffident sort of way,—as if they

had no right, and hoping you may not suspect it. The conductor is the prime mover, and the cynosure of all country eyes; and his tasselled cap and embroidered collar are the envy of many a poor swain in shirt sleeves. Even the postmaster is on the best of terms with him, and bids him a hearty *bon soir,* as the new coachman cracks his whip, and the dog barks, and we find ourselves on the road again. A straggling line of white-washed houses each side a broad street, with one or two little inns, and a parish church looking older, by a century, than the rest of the houses, make up the portraiture of the village.

Whoever travels in a French Diligence, must prepare himself to meet with all sorts of people, and must, more especially, fortify himself against the pangs of hunger, and want of sleep. Those who have jolted a night on a French road *pavé,* between a fat lady, and a man who smells of garlic, will know what it is to want the latter; and twelve hours' ride, without stopping long enough for a lunch, has made many persons, more fastidious under other circumstances, very ready to buy the dry brown buns, which the old women offer at the coach windows, the last relay before midnight. ——How wishfully is the morning hoped for,

and how joyfully welcomed, even the first faint streak of light in the East!

The man in the corner rubs open his eyes, and takes off his night-cap; the fat lady arranges her head-dress as best she may;—and soon appear over the backs of the horses, evidences of an approaching town. We pass market-people with their little donkeys, and queer-dressed women in sabots, with burdens on their heads; and heavy-walled houses thicken along the way.

Soon the tower or spire of some old cathedral looms over crowds of buildings, and we bustle with prodigious clatter through the dirty streets of some such Provincial town as Auxerre. Along a stone building stuccoed and whitewashed, with the huge black capitals—Hôtel de Paris—over the door, is announced a breakfast-place. The waiter or landlord is far more chary of his civilities than at an English country inn; all, including the fat lady, are obliged to find their own way down, and to the breakfast-room.

The first attempt will bring one, perhaps, into a huge kitchen, where a dozen people in white aprons and blue, are moving about in all directions, and take no more notice of you, than if you were the conductor's dog. You

have half a mind to show your resentment, by eating no breakfast at all; but the pangs of hunger are too strong; and they unfortunately know as well as you, that he who rides the night in the Diligence, finds himself at morning in no humor for fasting.

If you ask after breakfast-quarters, you are perhaps civilly pointed to the door. A rambling table set over with a score of dishes, and a bottle of red wine at each place, with chops, omelettes, stewed liver, potatoes, and many dishes whose character can not be represented by a name, engross the lively regards of the twenty passengers who have borne us company. Commands and counter-commands, in the accentuation of Auvergne or of Provence, —calling for a dozen things that are not to be had, and complaining of a dozen things that are, make the place a Babel.

—*Garçon,*—says a middle-aged man from the interior, with his mouth full of hot liver, —is this the wine of the country?

—*Oui, Monsieur,* and of the best quality.

—*Mon Dieu!* it is vinegar!—and of what beast, pray, is this the liver? (Taking another mouthful.)

—*C'est de veau, Monsieur,* and it is excellent.

—*Par bleu! garçon,* you are facetious; it is like a bull's hide.

The fat lady is trying the eggs:—*Bonne,*—she pipes to the waiting-woman,—are these eggs fresh?

—They cannot be more fresh, Madame.

—*Eh bien,*—(with a sigh)—one must prepare for such troubles in the country; but, *mon Dieu,* what charming eggs one finds at Paris!

—*Ah, c'est vrai, Madame,*—says a stumpy man opposite,—*c'est bien vrai; je suis de Paris, Madame.*

—*Vraiment!*—replies the lady, not altogether taken with the speaker's looks,—I would hardly have thought it.

If the stranger can, by dint of voice among so many voices, and so much gesticulation, get his fair quota of food, he may consider himself fortunate; and if he has fairly finished, before the conductor appears to say all is ready, he is still more fortunate.

At length all are again happily bestowed in their places;—the two francs paid for the breakfast, the two sous to the surly garçon, and we roll off from the Hôtel de Paris.

Every one is manifestly in better humor:—they are talking busily in the Interior; and

the fat lady delivers herself of a series of panegyrics upon the Boulevards and Tuileries.

Meantime we are passing over broad plains, and through long avenues of elms, or lindens, or poplars. The road for breadth and smoothness is like a street, and stretches on before us in seemingly interminable length.

There are none of those gray stone walls by the wayside, which hem you in throughout New England;—none of those crooked, brown fences which stretch by miles along the roads of Virginia;—none of those everlasting pine woods under which you ride in the Carolinas,—your wheels half buried in the sand, and nothing green upon it, but a sickly shrub of the live oak, or a prickly cactus half reddened by the sun;—nor yet are there those trim hedges which skirt you right and left in English landscape. Upon the plains of Central France you see no fence;—nothing by which to measure the distance you pass over, but the patches of grain and of vineyard. Here and there a flock of sheep are watched by an uncouth shepherd, and shaggy dogs; or a cow is feeding beside the grain, tethered to a stake, or guarded by some bare-ankled Daphne.

There are no such quiet cottage farm-houses as gem the hill-sides of Britain;—no such

tasteless timber structures as deface the landscape of New England:—but the farmery, as you come upon it here and there, is a walled-up nest of houses; you catch sight of a cart,—you see a group of children,—you hear a yelping dog,—and the farmery is left behind. Sometimes the road before you stretches up a long ascent;—the conductor opens the door, and all, save the fat lady, dismount for a walk up the hill. Now it is, you can look back over the grain and vineyards, woven into carpets,—tied up with the thread of a river. The streak of road will glisten in the sun, and perhaps a train of wagons, that went tinkling by you, an hour ago, is but a moving dot, far down upon the plain. The air is fresher as you go up; glimpses of woodland break the monotony; here and there you spy an old chateau; and if it be spring-time or early autumn, the atmosphere is delicious, and you go toiling up the hills,—rejoicing in the sun.

In summer, you pant exhausted before you have half risen the hill, and turning to look back—the yellow grain looks scorched, and the air simmers over its crowded ranks;—the flowers you pluck by the way are dried up with heat.

In winter, the roads upon the plains are bad,

and it will be midnight perhaps before you are upon the hills,—if you breakfast as I did at Auxerre;—and I found the snow half over the wheels, and with eight horses our lumbering coach went toiling through the drifts.

Such is the general character of the great high-roads across France; but there is something more attractive on the retired routes.

F—— will remember our tramp in summer-time under the heavy old boughs of the forest of Fontainebleau;—and how we looked up wonderingly at tree-trunks, which would have been vast in our American valleys;—he will remember our lunch at the little town of Fossard, and the inn with its dried bough, and the baked pears, and the sour wine. He will remember the tapestried chamber at Villeneuve du Roi, and the fair-day, and the peasant girls in their gala dresses, and the dance in the evening on the green turf:—he will remember the strange old walled-up town of St. Florentin, and the pretty meadows, and the canal lined with poplars, when our tired steps brought to us the first sight—(how grateful was it!) of the richly-wrought towers of the Cathedral of Sens. He will remember, too, how farther on toward the mountain, in another sweet meadow where willows were growing, I threw down

my knapsack, and took the scythe from a peasant boy, and swept down the nodding tall heads of the lucerne,—utterly forgetting his sardonic smile, and the grinning stare of the peasant,—forgetting that the blue line of the Juras was lifting from the horizon,—or that the sun of France was warming me, and mindful only of the old perfume of the wilted blossoms, and the joyous summer days on the farm-land at home.

LIMOGES

We wish to take our stop at some—not too large town of the interior; and which shall it be,—Chalons sur Saone, with its bridge and quays, and meadows;—or Dijon lying in the vineyards of Burgundy;—or Chateauroux in the great sheep plains of Central France;—or Limoges, still more unknown, prettily situated among the green hills of Limousin, and the chief town of the Departement *Haute Vienne?*

Let it be just by the Boule d'Or, in the town last named that I quit my seat in the Diligence. The little old place is not upon any of the great routes, so that the servants of the inn have not become too republican for civility; and a blithe waiting-maid is at hand to take our luggage.

A plain doorway in the heavy stone inn, and still plainer and steeper stairway conduct to a clean, large chamber upon the first floor. Below, in the little salon, some three or four are at supper. Join them you may, if you please, with a chop nicely done, and a palatable *vin du pays*.

It is too dark to see the town. You are tired with eight-and-forty hours of constant Diligence-riding,—if you have come from Lyons as I did,—and the bed is excellent.

The window overlooks the chief street of the place; it is wide and paved with round stones, and dirty, and there are no sidewalks, though a town of 30,000 inhabitants. Nearly opposite is a Café, with small green settees ranged about the door, with some tall flowering shrubs in green boxes, and even at eight in the morning, two or three are loitering upon their chairs, and sipping coffee. Next door is the office of the Diligence for Paris. Farther up the street are haberdashery shops, and showrooms of the famous Limoges crockery. Soldiers are passing by twos, and cavalry-men in undress, go sauntering by on fine coal-black horses;—and the guide-book tells me that from this region come the horses for all the cavalry of France.

The maid comes to say it is the hour for the *table d'hôte* breakfast. One would hardly believe, that there are travellers who neglect this best of all places for observing country habits, and take their coffee alone, with English grimness. What matter if one does fall in with mannerless commercial travellers, or snuff-taking old women, and listen to such table-talk as would make good Mrs. Unwin blush? You learn from all,—what you can not learn anywhere else,—the every-day habits of every-day people.—Do not be frightened at the room full, or the clatter of plates, or the six-and-twenty all talking at the same moment:—go around the table quietly, take the first empty chair at hand, and call for a bowl of soup, and half a bottle of wine.

This is no Paris breakfast, with its rich, oily beverage, and bread of Provence; nor Lyons breakfast with its white cutlets, but there are as many covers as at a dinner in Baden. One may, indeed, have coffee, if he is so odd-fancied as to call for it; but I always liked to chime in with the humors of the country; and though I may possibly have stepped over to the Café to make my breakfast complete, it seemed to me, that I lost nothing in listening and looking on—in actual experience of the ways of living.

Whoever carries with him upon the Continent a high sense of personal dignity, that must be sustained at all hazards, will find himself exposed to innumerable vexations by the way, and at the end—if he have the sense to perceive it—be victim of the crowning vexation of returning as ignorant as he went.

It is singular too, that such ridiculous presumption upon dignity is observable in many instances—where it rests with least grace—in the persons of American travellers. Whoever makes great display of wealth, will command—in every country—the close attention of the vulgar; its display may, besides, secure somewhat better hotel attendance; but, whoever wears with it, or without it, an air of hauteur, whether affected or real, whether due to position, or worn to cover lack of position, will find it counting him very little in way of personal comfort, and far less toward a full observation and appreciation of the life of those among whom he travels.

In such an out-of-the-way manufacturing town as Limoges, one sees the genuine *Commis voyageur*—commercial traveller[1] of France, corresponding to the bagmen of England. Not

[1] A class of men who negotiate business between town and country dealers—manufacturers and their sale agents—common to all European countries.

as a class so large, they rank also beneath them in respect of gentlemanly conduct. In point of general information, they are perhaps superior.

The French bagman ventures an occasional remark upon the public measures of the day, and sometimes with much shrewdness. He is aware that there is such a country as America, and has understood, from what he considers authentic sources, that a letter for Buenos Ayres would not be delivered by the New York postman. None know better than a thorough English commercial traveller, who has been "long upon the road," the value of a gig, and a spanking bay mare, or the character of leading houses in London or Manchester, of the quality of Woodstock gloves or Worcester whips; but, as for knowing if Newfoundland be off the Bay of Biscay, or in the Adriatic—the matter is too deep for him.

The Frenchman, on the other hand, is most voluble on a great many subjects, all of which he seems to know of, much better than he really knows; and he will fling you a tirade at Thiers, or give you a caricature of the king, that will make half the table lay down the mouthful they had taken up—for laughing.

Modesty is not in his catalogue of virtues.

He knows the best dish upon the table, and he seizes upon it without formality; if he empties the dish, he politely asks your pardon—(he would take off his hat, if he had it on), and is sorry there is not enough for you. He will serve himself to the breast, thighs, and side-bones of a small chicken, dispose of a mouthful or two—then turn to the lady at his side, and say with the most gracious smile in the world, —*Mille pardons, Madame, mais vous ne mangez pas de volaille*—but you do not eat fowl?

His great pleasure, however, after eating, is in enlightening the minds of the poor Provincials as to the wonders of Paris:—a topic that never grows old, and never wants for hearers. And so brilliantly does he enlarge upon the splendors of the capital, with gesticulation and emphasis sufficient for a discourse of Bossuet, as makes his whole auditory as solicitous for one look upon Paris, as ever a Mohammedan for one offering at the Mecca of his worship.

A corner seat in the interior of the Diligence, or the head place at a country inn table, are his posts of triumph. He makes friends of all about the inns, since his dignity does not forbid his giving a word to all; and he is as ready to coquet with the maid of all work, as

with the landlady's niece. His hair is short and crisp; his mustache stiff and thick; and his hand fat and fair, with a signet-ring upon the little finger of his left.

You can not offend his dignity; his flow of good spirits and self-conceit, make it the most idle thing in the world to attempt to shake him off by an insult; and hence he is a very thorn in the sides of those stiff-necked Englishmen, who, as a fat, old German once *puffed* to me—consider all the rest of the world as domestics.

Such characters make up a large part of the table company in towns like Limoges. In running over the village, you are happily spared the plague of *valets-de-place*. Ten to one, if you have fallen into conversation with the *commis voyageur* at your side, he will offer to show you over the famous crockery-works, for which he has the honor to be travelling agent. Thus, you make a profit of what you were a fool to scorn.

There are curious old churches, and a simple-minded, gray-haired verger to open the side chapels, and to help you spell the names on tombs—not half so tedious will the old man prove, as the automaton Cathedral-showers of England; and he spices his talk with a little wit. There are shops, not unlike those of a

middle-sized town in our country:—still, little air of trade,—and none at all of progress. Decay seems to be stamped on nearly all the country-towns of France;—unless so large as to make cities, and so have a life of their own;—or so small as to serve only as market-towns for the peasantry.

Country gentlemen are a race unknown in France, as they are nearly so with us. Even the towns have not their quota of wealthy inhabitants, except so many as are barely necessary to supply capital for the works of the people. There is no estate in the neighborhood, with its park and elegantly cultivated farms and preserves; there are no little villas capping all the pretty eminences in the vicinity; and even such fine houses as are found within the limits of the town wear a deserted look. The stucco is peeling off—the entrance-gate is barred—the owner is living at Paris. You see a few men of gentlemanly bearing, unless you except the military officers, and the priests. You wonder what resources can have built so beautiful churches;—and as you stroll over their marble floors, listening to the vespers dying away along the empty aisles,—you wonder who are the worshippers.

Wandering out of the edge of the town of

Limoges, you come upon hedges and green fields;—for Limousin is the Arcadia of France. Queer old houses adorn some of the narrow streets, and women in strange head-dresses look out of the balconies that lean half way over. But Sunday is their holiday time, when all are in their gayest, and when the green walks encircling the town,—laid upon that old line of ramparts which the Black Prince stormed,—are thronged with the population.

The bill at the *Boule d'Or* is not an extravagant one: for as strangers are not common, the trick of extortion is unknown. The waiting-maid drops a courtesy, and gives a smiling *bon jour*—not surely unmindful of the little fee she gets, but she never disputes its amount, and seems grateful for the least. There is no "boots" or waiter to dog you over to the Diligence;—nay, if you are not too old, or ugly, the little girl herself insists upon taking your portmanteau,—and trips across with it,—and puts it in the hands of the conductor,—and waits your going earnestly,—and waves her hand at you,—and gives you another *"bon voyage"* that makes your ears tingle till the houses of Limoges, and its high towers have vanished, and you are a mile away, down the pleasant banks of the river Vienne.

ROUEN

Shall we set a foot down for a moment in the queer, interesting, busy, old Norman town of Rouen,—where everybody goes, who goes to Paris, but where few stop, for a look at what in many respects, is most curious to see, in all France? The broad, active quays, and the elegant modern buildings upon them, and the bridges, and the river with its barges and steamers, are, it is true, worth the seeing, and exposed to the eye of every passer,—and give one the idea of a new and enterprising city. But back from this, is another city—the old city, infinitely more worthy of attention.

Out of its midst rises the corkscrew iron tower of the Cathedral,—under which sleeps Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy; and if one have the courage to mount to the dizzy summit of that corkscrew winding tower of iron, he will see such a labyrinth of ways,— shut in by such confusion of gables, and such steep, sharp roofs, glittering with so many colored tiles, as that he will seem to dream a dream of the Olden Time.

——And if he have an Agricultural eye, it will wander delightedly over the broad, rich

plains that there border the Seine,—rich in all manner of corn-land, and in orchards. And if he have an Historic eye, it will single out an old castle or two that show themselves upon the neighbor hills;—and the ruins, and the Seine, and the valley, and the town, will group together in his imagination,—and he will bear away the picture in his mind to his Western home in the wilderness;—and it shall serve him as an illustration—a living illustration to the old chronicles of wars—whether of Monstrelet, or Turner, or Anquetil, or Michelet—down through all the time of his thinking life. So, when he readeth of Norman plain blasted with battle, and knightly helmets glittering in the crash of war, he shall have a scene—a scene lying clear as mid-day under the eye of steady memory, in the which he may plant his visions of Joan of Arc, or of stout Henry V., or of driveling Charles VI., or of *Jean sans peur*—for these—all of them, he knows, have trodden the valley of Rouen.

Whoever may have seen English Worcester or Gloucester, will have a foretaste of what comes under the eye at Rouen;—but to one fresh from the new, straight thoroughfares of America, nothing surely can seem stranger than the dark, crowded ways of the capital of Normandy.

How narrow, how dirty, how cool! for even in summer the sun can not come down in them—for the projecting balconies, and the tallness of the houses; and between the fountains in the occasional open places, and the incessant washings, it is never dry. There is no pavement for the foot-goer but the sharp, round stones sticking up from side to side, and sloping down to the sluiceway in the middle. Donkeys with loads of cabbages, that nearly fill up the way,—women with baskets on their heads, and staring strangers, and *gendarmerie* in their cocked hats—marching two by two, and soldiers, and schoolboys (not common in France), and anxious-faced merchants (still rarer out of the North)—all troop together under gables, that would seem to totter, were they not of huge oak beams, whose blackened heads peep out from the brick walls, like faces of an Age gone by.

What quaint carving!—what heavy old tiles, when you catch a glimpse of the peaked roofs!—what windings and twists! There are well-filled, and sometimes elegant shops below, with story on story reeling above them.

——Away through an opening, that is only a streak of light at the end, appears the ugly brown statue of the Maid of Orleans. There she was burned, poor girl!—and the valet, if

you have the little English boy of the Hôtel de Rouen, will tell you how, and when, and why, they burned her;—and he will ring the bell at the gate of a strange, old house close by, and beckon you into the court, where you will see around the walls, the bas-reliefs of the Cloth of Gold. St. Owens, too, which after Strasburg Cathedral, is the noblest Gothic church in France, is in some corner of the never-ending curious streets. And on a fête day, what stores of costume on its pavement! What big, white muslin caps,—flaring to left and right! What show of red petticoats, and steeple-crowned hats, and clumping sabots, and short-waisted boys, and little, brown men of Brittany!

But there is style in Rouen:—and now and then in the narrowest ways, you must jump aside to give room to some dashing equipage. There are Cafés brilliant with gas and mirrors, and there are Paris Restaurants where one may initiate himself in the forms of the Capital.

There is a middle-aged lady at the office of the Hôtel de Rouen,—and what a charming specimen of French urbanity is that woman! You ask for a room,—she will give you a room and salon to boot;—you want lunch,—she will give you a dinner;—you want your bill,—she will give you as good as two.

Rouen is favorably situated for all the innocent extortions of porters and innkeepers; it catches the stranger fresh from the country, nine in ten English,—and in consulting in some degree the measure of English comforts, the landlord consults yet more scrupulously the measure of English pockets.

There is no such array of parlors, and smoking-rooms, and reading-rooms, as belong to New York hotels;—the dining salon is the *unum ad omnia,* and there is nothing beside. Your bed is served with fresh linen and clean, and you may look out from your window, over the busy Quay, and its fleet of flat-boats lying along its side, and the bridges from stone to chain;—but as I said,—the charms of the place rest in the old town.

——Step back into the Palais de Justice, which comes as near the extravagantly-rich Gothic of Belgic Louvain as reality can come to dreams:—listen to the pleasantly modulated voice of the Norman magistrate floating under the black oaken, gold-embossed ceiling;—see the groups of strange dressed scribes and advocates, and the people listening. Never mind being jostled by some dirty fellows in blouses;—never mind the short, stout woman with two babies;—never mind the long, greasy-haired man with a Hebrew eye, that elbows you one

side;—nor the close smells of the chamber,—until at least you can carry away some definite idea of the noble old hall, and the motley groupings of a Provincial court-room.

Rouen wears no symptoms of decay,—except such as are seen in the gables of five or six centuries ago. It is among the few interior cities of France which is upon the increase,—which wears the American air of progress,—which is alive with the bustle of business,—which has devotees enough to fill its proud old churches,—and which has successful commerce enough to keep them in repair. It has its fashions and fashionable people: and though Paris ranks with them as the sun in the firmament, still their nearness, and wealth enable them to look down on most other Provincials. Indeed there is more of the air of Parisians about the shop-keepers, and shop-girls, and the street loungers, than can be seen in most cities of the kingdom. It has its little suburban residences,—in this, coming nearer an English town than even Paris itself. It has its public walks,—and alone, of French cities (excepting Pau in the South), has its environs.

One might pass months at Rouen not unpleasantly, provided he could forget Paris.

Here, as every where else in France, the Capital with its amusements, is the absorbent of all the ambitious designs in life. The manufacturer contents himself with Normandy, only in the hope of acquiring means that will enable him to establish his roof-tree in the Faubourg St. Germain: or if he dies in the height of his employ, the wealth that his industry has amassed is transferred to an atmosphere more congenial to the widow and her children. The shop-boy of Rouen is hoping always for an *occasion* upon the Boulevard or Rue Richelieu. The carman sighs for St. Antoine;—the Grisette —for Rouen nurtures a branch of the family—dreams of the Chaumière and Mabille. Even the barber would willingly shave for two sous less at Paris, than in the Norman city of his birth.

NISMES

MANY—many dull Diligence-days lie between Rouen and the sunny Southern town of Nismes: yet with the wishing, we are there at once.

——Where was born Guizot,—where are Protestant people,—where are almost quiet

Sundays,—where is a Roman Coliseum, dropped in the centre of the town,—there are we. On a December day, when I was there, it was as warm and summerlike,—the sunny side of that old ruin,—and the green things peeped out from the wall, as fresh and blossoming, as if Merrie May had commenced her time of flowers. And the birds were chattering out of all the corridors, and the brown stone looked as mellow as a russet apple, in the glow of that rich Southern atmosphere.

The trees along the Boulevard,—running here through the town,—wore a spring-like air (there must have been olives or evergreen oaks among them), and though I can not say if the peach-trees were in bloom, yet I know I picked a bright red rose in the garden by the fountain,—the great Roman fountain which supplies the whole town with water,—and it lies pressed for a witness in my journal yet. And there were a hundred other roses in bloom all around,—and a little girl was passing through the garden at the time, with one in her hair, and was playing with another in her hand. And the old soldier who limps, and lives in the little cottage at the gate of the garden—as patrol, was sunning himself on the bench by the door; and a Canary bird

that hung over it, was singing as blithely in his cage as the sparrows had been singing in the Ruin.

And what was there in that charming garden spot of Nismes, with its wide walks and shade of trees, and fresh with the sound of running water, and the music of birds? There was an old temple of Diana, and fountain of the Nymphs. Both were embowered in trees, at the foot of the hill which lords it over the town.

The fountain rises almost a river, and alone supplies a city of 40,000 inhabitants. The guide-books will tell one that it is some fifty or sixty feet in depth, and surrounded with walls of masonry,—now green with moss, and clinging herbs;—and that from this, its source, it passes in a gushing flood over the marble floors of old Roman baths, as smooth and exact now, as the day on which they were laid. The old soldier will conduct you down, and open the doorway, so that you may tread upon the smooth marble, where trod the little feet of the unknown Roman girls. For none know when the baths were built, or when this temple of Diana was founded. Not even of the great Arena, remarkable in many respects as the Roman Coliseum, is there the slightest

classic record. Nothing but its own gigantic masonry tells of its origin.

Upon the top of the hill, from whose foot flows the fountain, is still another ruin—a high, cumbrous tower. And as I wandered under it, full of classic fervor, and looked up, —with ancient Rome in my eye, and the gold Ægis, and the banner of triumph,—behold, an old woman with a red handkerchief tied round her head, was spreading a blue petticoat over the edge of the tower, to dry.

But from the ground beneath was a rich view over the town and the valley. The hill and the garden at its base were cloaked with the deep black green of pines and firs; beyond, was the town, just veiled in the light smoke of the morning fires;—here peeped through a steeple,—there, a heavy old tower, and looming with its hundred arches, and circumference of broken rocks—bigger than them all—was the amphitheatre of the Latin people, whose language and monuments alone remain. Beside the city,—through an atmosphere clear as a morning on the valley of the Connecticut, were the stiff, velvety tops of the olive-orchards, and the long, brown lines of vineyards: away the meadows swept, with here and there over the level reach, an old gray town, with tall

presiding castle, or a glittering strip of the bright branches of the Rhone.

But not only is there pleasant December sun, and sunny landscape in and about the Provençal town of Nismes—there are also pleasant streets and walks; there is a beautiful Roman temple—*la Maison Carrée*—than which there is scarce a more perfect one through all of Italy,—among the neat white houses of the city. Within it are abundance of curiosities, for such as are curious about dates and inscriptions, that can not be made out; and there are Roman portals still left in the vestiges of the Roman walls.

As for the new town, there are clean, good Cafés, and not uncomfortable hotels, and Restaurants where one may learn at his leisure, to eat the oil, and the onions of Provence. For after-dinner recreations, one may stroll into the Cafés along the miniature Boulevards, or take his seat under the trees in front, and watch the gayly-dressed tillers of the olive and the vine. And the traveller will find at Nismes —an American needs it—the impetus of party feeling, stronger than in most towns of France; and he may join himself to the Protestant, or the Catholic faction—the Guelphs and Ghibellines of the little town. Or he may

hold aloof from both, and play the quiet looker-on; and he will find the ladies of the Cathedral side as pretty as their neighbors across the way.

There is the Grand Theatre for such as wish a stall for a month; and there is the grander Theatre of the old Roman Arène. True, the manager is dead, and the actors are but bats and lizards,—with now and then a grum old owl for prompter. But what scenes the arched openings blackened by the fires of barbarians,[1] and the stunted trees growing where Roman ladies sat,—paint to the eye of fancy! What an orchestra the birds make at twilight, and the recollections make always!

It was better than Norma,—it was richer than Robert le Diable, to sit down on one of the fragments in front of where was the great entrance, and look through the iron grating, and follow the perspective of corridors opening into the central Arena, where the moonlight shone on a still December night,—glimmering over the ranges of seats, and upon the shaking leaves. And there was a rustle,—a gentle sighing of the night wind among the

[1] In the eighth century, Charles Martel, after filling the corridors of the Amphitheatre with combustible materials, set them on fire—vainly hoping to destroy the structure. (*Murray, P.* 471.)

crevices, that one could easily believe was the echo of a distant chorus behind the scenes:—and so it was—a chorus of Great Dead Ones—mournful and slow—listened to by no flesh-ear, but by the delicate ear of Memory.

PROVENCE

THERE are rides about Nismes. There is Avignon with its brown ramparts, and its gigantic Papal towers bundling up from the banks of the Rhone, only a half day's ride away; and half a day more will put one down at the fountain of Vaucluse;—where, if it be summer-time,—and it is summer-time there three quarters of the year,—you may sit down under the shade of a fig-tree, or a fir, and read,—undisturbed save by the dashing of the water under the cliff, the fourteenth Canzonet of Petrarch, commencing,—

Chiare, fresche e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi rimembra)
A lei di far al bel fianco colonna;
Erba e fior, che la gonna

Leggiadra ricoverse
Con l'angelico seno;
Aer sacro sereno,
Ov' Amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperse;
Date udienza insieme
Alle dolenti mie parole estreme.

And if the poor travelling swain be cursed with the same griefs, and shall have left some heart-killing Laura in his Home-land, he can there disburden himself, and run on—it is a quiet place—*nelle medesime dolenti parole.*

Coming back at nightfall, he will have a mind to hunt through the narrow, dim-lighted streets of Avignon, in search of the tomb of Laura. And he will find it embowered with laurels, and shut up by a thorn-hedge and wicket;—and to get within this, he will ring the bell of the heavy, sombre-looking mansion close by, when a shuffling old man with keys will come out, and do the honors of the tomb. He will take a franc,—not absolutely disdainfully, but with a world of sangfroid, since it is not for himself, (he says,) but for the poor children within the mansion,—which is a foundling hospital. He puts the money in his red waistcoat pocket, suiting to the action a sigh—*"mes pauvres enfans!"* Per-

haps he will add in the overflowing of your heart—"poor children!"

As you go out of the garden, a box at the gate, which had escaped your notice, solicits offerings in behalf of the institution, from strangers visiting the tomb. The box has a lock and key,—the old man does not keep the key. You have a sudden suspicion of his red waistcoat pocket, and sigh as you go out,—*les pauvres enfans!*

Pont du Gard is the finest existing remain of a Roman acqueduct. It spans a quiet, deep stream,—good for either fishing or bathing. Profusion of wild flowers grow about it and over it, and fig-trees and brambles make a thicket together, on the slope that goes down the water.

One may walk over the top of the ruin,—two yards wide, without parapet or rail, and look over into the depth three hundred feet below. The nerves must be strong to endure it—then the enjoyment is full. Less than half a day's ride will bring one from the Pont du Gard to the Hôtel du Luxembourg of Nismes.

Montpellier is in Provence,—the city of summer-like winters; and upon the river is Arles, with its Arena—larger even than that of Nismes, but far less perfect: and its pretty

women—famous all over France—wear a mischievous look about them, and the tie of their red turbans, as if coquetry were one of their charms.

It is a strange, mixed-up town,—that of Arles,—ruins and dirt, and narrowness, and grandeur—an old church in whose yard they dig up Roman coffins, and a rolling bridge of boats. Not any where in France are there dirtier and more crooked streets; not any where such motley array of shops amid the filth,—red turbans and meat, bread and blocks, old coin and silks. Within the Museum itself, are collected more odd scraps of antiquity than can be found elsewhere together: there are lead pipes, and stone fountains,—old inscriptions, and iron spikes, and the noblest monument of all is a female head that has no nose; —but the manager very ingeniously supplies with his hand the missing feature.

Opposite the doors of this Museum stands an obelisk of granite, which was fished out of the Rhone, and boasts a high antiquity; and upon its top is a brilliant sun with staring eyes. To complete the extraordinary grouping,—upon another side of the same square, is a church with the strangest bas-relief over its central doorway, that surely madcap fancy ever devised. It is a representation of the

Last Judgment; on the right, the angels are leading away the blessed in pairs; and on the left a grinning Devil with horns, and with a stout rope passed over his shoulder, and clenched in his teeth, is tugging away at legions of condemned souls.

There is rare Gothic sculpture within some old cloisters adjoining; and a marble bas-relief within the church, with a Virgin and Child in glory, was—I say it on the authority of an ingenious *valet-de-place*—of undoubted Roman origin.

Ancient sarcophagi may be seen here and there in the streets, serving as reservoirs at the fountains; and many a peasant of the adjoining country makes the coffin of a Roman noble his water-trough.

There belongs another antiquity to Provence, besides that of Roman date:—it is that of the gay, chivalrous times of William IX., Count of Poitou, and all the gallant Troubadours who came after him. Then, helmets glittered over the Provençal plains, and ladies wove silken pennants in princely halls. Then, the tournament drew its throngs, and knights contended not only with their lances for martial fame, but with their songs for the ears of love. Even monarchs,—Barbarossa, and Cœur de Lion—vied with Troubadours; and the

seat of the Provençal court was the great centre of Southern chivalry. Arles had its court of love,[1]—more splendid than now, and its *arrêt d'amour* was more binding than the charms of the brightest eyes, that shine in Provence to-day.

Little remains of the luxurious tastes of the old livers at Arles. The Café, dirty and dim, assembles the chivalry of the city; and a stranger Western knight, in place of baronial hall, is entertained at the Hôtel du Forum;—where, with excess of cheatery, they give him,—for St. Peray,—a weak, carbonated Moselle.

Let no one judge of the flat, sand surface of Provence, by the rich descriptions of the Mysteries of Udolfo; nor let the lover of ballad poetry, reckon upon the peasant *patois,* as having the sweet flow of Raymond, or Bertrand de Born.

[1] The reader may form an idea of the old court of love, by a decision I will quote of a Countess of Champagne, in the time of Louis XIV.

The question to be decided, was—whether a married couple could love each other truly?—"Nous disons,"—said the Countess,—"et assurons par la teneur des présentes, que l'amour ne peut étendre ses droits sur deux personnes mariées. En effet, les amants s'accordent tout mutuellement et gratuitement, sans être contraints par aucune nécessité, tandis que les époux sont tenus par devoir," &c. A very comfortable doctrine for married men!

MARSEILLES

MARSEILLES is the old Massilia,—Rome's client, and Rome's ally. Cicero has rolled the encomium of its ancient people into his round-sounding genitives;—*fortissimorum, fidelissimorum, sociorum,* most brave and faithful friends.[1]

One way in which they showed themselves faithful was in shipment of Gallic slaves to adorn the feasts and the fights of Rome:—hence Macaulay in his blazing lay of Horatius:—

> From the proud mart of Pisæ,
> Queen of the western waves,
> Where ride Massilia's triremes,
> Heavy with fair-haired slaves.

A hundred and fifty years ago, and Madame de Sévigné, in speaking of the city, was pleased to call Marseilles *la plus jolie ville de France.* It must have changed very much since the daughter of Madame kept her home at Château Grignan. It certainly is not

[1] —— Est enim urbs Massilia, de qua ante dixi, fortissimorum, fidelissimorumque sociorum, qui Gallicorum bellorum pericula, populo Romano coriis, remisque compensarunt. (*Oratio pro M. Fontejo,* Sec. I.)

the prettiest city in France now;—besides, it enjoys the reputation of having the most extravagant hotels, and the most execrable climate in the kingdom. I am inclined to think it a reputation as well deserved, as its reputation for beauty in the time of Louis,—or for fidelity in the time of the Great Consul. A bill, as long as that of the *Becace,*[1] they give you at dinner, is evidence of the first; and my recollection of sweltering up the hill above the town, under a sun that scorched in December,—not twenty-four hours after landing shiveringly with two overcoats, from the Arles Diligence,—is testimony for the climate.

It runs in short-hand, with a classical annotation from the prologue to Plautus, in my journal; and it will serve to show how a careless traveller's journal is made up;—thus:—

Marseilles; wretched climate,—hotels dear.
An empty pocket, and cold in the head:—

Vos, vos mihi testes estis me verum loqui.

Yet Marseilles is not without a character of splendor amid its barrenness. For barren its

[1] A sort of snipe, common in Provence, and very good eating,—better digested, than the account you get of them in the "reckoning."

country surely is. It is situated,—not as some suppose, at the mouth of the Rhone,—but some distance Eastward; and in place of the salt marshes which stretch around the low-lying mouths of the river, are bleak hills sweeping semicircularly about the city. These hills show only here and there, patches of stinted olive trees, and there is no healthy greenness visible —save the sea. The basin in which the town lies is but a bed of sand.——Imagine now, the most accessible portion of this sand level, covered thick with houses, and they piling back to the first lift of the bare hills behind;—imagine those hills spotted all over white with the little country-places of merchants, where they go in summer-time, in the hope,—an extravagant one,—of escaping the mosquitoes, and catching at odd intervals, a breath of the sea air;—imagine further, the hill bearing back, and breaking on the sky in bold, bare outline, with here and there a gray-green streak of olive trees,—and you have that general appearance of the place, which one gets from the edge of the harbor—looking Landward.

In winter, the Mistral, a cold Nor'wester, blows over the hills, and in ten hours' time may be succeeded by a soft, Southern, insin-

uous breeze,—coming straight over the Middle Ocean, with all its Afric temperature. In summer-time there is scarce wind at all, and as little of summer rain as of summer wind; the hills grow brown and are scorched,—the olive-leaves turn yellow and drop in July,—the sun is reflected hot from the hot sand, and hotter from the white-sided houses,—the water in the port is shut up and foul, for there is no tide to move it;—indeed, I am quite sure, there must have been more shade or less sun at Marseilles in the time of Sévigné, or she would never have called it, "a pretty city!"

It is not, however, as I said, without its splendor;—there is a long thoroughfare lined with lofty houses, and ending Northward with a triumphal arch;—there is its port, in the very centre of the town, and filled with ships of every colored flag;—there are the quays, thronged with all the costliness of the East and the West;—there are hotels—in exterior furnishing perhaps the most elegant of France, and the Cafés are palaces.

The character of those who visit Marseilles is essentially cosmopolitan; and at the Hôtel d'Orient you may sit at its magnificent table-d'hôte, with sallow-faced Dons from Barcelona,—with *illustrissimi Signori of* Naples or

Genoa,—with fat, blubbering old Turks, with long mustache and turbans,—with tall, athletic Moors,—with Greeks in crimson and blue-tasselled caps,—with sober, gray-coated Scotchmen; and you may hear every language, from the mellow flow of Provençal, and the *dolcissimi accenti* of Tuscany, to the cracking consonants of Russia, and business-talking Dutch. Gifted in tongues must the pilot be, who would have intercourse with all the ship-masters that sail into the harbor of Marseilles. And the captain who pushes his vessel out of the crowded port, where all is confusion, will listen to oaths in Dutch, and bravado in Basque.

There is a little chapel upon a rocky hill overlooking all the city, and the port, and the bay, and a long vista of blue sea, stretching over toward the Spanish shores, where every stranger in the city goes, to see the votive offerings that have been made to the Virgin, who presides at its shrine.

The sailors call her Notre-Dame de la Garde, and her image of olive-wood is preserved at the chapel. They pray to her in times of difficulty, whether by sea or land; and in the event of a happy issue to their prayers, they bring up some token,—it may be a picture of the sick-bed,—it may be the rope's

end that saved one from drowning,—it may be the crutch of a healed cripple,—and deposit it at her shrine. The walls are covered with such offerings,—and many is the poor sailor's mother that toils up that rocky hill-side on evenings that threaten storm, to drop a prayer before the Virgin, for her wandering boy.

——It was a sunny day, and quiet when I was there, and a light, warm, blue haze lay over the city, and over the bay; and the waters of the Mediterranean scarce rippled, and the old monks that dwell up there were chatting bare-headed under the fig-trees that grow out of the terrace by the chapel,—and the goats and white kids that live upon the hill were lying down in the shadows of the rocks,—panting. Still there were old and feeble worshippers, who had toiled up from the town, and were kneeling on the damp pavement within, giving utterance to their hearts' wishes, in simple Faith—common attribute of us all—an inward sense of a Divinity, that shapes our ends,

Rough hew them how we will,—

and if it be strong in those who seem weak by reason of Ignorance,—it only shames the more, those in whom it is weak, though they seem strong by reason of Knowledge.

There is the Prado at Marseilles, where one may walk, when the sun is going down over the dim line of the shores that stretch Westward,—or the moon rising out of the bosom of the sea; but the trees are small, and the ground sandy. They are, however, busy,—and have been for years, bringing down a river from the country,—the unruly Durance,—into the heart of the city, and enough of it to water the sides of all the hills, and cover them with a little of that healthful greenness, which surely does not belong to them now.

When this is effected, and the plane-trees of the Prado are grown larger, and streams of water lay the dust of the thoroughfares, Marseilles will have charms which not another European city of 180,000 inhabitants is without.

Possibly in that time I may be there again,—and go down again to the rocky heights, Southward of the town, where a brigade of soldiery, fitting for the Algerine warfare, was making a mimic war among the cliffs;—their battalions scattered over level and height;—their forces retreating and dispersing, and gathering to the sound of a bugle, and their musketry crackling against the faces of the bare limestone, with double sound. Perhaps, too, I may see again the happy, bright-eyed

boy, who was with me then, and who played along the edge of the blue rolling Mediterranean, and clapped his hands at the discharges of the musketry, and shouted when the troops ran to the attack.

——Ah, he will have grown older,—and I, perhaps, grown old!

FRANCE RURAL

La Belle France has little of what we call country-beauty, of which we boast. The pride of its Provincial cities, is to approach, near as may be, the splendors of the capital; and no town is esteemed beautiful, except it have its Hôtel de Ville, its Boulevards, and its theatre. Many a man who has worried away days and nights in traversing French territory, has his memory haunted only with vast plains, seemingly of interminable extent. The pretty country of the Auvergne, with its Puy de Dôme, and mountain streams, is half unknown to the traveller; the wildness of the Pyrennean scenery is grafted upon his recollections of Spain; and the richness of the Juras, piling with their mantles of fir, out of the fair plains of Burgundy, is all forgotten amid the crowning magnificence of Switzerland.

The Frenchman is not a lover of the country; and the men are everywhere—

> Who never caught a noontide dream
> From murmur of a running stream.

Even the peasant has scarce begun to love the fields on which he was born, and on which he reaps, when a wave of Conscription comes rolling along;—he is enlisted in the Grand Army, and is borne away on the soldier-billow to Paris or Bordeaux, or Brest; and comes back, if at all, with such visions of cities in his mind—such gorgeous tales for the young country folk, as utterly destroy whatever may have existed in their bosoms of rural love.

One meets with no such grand old parks as are scattered over the surface of England; and where you see some pretending château of a court favorite under the Old Regime,—decay is upon it. Its grounds are rank of neglect;—the weeds are growing in the court;—the entrance gates are off their hinges; and the pheasants go sneaking through the shrubbery of the terrace.

Sometimes, indeed, you may happen upon some such old bit of forest, as that of Fontainbleau,—but it is rarely; and it is rare that

you catch a glimpse of the wild eye of a deer peering through a thicket; it is rare that you start up a whirring covey of partridges, from under shelter of a hedge;—rare that you see a hare go galloping over new-started grain.

As for wayside brooks, the ordinary traveller finds none of them. Even to French literature is fresh landscape almost unknown; scarce one is to be found in its great Epic—the Henriad. Delille has indeed, sung of Gardens, but he quitted the beautiful Auvergne to make Paris his Eden;[1] and left the Georgics for "La Conversation:" and Bernardin St. Pierre crossed the ocean, to find a grass-plat for his sweet story of Paul and Virginia.

The French are a people of socialities; retirement would slay them. To know them, one must go to their cities; and to know them best, one must go to the city of their cities.

——Not so of their neighbors the other side of the channel; and I cannot help recurring a moment, in view of the contrast, to the green fields of England. For I love them;—and I love the quiet by-ways, and the white blossoming hawthorn hedges, and the little

[1] After the death of Delille appeared his "Depart d'Eden" (Paris.) His "Homme des Champs," a more strictly rural poem than "Les Jardins," was written during a residence in Switzerland.

stiles, that take you over by smooth-beaten paths, under proud old trees, into the shadow of tall, ivy-covered mansions;—and I love the gray roofs of cottages, that are covered half over with stores of woodbine, and the clean-kept shrubbery, and the high trees, with flocks of bold, black rooks, circling round and round. Who that has seen such scenes along the Exe, or the Plym, or the Wye, or by the banks of Derwentwater, or Windermere, but feels his heart leaping beyond control at the remembrance?

Who that has seen an English cottage, in the lap of an English landscape, but—if he has not yet irreparably lost his hold upon his unfettered, fortunate youth-age—finds its image stealing,—whether he will or no,—into all his wildest and maddest pleasure dreams about the future? Who but cherishes a dreamy hope to plant it in a Homeland, and to plant with it, —let him have been, long as he may, a Wanderer—a home feeling;—to have paths smoothed by his tread,—gates opening at his touch,—to have dog bounding to his call,—to have horse, and gun, and rod——aye, and better than all, to have under the gray roof of the cottage, a quiet hearth-place, that shall own *him,*—and him only, for Master?

——You smile, Mary.

Yet it is even so, that we travellers dream; and for my part, I dream on,—of fire crackling upon a clean hearth, as it used to do in our country-home; and (still dreaming,) Carlo stretches his glossy-coated limbs before it, upon the Chamois-skin, which I brought away on my shoulders, out of the Valley of Chamouni;—and the light of the blazing fire goes wavering over the well-swept floor, and twinkles on the varnished oak beams, and flickers across the portraits of the loved ones—gone!——

——Whither, pray, am I running?

I was saying of the French, that they had no rural feeling; I have said before, that they had little home-feeling. The two feelings, where they exist,—as you see—touch each other.

Now. France. adieu!

A GALLOP THROUGH SOUTHERN AUSTRIA

A GALLOP THROUGH SOUTHERN AUSTRIA

ILLYRIA, CARYNTHIA, STYRIA

SOUTH and East of Vienna, stretches a great and fertile country, little known to the trading world;—and save at the hands of some few such old-fashioned travellers as Clarke, and Bright, and Beaudant, little known to the reading world. On the North, it is bounded by the Carpathian mountains, which here and there thrust down their rocky fingers, and lay their league-wide, giant grasp upon the plains. Eastward,—Wallachia and Moldavia lie between it, and Russia, and the Sea. South and West it stoops down to the level of the Adriatic, and follows the rugged bank of the Save as far as Belgrade; and sweeps along the North shore of the Danube, till the Danube turns into the Turkish land, and turbans and sabres are worn on the North and the South banks of the river. To the Northwest, this country leans its fir-clad shoulder on the magnificent mountains of the

Tyrol; and beyond the Tyrol, is the kingdom of Bavaria, whose capital is fair Munich, seated on the lifted plains.

Hungary,—for that is the name of this country, is populated with an industrious, well-made, hardy, adventurous people. They speak a rich, musical, flowing language, of Eastern forms, under Roman dress—not easy to be learned. They have a nobility and a peasantry, and the last cannot be land-owners; so that a system obtains of dependence so entire, as to make a curious little relic of the old feudal socialism,—a very tid-bit for the philosophical harangues of Governor Young and the Anti-renters. There is a king, too, who rules by courtesy, through a chancery at Vienna.

The kingdom has records not ignoble,—for it has reached even to the Black Sea, and sometime to the Baltic. It has had Sigismund for ruler,—a sort of Edward the Confessor,—and Matthias Corvinus, of whom this glorious memory remains, in way of proverb,—"King Matthias is dead, and Justice is dead with him."

Pesth, a city of 50,000 inhabitants, is the capital of Hungary; it lies along the Danube, over against the old capital—Buda. Both cities have their libraries and learned men.

But the true Hungarian belongs to the country, and not to the city. Agriculture is his profession, and for its pursuit he has as rich fields as are to be found in Europe. He cultivates maize, besides the grains of the North. He has the richest of pasturage; and when a herdsman, his flocks count by thousands. As a hunter, he has bears, and foxes, and deer, upon the mountains,—and salmon and otter in the rivers. As a miner, he has every mineral of ordinary traffic, as well as the opal and chalcedony.

In this trade he is fleeced by German Jews, and Greeks; and if some enterprising New Englander could, under favor of Prince Metternich and the king, introduce American "knick-knacks" to that simple people, loving hunting and dancing better than trade,—I am quite sure he could negotiate such exchanges for alum, and Cordova boots, and zinc, and chalcedony, as would speedily make his fortune.

But the country will charm a New England eye, besides such as is quickened with the *furor* of trade; for its hills and its valleys will make for it, a home-like image.

——There are the same green glades—the same spurs of old forest standing out upon

the mountains—the same valleys with gravel-bottomed books—the same spots of orchard land, and checks of grain, and lines of tufted corn—the same loose boulders lying in meadows—and the same peaks of gray granite, cropping loftily up—stark through Secondary, and Tertiary, and Alluvion.

There belongs a simple quietude to this people, which is not less charming. They go little abroad. You scarce see them,—save the tall grenadiers enrolled for defence of the Lombard kingdom, and an occasional braided coat in the streets of Prague, or of Vienna. They fish,—they hunt,—they cultivate their land. The corrupt civilization which sweeps in the track of travel has not overrun them. Those intent upon the glories of the East, indeed pass down to Belgrade; but it is upon the Austrian boats of the Danube.

Their dress has simple quaintness;—you lose sight of the method of enlightened Europe. Habits too, are old, and partake of their earnest character. Old legends live in night-songs:—old wrongs are redressed with usury.

——A traveller brings always home with him, go where he will, a multitude of regrets; and this is one of mine,—that I could not have ranged through the Eastern valleys of Hungary,—down to Semlin,—up to Transylvania,

—back through the vineyards of Tokay, and the worn-eaten libraries of Pesth.

But it is noted down, against the time when another rambling humor shall make me acquainted with the dress of the Osmanlee; and my knapsack in the corner, that has been wetted with me under the snows of the great St. Bernard,—that has served me as seat on the dreary pass of the Furca, and that has clung to my back in kind companionship, as I looked over from the Gemmi, upon Monte Rosa—rolling its swelling base under clustered hamlets, far down into the Savoyard valley,—shall perhaps one day serve me as well upon the blue Carpathians.

Meantime,—until the journey be made,—until a laurel-leaf or two be gathered, to add to this poor Sheaf,—until I appear in the dignity of sober octavo, made up from the wildnesses of that wild Hungarian region, and the mouldy Legend-books of Buda, the reader may whet his appetite with only this swift, crazy gallop through the Western provinces of Illyria,—Carynthia,—Styria.

THE POST COACH

There was a frowzy-haired, stout man, not a year ago, at the Hôtel Metternich, at Trieste,

who secured for our party—Cameron, Monsieur le Comte B., and myself—one of the Government post-coaches, to go on to the Austrian capital, just as lazily as we wished. The two-headed black eagle on the yellow coach door, gave us the dignity of Government patronage:—a huge roll of paper we carried, would secure us relays of horses in every post-town between Trieste and Gratz; and our profound ignorance of the language, would insure to every begging, red-coated postilion, a plump "Go to the devil," from our wicked friend Cameron.

Our coach was chartered for the whole route, and we could loiter as long as we chose, provided we could make the postman understand our wretched German, or ourselves understand their wretched French or Italian.

Every European traveller has heard of the awful caves of Adelsberg in Illyria,—and to the awful caves of Adelsberg we wanted to go.

There was a fourth seat to our coach, and it was not filled. We were on the lookout for a good-humored fellow, to make up our number, and to pay his fourth of the footing. We broached the subject to a table full at the Metternich, who had just come in, with terribly bronzed faces and queer Egyptian caps, from the Alexandria steamer. Whether it

was that Vienna did not really lie in their paths, or whether they had grown in the East, distrustful of proposals so peremptorily made, I do not know,—but not one of them would listen to us. In this dilemma, our Sancho, the frowzy-haired man, offered us the services of a Polish courier, who had just left the *suite* of a Russian princess in Sicily, and who was now making his way back to the North. But on consideration we were unanimously of opinion that our equipage would not suffer by denying the royal applicant; and that the gratuity of the vacant seat would be better kept in reserve, than squandered in so sudden charity, as helping the poor devil of a Pole, on his way to Cracow.

We refused him. We paid the stout man his fees, and bade him good-morning. The porter waved his hand to the postilion; the postilion cracked his whip; and so, we dashed out of the court of the great inn of Metternich. And so, we passed,—slow and toilingly, over those mountains that shut up the city of Trieste and its bay, from that part of Southern Austria which is called Hungary. The long, blue waters of the Adriatic stretched out in the sunshine behind us, and the shores of Dalmatia lifted out of their Eastern edge. We made

the rascal that drove us stop his horses a moment, when we had gained the full height. Thence we could see—one side, the little dot of a city where we ate so villainous a dinner the day before at the Metternich—glistening by the side of the Gulf of Venice. The other way,—looking North and East, we saw green Hungary. Down, down we went galloping into its bosom—beautiful-hill-sided—sweet-sounding Illyria.

In the caserne at Venice, and all through Austrian Lombardy, I had seen the tall, Hunnish grenadiers with their braid-covered coats; now I saw them loitering at home. And at each post station, they sat on benches beside the log cottages, and stretched their fine muscular limbs lazily into the sunshine. While I was looking at the grenadiers, Cameron was feasting his eyes on the full proportions of the ruddy Hungarian girls. He told me they had bright, open faces, and a dashing air, and moved off under the trees that embowered the cottages, with the air of princesses.

BEGGAR BOYS

At the very first stopping-place after we had gone over the hills, there came up to me such a

winning little beggar as never took my money before. Italy, with all its *carità,* and *pel' amore di Santa Maria,* makes one hard-hearted. I kept my money in my breast-pocket, buttoned tight over my heart. I had learned to walk boldly about, without loosing a button for a pleading eye. The little Hungarian rogue took me by surprise: I had scarce seen him, before he walked straight up beside me, and took my hand in both his, and kissed it; and then, as I looked down, lifted his eye timidly up to meet mine;—and he grew bolder at the look I gave him, and kissed my hand again—*molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis*—and if I suffer this I shall be conquered, thought I; and looked down at him sternly. He dropped my hand, as if he had been too bold;—he murmured two or three sweet words of his barbarian tongue, and turned his eyes all swimming upon me, with a look of gentle reproach that subdued me at once. I did not even try to struggle with the enemy, but unbuttoned my coat, and gave him a handful of kreutzers.

Now before I could put my money fairly back, there came running up one of the wildest-looking, happiest-hearted little nymphs that ever wore long, floating ringlets, or so

bright a blue eye; and she snatched my hand, and pressed her little rosy lips to it again and again—so fast that I had not time to take courage between, and felt my heart fluttering and growing, in spite of myself, more and more yielding, at each one of the beautiful creature's caresses; and then she twisted the little fingers of one hand between my fingers, and with the other she put back the long, wavy hair that had fallen over her eyes, and looked me fully and joyously in the face—ah! *semper —semper causa est, cur ego semper amem!*

If I had been of firmer stuff, I should have been to this day five kreutzers the richer. She ran off with a happy, ringing laugh that made me feel richer by a zwanziger;—and there are twenty kreutzers in a zwanziger.

I had buttoned up my coat, and was just about getting in the coach, when an old woman came up behind me and tapped me on the shoulder, and at the same instant a little boy she led, kissed my hand again. I do not know what I might have done, in the current of my feelings, for the poor woman, if I had not caught sight, at the very moment of this new appeal, of the red nose, and black whiskers, and round-topped hat of Cameron, with as wicked a laugh on his face as ever turned the

current of a good man's thoughts.—It is strange how feelings turn themselves by the weight of such trifling impulses. I was ten times colder than when I got out of the coach. I gave the poor woman a most ungracious refusal—Ah! the reproaches of complaining eyes! Not all the pleasure that kind looks or that kind words give, or have given in life, can balance the pain that reproachful eyes occasion—eyes that have become sealed over with that leaden seal which lifts not; how they pierce one by day-time, and more dreadfully by night—through and through! Words slip, and are forgotten; but looks, reproachful looks, frightful looks, make up all that is most terrible in dreams.

I hope Cameron in some of his wanderings over the moors, in his blue and white shooting jacket, had his flask of "mountain dew" fail, when the sun was straight over his head—and that between that time and night, gray night, damp night, late night, there came never a bird to his bag—not even a wandering field-fare—because he laughed me out of my charity to the old beggar-woman of Illyria.

He insisted, however, that there was nothing uncharitable in laughing, and that there was no reason in the world, why genuine benevo-

lence should not act as freely in the face of gayety, as of the demure-looking faces, with which the Scotch presbyters about the West Bow, drop their pennies into the poor-box. Ten thousand times in life, one is ashamed of being laughed out of a course of action, and never stops to think whether the action after all, is good or bad. I never yet met a man who had n't pride enough to deny his sensitiveness to ridicule. It will be seen that I was in quarrelling humor with Cameron, and we kept the beggars fresh in our minds and on our tongues for an hour or more, when we appealed to Monsieur le Comte, who looked very practically on even the warmer feelings of our nature.

Monsieur le Comte thought the money to the boy was well enough bestowed; to the girl, he would have given himself, had she been a trifle older—

—And she had kissed your hand, as she did mine—

—But as for the old woman, she did not deserve it.—He was behind the coach, while I was in front, and had seen the mother send forward—first the boy—then the little girl—and after taking the kreutzers from both, had come up with a third!

Happily, Cameron's laugh of triumph was drowned by the noise of the postilion's bugle, as we dashed into the court-yard of the inn of Adelsberg.

ADELSBERG INN

Troops of the Illyrian peasantry, in tall, steeple-crowned hats, came staring about us; and the maids of the inn, dressed for a fair day, overwhelmed us with a flood of their heathenish dialect. A short, wild-looking fellow, with a taller hat than any in the crowd, could interpret for us in a little Italian. He was to be our guide for the Caves. The great hall of the inn had a deal table stretching down the middle, and from this hall opened a corridor, out of which were our sleeping-quarters for the night.

The sun had gone down when we had finished the dinner of broth and chops, and our steeple-crowned guide came in with his—*Servitore Signori.*

Now, the Count's idea of the Cave, was formed by casual recollections of the dim catacombs under the capital, and of the Pont Neuf, when the Seine was so low as to leave dry ground between the pier and the shore, on the side of the Cité;— Cameron was thinking of

Rob Roy's Cave under the lea of Ben Lomond, which—though a very fair sort of cave in its way, might, if the stories of some Edinbro' bloods were true, be stowed away—Inversnaid, Loch Lomond and all—in the crevices of the great Illyrian cavern we were going to see.

My own notions had a dreamy vagueness; and though I was fuller of faith than the French Count, yet my hopes were not strong enough to stave off the fatigue that came upon us, even before we had reached the grated door, in the side of the hill, that opens to the first corridor.

We had wound, by the star-light, along the edge of a beautiful valley: Boldo—that was the guide's name—and myself in front, and Monsieur le Comte with Cameron behind, when we came to where the path on a sudden ended in the face of a high mountain;—so high, that in the twilight neither Cameron, nor myself, nor Le Comte, who was taller than both, could see the top.

THE CAVERN

Boldo pulled a key out of his pocket, and opened the door of the mountain.

This sounds very much like a fairy story; and it would sound still more so, if I were to

describe, in the extravagant way of the story-writers, how the guide, Boldo, lit his torch just within the door, and with its red light shining over his wild, brigand face, and flaring and smoking in great waves of light over the rocky roof, led us along the corridor. It was a low and dismal den, and even the splash of a foot into one of the little pools of water that lay along the bottom, would make us start back, and look into the bright light of Boldo's torch for courage. By and by, the den grew higher, and white stalactites hung from it, and as the smoke laid its black billows to the roof, their tips hung down below it, like the white heads of crowding Genii.

Gradually the corridor grew so high, that the top was out of sight; and so broad, that we could not see the sides. Presently, over the shoulders of the guide I saw a dim, hazy light, as if from a great many lamps beyond us, and soon after, Boldo turned round with his finger on his lip, and we heard plainly a great roar—as if of a river falling.

Then we walked on faster, and breathing quick, as the light grew stronger, and the noise louder. We had not walked far, when we found ourselves upon a narrow ledge, half up the sides of a magnificent cavern; fairy tales

could not depict so gorgeous a one, for the habitation of fairy princes. Above our heads, sixty feet and more, great, glittering stalactites hung down like the teeth of an ænean hell: below us, by as many feet, upon the bottom of the cavern, a stream broad and black was rushing, and in the distance fell into some lower gulf, with a noise that went bellowing out its echoes among the ghostly stalactites of the dome. Across the water, a narrow bridge had been formed, perhaps eighty feet in length, and two old men in cloaks, whom we now and then caught sight of, groping on the opposite cliffs, had lighted tapers along its whole reach; and these were flickering on the dark waters below, and were reflected upon the brilliant pendants of the vault, so as to give the effect of a thousand.

There we stood—trembling on the edge of the cliff—the red light of Boldo's torch flaring over our little group; Le Comte had for some time banished his habitual sneer, and his eyes wandered wondering up and down, with the words at intervals escaping him—*C'est magnifique!—vraiment magnifique!*

Cameron stood still, scowling, and his eye flashing.

—*Non è una meraviglia Signore?*—said Boldo.

My eye wandered dreamily,—now over the earnest faces of the Illyrian, the Frenchman, the Scotchman—now over the black bridge below, mouldering with moisture, on which the tapers glistened, throwing the shadows of the frame-work darkly down upon the waters. The two old men were moving about like shadows; their tapers shed gleams of light upon the opposite side of the cavern: Boldo's torch glared redly on the side that was nearest us; the lamps upon the bridge sent up a reflected ray, that wavered dazzlingly on the fretting of the roof:—but to the right and to the left, dark, subterranean night shut up the view; and to the right and to the left, the waters roared—so loudly, that twice Boldo had spoken to us, before we heard him, and followed him down the shelving side of the cliff, and over the tottering bridge we had seen from above.

The old man gathered up the lights, and we entered the other side a little corridor, and walked a mile or more under the mountain;—the sides and the roof all the way brilliant as sculptured marble. Here and there, the corridor spread out into a hall, from whose top the stalactites hung down and touched the floor, and grouped together in gigantic columns. Sometimes, the rich white stone streamed

down from the roof in ruffles, brilliantly transparent;—sometimes, as if its flintiness had wavered to some stalking hurricane, it spread out branches and leaves, and clove to the crevices of the cavern, like a tree growing in a ruin. Sometimes, the white stone in columnar masses, had piled up five or six feet from the floor, and stood solemnly before us in the flare of the torch, like sheeted sentinels. Sometimes, among the fantastic shapes would be birds, and cats, and chandeliers hanging from the roof; and once we all stopped short, when Boldo cried, "Leone!"—and before us lay crouching, a great white Lion!

Farther on—two miles in the mountain—one of the old men in the cloaks appeared in a pulpit above us, gesticulating as earnestly as the Carmelite friar who lifts up his voice in the Coliseum on a Friday. Presently, he appeared again,—this time behind the transparent bars of a prison-house, with his tattered hat thrust through the crevices, imploring *carità;* and I will do him the justice to say, that he played the beggar in the prison, with as much *naïveté* as he had played the friar in the pulpit.

We had not gone ten steps farther, when Boldo turned about and waited until Cameron

and Le Comte had come fairly up; then, without saying a word, but with a flourish of the torch that prepared us for a surprise, wheeled suddenly about,—turned a little to the right,—then left,—stepped back to one side,—lowered his torch, and so ushered us into the splendid *Salon du Bal.* The old men had hurried before us, and already the tapers were blazing in every part—and the smoke that rose from them, was floating in a light, transparent haze, over the surface of the vault.

The fragments of the fallen stalactites had been broken into a glittering sand, over which the peasantry come once a year, in May, to dance. Masses of the white rock formed seats along the sides of the brilliant hall.

Now, for the last mile, we had been ascending in the mountain, and the air of the ball-room was warm and soft, whereas before, it had been cold and damp; so we sat down upon the flinty and the glittering seats, where, once a year, the youngest, the most charming of the Illyrian girls do sit. The two old men had sat down together in a distant corner of the hall.

Boldo laid down his torch, and put it out among the glittering fragments of the stalactites at his feet; and then it was, that he commenced the recital of a strange, wild story

of Hungarian love and madness, which took so strong a hold upon my feelings, that I set down my remembrance of it that night in the chamber of my inn.

I know very well, that it may not appear the same sort of tale to one sitting by a glowing grate full of coals, in a rocking and becushioned chair, that it did to me, in the depths of the Illyrian cavern, sitting upon the broken stalactite columns—to say nothing of a brain gently warmed by a good glass of Tokay at the inn. Still does it show, like all those strange legends, that stretch their deep, but pleasing shadows over the way of a man's travel, strong traits of the wild Hungarian character—mad in loving—quick in vengeance—headstrong in resolve, and daring in execution. In short, after thinking, if possibly I should not lose more than I should gain, by giving it to the world, I have determined to let the tale come in, as a little episode of travel.

BOLDO'S STORY

——Once a year,—said he,—the peasantry come to the cavern to be merry;—for days before, you may see them coming,—from the mountains away toward Salzburg, where they sing the Tyrolese ditties, and wear the jaunty

hats of the Tyrol; and from the great plains, through which the mighty arms of the Northern River—the Danube—wander; and from the East, where they wear the turban, and talk the language of the Turk; and from the South, as far as the hills, on which you may hear the murmur of the waters, as they kiss the Dalmatian shore—from each quarter they come—vine-dressers and shepherds, young men and virgins—to dance out in the cavern the Carnival of May.

—A whole night they dance:—for they go into the mountain before the sunlight has left the land; and before they come out, the next day has broke over the earth. But the light and the joy make day all the time they are in the cavern. Tapers are blazing everywhere and the great stalactite you see in the middle is so hung about with torches that it seems a mighty column of fire, swaying and waving under the weight of the mountain.

—Ah, Signori, could you see them—the Illyrian maidens, with their pretty headdresses, and their little ankles, go glancing over the glistening floor,—Signori,—Signori, —you would never go home!

—*C'est bien—c'est très bien!*—said Le Comte.

Boldo went on.

—A great many years ago, and there was a beautiful maiden, the daughter of a Dalmatian mother, who came on the festal day to the cavern;—and her name was Copita. She had three brothers, and her father was an Illyrian shepherd. She had the liquid eye, and the soft, sweet voice of the Southern shores, whence came her mother; but she had the nut-brown hair, and the sunny cheek of the pasture lands, on which lived her father. Their cottage was on a shelf of those blue mountains, which may be seen rising along the Southern and Western sky from the inn-door at Laibach. The cottage had a thatched roof, and orchard-trees and green slopes around it;—just such an one as may be seen now-a-days, by the traveller toward the Northern bounds of the Illyrian kingdom. The smoke curls gracefully out of their deep-throated chimneys; the green moss speckles the thatch; the low sides made of the mountain fir, are browned with storms.

—Copita loved flowers;—and flowers grew by the door of her father's home.

—Copita loved music;—and there were young shepherds, who lingered in the gray of twilight about the cottage,—nor went away till her song was ended.

—The brothers loved Copita, as brothers should love a sister. For her they gathered fresh mountain flowers, and at evening the youngest braided them in garlands for her head, while she sang the songs of Old days. And when they went up to the cavern in May—which all through Illyria is time of summer—they twisted green boughs together, and so, upon their shoulders, they bore the beautiful Copita over the roughest of the mountain ways.

—During the nights of winter,—for in this region there is winter through the time of four moons,—she spun, and she sang. But not one of all the young shepherds, or the vine-dressers in the valleys, who came to listen to her song, or to watch her small, white hand, as it plied the distaff,—not one had learned to make her sigh. Twice had she been with her brothers—the fair-haired Adolphe, the dark, piercing-eyed Dalmetto, the stout Rinulph, with brown, curling locks,—to the Cavern in spring-time. And often she would dream of the column of fire in the middle, and the sparkling roof, and the gloomy corridors, and the roar of the waters, and wake up shaking with fear. For she was delicate and timid as a fawn, and there were memories that frightened her.

—Strange it was, that so good a virgin should ever wake up affrighted. Strange it was, that so beautiful a maiden should not be wooed and won.

—Now Copita had a cousin, of wild Hungarian blood. Their eyes had met, but their souls had not. For Otho was passionate and hot-blooded, and often stern:—he loved the boar-hunts of the forests of the Juliennes. But he had seen Copita, and he loved her more than all besides. Once, when wandering in early winter with his boar-spear, he had come to her cottage; and once he had seen her at the dance of the Cavern. Otho was not loved of his kinsfolk in his home—for he was cruel. None struck the boar-spear so deeply; and if he met a young fawn upon the hills, lost and crying piteously, he would plunge the rough spear in its throat, and bear it home struggling on his shoulder, and throw it upon the earth floor of his cottage, and say,—"Ho, my sisters, here is a supper for you!"—and the fawn not yet dead!

—It is no wonder Otho was not loved at home;—it is no wonder he was not loved of Copita. And whom Copita loved not,—Adolph did not love,—Rinulph did not love,—Dalmetto did not love.

—Now, in those old days, where there was

not love between men, there was hate. So there was hate between the three brothers, and the Hungarian cousin of the wild locks and the dark eye.

—What should it be, but those wild locks and that dark eye of her Hungarian cousin, that made Copita ever wake in a fright, when she dreamed of the great Illyrian Cavern? Adolphe was ever by her side to defend her, but Adolphe was young and innocent of all the wiles of manhood; the eye of Dalmetto was quick and watchful, but the eye of Otho had watched the flight of the vultures, and seen them bear away kids even from the flock, over which the father of Copita was shepherd; Rinulph was strong, but Otho had struggled with the wild boar, and conquered it,—and was the brown-haired brother of Copita stronger than the wild boar?

—Was it strange, then, that Copita, the daughter of a Dalmatian mother, should sometimes tremble when she thought of the passionate eyes of the cruel and determined Otho, bending fixedly over her, from out the shadows of the Cavern,—for Otho loved the shadow, better than the light.

—But dreams, though they be unpleasant, make not dim the happy lifetime of an Illyrian peasant girl. The shuttle—it rat-

tled merrily;—the song—it rose cheerily;—and the father, and the mother, and the brothers, were light-hearted. Copita dreamed less of the last year's fête, and she dreamed more of the fête of the one that was coming. She dreamed less of eyes scowling with hate and love;—and she dreamed more of eyes that were full of admiration.

—Ah, Signori, it is pleasant—lifetime in the mountains—the mountains of Illyria! The green fir-trees cover them, summer and winter;—the deer, wild as we, wander under them, and crop their low branches, when the snow covers the hills;—and when the spring comes, the grass is green in a day.[1] Then what frolicking of boys and maidens!—what smiles upon old faces!—Boldo drew his coat sleeve over his eyes. For one moment—one little moment—his heart was in his mountain home.

Monsieur Le Comte, who was old and unmarried, drew a long breath.

Boldo thrust the end of his torch deeper in the shining sand, and went on.

—May was coming;—Copita sang at evening gayer-hearted;—Copita danced with the

[1] Nothing can be richer than the verdure of the hills of Southern Austria; and I have seen, on the tops of the mountains, the snow and the grass lying under the same sun, and close together.

fair-haired Adolphe on the greensward before the door of the cottage. The father played upon his shepherd's pipe; the mother looked joyously on, and thanked Heaven, in her heart, for having given her such a daughter as Copita, to make glad their mountain home.

—She shed tears, though, and the father almost as many, when their children set off for the festive meeting in the Cavern. Down the mountains they went singing, and the mother strained her eyes after them, till she could see nothing but a white speck—Copita's dress—gliding down, and gliding away among the fir-trees. There was no singing in the cottage that night—nor the next—nor the next—nor the next——

—*Scusatemi, Signori!*

—Two days they were coming to the Cavern. At night they stayed with friends, in a valley; and in the morning, doubled their company, and came on together. As they walked, sometimes in the valleys, sometimes over spurs of the hills, there came others to join them, who went on the pleasant pilgrimage. But of all the maidens not one was so beautiful as Copita. None walked with a statelier or freer step into the village below the mountain.

—Ah, Signori, could you but see the gath-

ering upon such a day, of the prettiest dames of Illyria—the braided hair, dressed with mountain flowers, and sprigs of the fir-tree, and the heron's plumes!——and in old days the gathering was gayer than now.

—In a street of the village—in the throng, Copita had caught sight of the dark face of her Hungarian lover. Perhaps it was this, perhaps it was the cold, but she trembled as she came with her brother Adolphe into the Cavern. The waters roared as they roared the year before—as they are roaring now. The noise made her shudder again.

—'Adolphe,' said she, 'I wish I was in our cottage upon the mountain.'

—'What would Rinulph say, what would Dalmetto say, what should I think, who love you better than both, if our beautiful sister were not of the festal dance?'

—Just then the noise of the music came through the corridor, and Copita felt her proud mountain blood stirred, and went on with courage.

—The night had half gone, when Copita sat down where we sit. The fawn upon the mountains sometimes tires itself with its gambols; Copita was tired with dancing. Adolphe sat beside her.

—Copita had danced with Otho, for she had not dared deny him. She had danced with a blue-eyed stranger, who wore the green coat of the Cossacks, and a high heron's plume—whose home was by the Danube; for who of all the maidens would choose deny him?

—When Adolphe spoke of Otho, Copita looked thoughtful and downcast, but turned pale. And when Adolphe spoke of the stranger from the banks of the Great River, with the heron's plume in his cap, Copita looked thoughtful and downcast, but the color ran over her cheek, and temple, and brow, like fire.

—Ah! for the poor young shepherds, and the vine-dressers, who had watched her white hand as it plied the distaff, and had listened to her voice as she sang in her mountain home—Adolphe knew that their hopes were gone!

—Now it was a custom of the fête, that in the intervals of the dance, the young men and virgins should pass hand in hand around the column of fire in the middle, in token of good will between them. But if a second time a virgin went around, with her hand wedded to the same hand as before, then was the young man an accepted lover. But if a third time

they went round together, it was like giving the plighted word, and young man and virgin were betrothed.

—It was the custom of old days; and all the company of the cave shouted greeting.

—Once had Copita gone round the column with cousin Otho, of the dark looks and wild eye.

—Once had Copita gone round the column with the blue-eyed stranger, of the heron's plume.

—A second time the stern Hungarian had led forth the beautiful Copita. She hesitated, and she looked pale, and she trembled: for there were many eyes upon her. Adolphe looked upon her, and bit his lip. Rinulph looked, and he stamped with his foot upon the sand. Dalmetto looked, and his eye seemed to pierce her through;—but more piercing than all, was the sad, earnest look of the stranger of the heron's plume. Copita shook: the memory of her dreams came over her, and she dared not deny Otho.

—Copita sat down trembling; Otho walked away with a triumphant leer.

—A second time came up the blue-eyed stranger, doubting and fearful. A second time went the beautiful Copita with him round the flame. This time she trembled: for many eyes

were upon her. The eyes of Adolphe, of Rinulph, of Dalmetto, looked kindly, but half reprovingly; there were eyes of many a virgin that seemed to say, 'Is this our gentle Copita, who has two lovers in a day?' There was the vengeful eye of Otho, that seemed to say, 'Two lovers in a day she shall not have.' It was no wonder Copita trembled.

—The music went on, and the dance; but the soul of the mountain girl was with her father and with her mother at home.

—'Why is that tear in your eye?' said Adolphe, as he put his arm around her.

—'I wish I was in our cottage upon the mountains, with the distaff in my hand, and singing the old songs,' said Copita.

—The dance ceased. Copita trembled like an aspen leaf.

—A third time came up Otho. Copita turned pale, but Otho turned away paler.

—A third time came up the blue-eyed stranger—whose home was on the Danube—who wore in his cap a heron's plume.

—Copita blushed; Copita trembled—and rose up and stood beside him. Hand in hand they stood together; hand in hand they went round the column of flame—the gentle Copita, and the stranger of the heron's plume.

—A wild song of greeting—a Hungarian

song—burst over the roof of the Cavern. You would be afraid, Signori, to listen to the shaking of the Cave, when the mountain company lift up their voices to a mountain song. There is not a corner but is filled; there is not a stalactite but quivers; there is not a torch-flame but wavers to and fro, as if a strong wind were blowing.

—Now the face of the Hungarian Otho, as he looked, and as he listened, was as if it had been the face of a devil.

—Copita went with Adolphe into the cool corridor, for the night was not yet spent, and other dances were to follow. Adolphe left his sister a little time alone. Otho's eyes had followed, and he came up.

—'Will my pretty cousin Copita walk with me in the Cavern?' said he.

—She looked around to meet the eye of Adolphe, or Rinulph, or Dalmetto. The dance had begun, and they two were unnoticed.

—She said not no: she made no effort to rise, for the strong arm of Otho lifted her.

Boldo rose, and lit his torch, and the two old men came behind, as we went out of the *Salon du Bal* into the corridor.

—Along this path,—said Boldo,—they went on. Copita's mind full of shadows of dreams

—she dared not go back; Otho's mind full of dark thoughts—his strong arm bore her on.

—She had not a voice to shout; besides the music was louder than the shouting of a frighted maiden. Otho pushed on with cruel speed. Copita's faltering step stayed him no more than the weight of a young fawn, which, time and time again, he had borne home upon his shoulder, from the wild clefts of the mountains.

The roar of the waters was beginning to sound. Bravely led Boldo on, with his broad torch flaring red. The road was rough. The rush of the waters nearer and nearer, and the damp air chilled us. Cameron was for turning back.

—No, no,—said Boldo,—come and see where Otho led Copita,—where he stood with her over the gulf.

And now we could hardly hear him talk for the roar; but he beckoned us from where he stood upon a jutting point of the rock, and as we came up, he waved his long torch twice below him. The red glare shone one moment upon smooth water, curling over the edge of a precipice, far below. The light was not strong enough to shed a single ray down where the waters fell.

—'My cousin Copita,' said Otho, 'has given her hand to the proud stranger of the heron's plume; will she here, upon the edge of the gulf, take again her promise?'

—'The stranger is not proud,' said Copita, 'and my word once given, shall never be broken.' And as if the word had given life to her mountain spirit, her eye looked back contempt for the exulting smile of Otho. Like a deer she bounded from him; but his strong arm caught her. She called loudly upon each of her brothers; but the dance was far away, and the roar of the waters was terrible.

—Her thoughts flew one moment home—her head was pillowed as in childhood, upon the bosom of her Dalmatian mother.

—With such memories, who would not have force to struggle? She sprung to the point of the rock—it is very slippery: again the strong arm of Otho was extended toward her—another step back—poor, poor Copita!

—Look down, Signori,—and Boldo waved his red torch below him.

—The cottage of the Illyrian shepherd—of the Dalmatian mother—was desolate upon the mountains! The voice of singing was no more heard in it!

—Otho heard a faint shriek mingling with

the roar of the waters, and even the stern man was sorrowful. He trod back alone the corridors. None know why he made not his way to the mountains. The stones stirred under his feet, and he looked behind to see if any followed. The stalactites glistened under the taper that was fastened in his bonnet, and he started from under them, as if they were falling to crush him.

—Now in the hall of the dance, there was search for Copita, when Otho came in.

—There are three ways by which one can pass out of the hall, and after Otho had come in alone, Adolphe stood at one, Rinulph at one, and Dalmetto at one. The Hungarian could look the wild boar in the eyes, when they were red with rage—but his eyes had no strength in them then, to look back upon the eyes of virgins. He would escape them by going forth; but when he came to where Rinulph stood, Rinulph said, 'Where is my sister Copita?' and Otho turned back. And when he came to where Dalmetto stood, Dalmetto said, 'Where is my sister Copita?' And Otho was frightened away.

—And when he came to where Adolphe stood, Adolphe said, 'Tell us, where is our sister Copita?'

—And Otho, that was so strong, grew pale before the blue-eyed Adolphe.

—When Otho turned back, the young stranger, with the cap of the heron's plume, walked up boldly to him, and asked, 'Where is the beautiful Copita?'

—And Otho trembled more and more, and the faces grew earnest and threatening around him, so he told them all; and he was like a wild boar that is wounded, among fierce dogs.

—The three brothers left not their places, but the rest spoke low together, and bound the Hungarian hand and foot. Hand and foot they bound him, and took up torches, and bore him toward the deep river of the Cavern. The brothers followed, but the virgins joined hands, and sung a wild funeral chant—such as they sing by a mountain grave. Adolphe, and Rinulph, and Dalmetto, stood together in the mouth of the way, that goes over the bridge, and out of the mountain. It was well the three brothers were there; for as they bore Otho on, and as they neared the gulf, he struggled, as only a man struggles, who sees death looking him in the face. He broke the bands that were around him; he pushed by the foremost—he rushed through those who were behind—he leaped a chasm—he clung to a cliff—

he ran along its edge—but, before he could pass out, the brothers met him, and he cowered before them.

—They bound him, and bore him back, and hurled him headlong, and the roar of the waters drowned his cries.

—One more song—a solemn song around the column of fire, and the night was ended.

—At early sunrise, Adolphe, Dalmetto, and Rinulph had set off over the mountains, with heavy hearts, homeward. They picked no flowers by the way for the gentle Copita. Copita sang no songs to make gay their mountain march.

—The blue-eyed stranger had torn the plume of the heron from his cap, and with a slow step, and sad, was going by the early light, down the mountains, to his home upon the banks of the mighty Danube.

—They say that in quiet evenings, in the gulf,—and Boldo swayed the red torch below him,—may be seen a light form, that angels bear up. And when it is black without, and the waters high, may be seen a swart form, struggling far down,—and again Boldo swung his torch—this time too rapidly, for the wind and the spray put it out. We were on the edge of the precipice.—Santa Maria defend us!

The two old men were groping in the distance—two specks of light in the darkness. Boldo shouted, but the waters drowned the voice.

Thrice we shouted together, and at length the old men came toward us. After the torch was lit, we followed Boldo over the bridge, and through the corridor, out into the starlight. Four hours we had been in the mountain, and it was past midnight when we were back at the inn.

I am not going to say—because I cannot—whether the story that Boldo told us was a true story.

Cameron said—it was a devilish good story.

And story or no story—the Cavern is huge and wild. And many a time since, have I waked in the middle of the night, and found myself dreaming of the pretty Copita, or the cap with the heron's plume.

ROADSIDE

At six next morning, a red-coated Jehu had mounted our coach-box.

I had been deputed to pay Boldo for his hundred flambeaux (I would advise the economical traveller to order but fifty), and as

we set off, he waved his tall crowned hat at me, with an *Addio—Carissimo!* that kept me in good humor for an hour.

It is very pleasant—the memory of the little chit-chat of travel;—to tell the truth, when my eye runs over the old notes, and my thought wanders to the time and the place—straightway my fancy conjures up jolly-faced Cameron, lying against the yellow leather of the coach, and the tall red-bearded Count; and my mind leans back, easily as a cloud passes, into that sweet indolence, in which we rolled away the fresh morning hours, and indulged in our good-tempered talk; pleasant disquisitions, and *bon-mots,* and repartees, float along my memory like a summer stream, and I forget utterly that the reader cares nothing about these things, but is expecting me all the time,—a vain, very vain expectation,—to paint with this poor stub of a pen, the glories of the Illyrian scenery.

The mountains of the cavern grew blue behind us, and other mountains were growing nearer and greener before us. The cultivation had a careless air, like that of the interior districts of New England. Clumps of orchard trees lay scattered about in the same disorderly prettiness; the fences, even, were of the famil-

iar New England sort—posts and rails. The cottages were of wood, and had the only shingled roofs I met with in Europe.

The road was hard and smooth—too good, to let me harbor the illusion that the mountains in my eye were the Green Mountains,—or the valley, the valley of the Connecticut. Great wagon-loads of lumber, and boxes, were toiling by us;—the bells jingling on the staunch horses, and the drivers bowing low, with a lift of their hats;—but whether from respect to us, or to the black eagle of the coach-door, we could not determine.

The Illyrians have a peculiarity in their cottage architecture, which a little surprised me: it is that of building without chimneys, so that the smoke escapes in a very picturesque way, at the door. The method will commend itself, I should think, to such as have a fancy for adopting European notions.

Through all this country, one sees very rarely the embellished property of a large proprietor; in this respect, it yet more assimilates with the character of New England scenery.

An hour before noon, and when we had forgotten the coffee and toast of the morning, we clattered into the great court-yard of an inn at Laibach.

And of Laibach, I can really say very little,—except that it is a great, broad, rambling town, with a monster of a tavern,—that has a court large enough for a village square,—where we ate a very good breakfast, by means of a French bill of fare;—for not one of all the servants could play interpreter. We ended by having the landlady's daughter,—a buxom, black-eyed, pretty girl, for waiting-maid.

Even she was puzzled with some of Cameron's gesticulations; and matters were growing more and more perplexing, when an old Viennois at another table, interposed in a little of Italian. And he went on to speak of the rich country we were going through on our way to Cilli;—it was wild, he said (he had never seen the Alps),—it was scattered over, he said, with fragments of noble old castles (he had never sailed up the Rhine); and he hinted at some of those strange spirit stories which hang about them, and which I treasured gladly in my mind, for they added double to the interest of the afternoon's ride among them.

There is in my book of flowers—graceful souvenirs of travel—a little bunch, tied up with a brown silk thread, that I brought away from the hands of our pretty waiting-maid—

the landlady's daughter at the inn; and I should be unjust to Cameron, if I intimated that he had not received a like show of favor;—though mine, as I insisted at the time, was prettier and fresher by half. As for the Count, he not only had no such fragrant memento, but he will remember quarrelling with us, on the absurd plea, that the flowers increased the amount of the bill,—of which, notwithstanding his years and red beard, he came in for a full third.

Well—we set off, as I have said, quarrelling,—through lines of wagons of merchandise, which traverse this great artery of Austrian commerce—the highway from Vienna to Trieste. But no sooner were we quit of the straggling, but clean-kept town, than the exceeding beauty of the country broke our quarrel. The Count forgot his losses; and we forgot our triumphs.

We were riding in the valley of a river; sometimes it spread into a plain, with cottages and clumps of trees scattered over it; sometimes it narrowed, or was split crosswise into side valleys, that opened up blue and shadowy distance; and sometimes the hills staggered out boldly, all armed with broken-topped pine-trees, and crowded us down to the very brink

of the river. Then came the bits of ruin,—looking old as the rocks, and hung their heavy, time-battered walls, like the broken armor of a giant, along the sides of the mountains.

No wonder that seated as they are, high up among thick fir-trees, that make such a sighing by night,—no wonder that spirit-stories belong to them all. I pity the sober-made man, who does not love to listen to them, in view of the old feudal rule,—the knight fearful in armor—the hall shadowy with tall flame,—the loop-holes gauged for the cross-bow,—the bottomless oubliettes,—the hundred serving-men,—the thousand vassals tramping to their lord's banner,—the Lady Andromache-like, at the rich figures of old 'broidery,—sweet-voiced damsels at the songs, tender and plaintive,—and now, nothing of it all—knights, armor, love, vassal, or banner, but that strange bit of ruin among the firs—pray, who cannot lend an ear of half belief to the spirit-stories, if they shed only a lightning gleam over the Olden Time?

As it grew dark,—for we rode long after nightfall, and I grew sleepy with the swift roll of the coach, and the black turrets lifted stronger against the sky, and our talk had

wearied us to silence, my fancy grew busier with the hints of the old Viennois. And the Wasserman of Laibach[1] appeared to me in a corner of the coach.

What was it but the sweet school-boy Mythology again, grown rude in Gothic North-land? Not now, Blue-eyed Pallas, with Gorgon shield,—not goat-footed Pan, king of Arcady,—nor Endymion, nor Ida shaking to the tread of Jove, nor Diomed, nor yet Aphrodite, but instead, dragons,—giants, undines, wild hunters, and talking-birds;—in place of Danaë of the golden shower, floating on brazen-studded ark,—clasping her purple-clad Perseus, and lifting her simple plaint—Οἷον ἔχω πόνον·—a flax-haired young waterman, living under the banks of Northern river—swimming under the surface, and coming on festal days to the shores, to link his cold, clammy hand,[2] to that of a Northern Ursula in the dance.

[1] —A Leybach, dans la rivière du même nom, habita autrefois un ondin, qu'on appelait Wassermann (homme aquatique).—*Veillées Allemandes—Valvassor.*

[2] Une main toute molle et froide comme la glace.—Puis il invita à danser une jeune fille bien faite, bien parée, mais aussi *peu sage,* qu'on appelait Ursule. Enfin, ils s'écartérent de plus en plus de la place où avait lieu ce bal champêtre, et arrivés à la rivière, tous les deux,

On the brown school-benches, under the eye of my stern old master,—years back,—I had fed my mind for hours together on the vulture-torn liver of Prometheus, and Homeric verse had started fancies, that yearned to follow winged Mercury to banquet-places, where gods drank nectar;——no Andromeda, no Perseus now,—no Galatea riding in sea-shell, drawn by many-colored dolphins—no Ganymede, no Hyacinth, no chirping Silenus on his ass; Europa none——Diana none. Yet, like a warped and twisted fancy of the same School age, came round me the new creatures of the North Mythology.

The difference between the two is just that between polish and barbarism.——In the peopling of Hellas were nymphs:—among barbarians, gnomes. In Greek letter, were sea-gods—in Gothic, dragons. In the antique, the *thyrsus* was wrapped in garlands;—in the Hunnish, the spear is sharp and naked.

HINZELMANN

A BRAVE, good spirit was Hinzelmann, who once habited an old castle of the Illyrian

s'y precipitèrent et disparurent.—*Une Danse avec l'Homme Aquatique.*

country. It lay on our road that night; the moon was shining through the crevices of the ruin. There seemed to be nothing stirring about it, but I could see the tops of the pine-trees waving in the night wind, and brave as I boast to be, I was thankful to be in the coach, galloping on, and not under the deep shadow of the crumbling wall.

They say it is a terror to the villagers after nightfall; and it is told of a young and bold peasant, that in a fit of drunkenness, he made a boast that he would go at midnight, and bring away a stone from the wall. He reached the château safely, and had plucked up his trophy, and was making his way back to his village, when he heard the paces of a horse. He had but just time to conceal himself behind a clump of brushwood, when a mounted knight clad in steel, with a lady before him, in his arms, came clattering by; but scarce had he passed the bridge below the peasant, when a packet fell from the rider into the stream.

When the horse's steps had died away, the bold peasant sought the packet; but scarce had he found it, and mounted the bank of the stream, when he heard with terror the returning paces of the mounted knight. He ran fast as his legs would carry him toward his village.

The horseman gained upon him;—he heard him tramp over the shaking bridge, and presently the ground trembled behind him;—he turned a moment, and saw the armor of the knight shining like silver, in the light of the moon.

The poor man staggered on till he felt the hot breath of the strange charger, and fell to the ground half dead with fright.

The villagers sought him next morning, and found him where he had fallen. His looks were haggard, and his body bruised. The packet, and the stone from the ruin were both gone. He could give no account of either, except what I have written; but they say, that for the rest of his life, he was a wiser and better man.[1]

Centuries ago, Hinzelmann was the guardian spirit of the baron who inhabited the castle. A plate was always set at the table in the long hall, for the invisible guest; and the second goblet of red wine was always in honor of *Le Bon Esprit.*

But the Baron, upon a time, grew tired of the mischievous pranks of Hinzelmann, who sometimes upset the goblets of his guests, and

[1] *Chateau de Blumenstein* (237, *L'Heritier*) has something in common with this story.

would sing, in the fullest company, this bit of *chanson:*—

> Maître, ici laisse-moi venir,
> Et du bonheur tu vas jouir;
> Mais de céans, si l'on me chasse,
> Le malheur y prendra ma place.[1]

—So the Baron, one morning at light, saddled a favorite horse, and went out from his castle unattended, hoping to reach, unbeknown to Hinzelmann, his estate in Bohemia. As he rode down the mountain, he noticed a white plume floating in the air behind him. He finished his day's ride safely, and stopped at night at a solitary house by the way.

In the morning, when the Baron rose to go, he missed his heavy gold chain, that he had worn upon his neck. The host was grieved, and called up his household to question them; none knew anything of it. When the servitors

[1] Ortgies læsst du mick hier gan,
Glücke sallst du han;
Wultu mick aver verdrieven
Unglück warst du kriegen.

From Grimm's Hinzelmann,—*Le Multiforme Hinzelmann—Histoire Merveilleuse d'un Esprit, écrite par le Curé Feldmann.* The curious reader will perceive that the old history has been only suggestive of the present—little being left of it but the name, and the *chanson.*

had withdrawn, the Baron heard the voice of Hinzelmann, telling him to look for his chain under his pillow.

The Baron was enraged that he could not rid himself of his invisible attendant. Hinzelmann laughed—(not a Satyr's laugh, nor yet that of a Bacchante, but a Gothic, man's laugh)—and told the Baron it was needless to try to escape him, that he had floated behind him in the shape of a white plume, and could follow wherever he went.

The Baron, like a good philosopher, went back to his castle.

Honors were duly drank, month after month, to the Good Spirit, and he served the Baron many a good office. He teased his troublesome guests—spilled their wine—pinched their elbows, and was invaluable for keeping off such visitors as annoyed the Baron.

A Curé of the neighborhood offered to exorcise the Spirit, and the master of the castle suffered him to try his conjurations. Hinzelmann forgave the Baron, but ducked the Curé in the ditch.

A knight proposed to drive away the Spirit with sword, or slay him. He shut the great hall of the castle,—even to the latch-hole, and hewed the air in every corner. Hinzelmann

laughed when he had exhausted himself, and told the knight he would meet him at Magdebourg. The knight went away trembling, and a month after was slain at the siege of Magdebourg: and they say that a white plume floated over him, as the sword fell upon his head.

Hinzelmann was angry with the Baron for this breach of confidence; that night he chanted in the hall this bit of the old *chanson,*—

Si l'on me chasse,
Le malheur y prendra ma place.

The next day it was found that a packet in which were the family jewels was gone. The Baron's vassals dropped off one by one, and the cattle died. Nothing was known now of Hinzelmann at the château:—nothing had been known for a month, when one night a loud scream was heard from the apartment occupied by the two daughters of the Baron.

They ran with torches to the chamber, and found that Anna, which was the name of one of the sisters, had fallen from the window into the moat. They could see her struggling in the water. But before they could unbar the castle-gates to go to her rescue, a man-at-arms upon the wall reported that a knight in full armor, had snatched her from the fosse,

and put her upon his horse, and rode away into the forest.

For weeks after, the Baron's vassals scoured the country;—they saw a strange hoof-mark on the turf, but never caught sight of the stranger knight.

The Baron was maddened with sorrow and rage. It had long been his custom to make a feast on his birth-night, and when the night came, and he was preparing himself in his chamber, at the first coming on of darkness, it happened that he saw a white figure, and heard a rustling in the corner of his apartment. The Baron was a bold man, but trembled at sight of the apparition,—and trembled more and more, when he heard the words, slowly pronounced, as it seemed, in a familiar tone,—"Let the second goblet to-night be drained in honor of Hinzelmann." And what was the horror of the old Baron, when fixing his eyes intently on the spectre, he seemed to recognize the face of his own lost Anna!

A moment more,—and with a gentle sigh, —such a sigh as the fir-trees make now about the ruin,—the figure had vanished.

The old Knight went down, pale, to his feast; and the guests noticed that his hand shook at the lifting of the first goblet.

At the second, he tried to rise, but trembled in his place:—a young guest at the bottom of the table, who had been a favorite suitor of the lost Anna, proposed defiance to the knight, who had stolen the Baron's daughter. There was a clatter on the stair, and the hall-door burst open, and the stranger knight in glittering armor strode straight up to the daring guest, and threw down his gauntlet, and whispered in his ear a place of meeting.

The Baron could give no order for his terror:—the stranger went to the old place of Hinzelmann, and filled a goblet with red wine, and drained it in honor of The Good Spirit;—then strode haughtily from the Hall. The men-at-arms stood back, and the porter had seen nothing, he said, but a white plume floating over the wicket. The young guest was brave, and went to meet the stranger knight, but came not again to the castle.

The Baron grew silent and moody; and by his next birth-night, the hairs had whitened on his forehead. He was in his chamber, the evening of the feast, when he was startled by a rustling in the corner, and the sceptre of the year before met his eyes as he turned. The same slow, sepulchral tones issued from the shadowy figure, conjuring him to pledge in the

second goblet. The Good Spirit, Hinzelmann. This time there was entreaty in the voice, that made the old man forget his terror; and mindful only of his lost daughter, he sprang forward to clasp her;—a breath of cold air,—a gentle sigh, and the vision fled from his touch.

At the hour of the opening of the feast, the Seneschal announced that a stranger knight, with a lady veiled in white, asked admission to the hospitalities of the château.

The Baron placed them—one on his right, the other on his left. There was a fearful whisper among the guests,—that the knight was like the haughty challenger of the year before; and the host trembled, for he thought the voice of the veiled lady, was like the voice in his chamber.

At the filling of the first goblet, the knight put up his visor, and the lady drew aside her veil. The company started to their feet in horror, for within the helmet of the stranger, was a white skull, and under the veil of the lady, were the death-white features of the lost daughter of the Baron. He took her hand, but it was like ice, and he heard the slow voice of the chamber in his ear,—"Remember!"

He filled the second goblet, and pledged *Le Bon Esprit.*

The skull turned to dust, and the armor fell clanging to the floor; the death-face of the virgin bloomed with life, and she threw her arms—warm now—round the neck of her old father; and the door burst open, and in strode the valiant young knight, who had fought the strange challenger, and he clasped his Anna once more;—and the laugh of Hinzelmann was heard, and his voice chanting the old song:—

Maître, ici laisse-moi venir,
Et du bonheur tu vas jouir.

It was a gay night at the castle; the Baron's youth came back, and flagon after flagon of the best red wine was drained, and it was morning when the feast was ended.

The Baron lived to a good old age; the young knight and the daughter were united, and by and by a new Baron was born, and the old Baron died. Hinzelmann was held still in honor, and for three generations kept his place at the hall-board. Then there came a vicious and wrong-headed Baron, who hated Hinzelmann because he was honest, and chid him for his wickedness.

Hinzelmann chanted louder and louder the last couplet of the old *chanson,* but the Knight

heeded it not. His vassals dropped away one by one—his deer died in the valleys. Finally the old turrets began to crumble and fall. The Baron fell one night, half drunken, into the oubliette of the castle, and was lost. The servitors were frightened away from the ruined walls by spectres. Some said they saw a tall horseman in armour, with a virgin in white; others said they saw a white plume floating over the ruins, and heard a voice chanting,—

> Mais de céans, si l'on me chasse,
> Le malheur y prendra ma place.

Few of the peasantry wander there now after nightfall. If it had been the day-time, I thought I would have liked to have gone up, and rambled over the ruin, and brought away a flower or two; but as it was—dark, with only a little cold moonlight, I was very glad to be in the coach, with Cameron and the Count, —who both fell fast asleep before we got to Cilli.

CILLI

We drove into a dim archway at midnight, after crashing half through the paved streets of a town. We had eaten nothing from the

time we had left Laibach in the morning. The only two persons who were stirring, either could not, or would not understand anything of the language and gestures we used, to convey our wishes for something to eat. We had learned their dinner terms, but it is not very surprising, I have since thought, that they did not understand their purport under Scotch, French, and American accentuation—all uttered together, by three half-starved foreigners, at twelve at night.

The stupid fellows stared at us, with an occasional half smile,—as if of pity for such ignorant dogs, and were not disposed to show the least attention to the *Sacre* and *Diable* of the Count, or the unexceptionable English oaths of Cameron. At length, when in despair we had determined to find our way to the kitchen in a body, a person put his night-capped head out of the top window of the inn, and said, in as good English as you would hear in the court of the "Ship" at Dover,—Be there directly, gentlemen.

Had the voice come from heaven, we would scarce have been more surprised. It proved to be a cast-away valet of an English traveller, who was serving for the time, as head waiter of the inn.

We managed to procure a cold supper, and a bottle or two of tolerable wine; and on that, fell to dreaming of sweet English voices.

A NIGHT SCENE

Our waiter called us at eight; he should have called us at six. It gave occasion for a sharp quarrel, which, being in English, was quite a luxury to all of us, but chiefly to Cameron, who conducted it very effectively on the part of the Count and myself.

The result was—a sorry breakfast—an extravagant bill, and a shower of Hungarian oaths, as we dashed out of the inn court; and in ten minutes we were in the wild scenery of Styria.

Though it was hardly mid-May, the women in their picturesque hats,—which were no more than broad brims, with a round knot in the middle,—were at hay-making, through all the grass-fields. Immense teams, of from fifteen to twenty horses each, passed us on the way. The cottages had an exceedingly neat air. There were occasional beggars, but they had not the winning ways of the little fellow in the Southern country.

The posts were long, and the rain threaten-

ing, and thirty to forty wearisome leagues lay between us and Gratz. We had hoped to reach it the same night. At four, we took a miserable dinner in the dirty town of Marburg; and it was near six, when we set off in a driving rain. In a half hour more it was dark. Fifteen leagues lay yet between us and Gratz.

At Marburg they told us there was an inn at the second post.

We discussed long, and at the first angrily, the question, whether we should hold on our way spite of rain and darkness to the Styrian Capital, or should stop the night out at the inn of the second post. At length our empty stomachs, and our fatigue, added to a little fear of the wild country, and a crazy-headed driver decided us on the earliest practicable stop.

The next point was—no unimportant one—to make the postmen and stupid postilions understand our new disposition. We determined to try our vocabulary of language at the first post station—hoping, if the intelligence could be in any way communicated to any human tenant of the house, it might be transmitted by the postilion.

Unfortunately, nobody appeared but an old woman, in a night-cap.

We complimented her in French;—*nein*—said the old woman.

We explained ourselves in Italian—*nichts*—said the old woman.

We entreated her in our phrase-book German;—*nichts*—said the old woman.

Cameron asked her in good Scotch,—what the D——l she meant;—*nein*—said the old woman; and slammed the door in our face. And a postilion in oil-skin jumped upon the box, and we rattled away.

A church clock struck ten.

The rain increased, and an occasional burst of lightning blazed over the steep, fir-covered sides of mountains that stretched beside us; and at intervals a brighter gleam would shine along the black surface of a raging stream, that for the last half hour we had heard below us. The dim light of the lanterns glimmered,—now upon the dripping branches of fir-trees that hung half over the road—now broke strongly upon a gray cliff, as if we were riding in some monster cavern;—then it would glinter out in feeble rays into the deep darkness, lighting nothing but the scuds of rain; and the roar of the waters below, told us we were on the edge of a precipice.

Most anxiously we looked out for some

tokens of a town; still the lightning broke over nothing but tall forests, or savage dells below us.

The postilion drove like a madman; and his wild Styrian oaths, added to the rattle of the coach,—to the clattering of the horses' hoofs, and the rolling of the thunder among the hills, made us up a concert as wild, as it was fearful.

At every glimpse of smooth land, which the lightning opened to view, we uttered a fervent hope,—the Count, Cameron, and myself,—that the ride was nearly ended. Nor did we remember for a moment, that the same difficulties of interpretation might occur at the coming post station, as at the last.

Finally, when we were half exhausted, the postilion blew a shrill blast on his bugle. It sounded strangely mingled with the mutterings of the thunder.

He drew up to the door of the post station: it was all dark and closed. He blew again, and again. Finally, a light appeared at one of the windows; a bell tinkled in an out-building; and presently a fat old Styrian, half dressed, appeared at the door, and a new postilion with a fresh pair of horses.

We addressed the old Styrian, as we had addressed the woman of the back station. The old fellow stared,—rubbed his eyes, as if he

thought he was not thoroughly awake, and was again all attention.

We played him a perfect pantomime by the light of the lanterns. The old man gave a grim smile, and turned to chat with our postilion. The result of his inquiries seemed to be, a determination to get rid of us as soon as possible.

Meantime the postilion was fast removing the panting horses, and the fresh relay was waiting.

—*Un hôtel,*—said the Count, emphasizing with a vengeance,—*est ce qu'il y a un hôtel ici?*

—*Yah, yah,*—said the fat old Styrian, at the same time hitching up his breeches.

—*Eh bien*—(like a flash),—*nous voulons nous y arrêter.*

—*Yah,*—said the postman; and the postilion had taken away his horses, and the others were nearly on.

—*Vogliamo trovar una Locanda, Signor—subito.*

—*Yah—yah, yah,*—said the half-dressed Styrian. The new postilion was nearly ready.

—*Ein Gasthof,*—yelled Cameron.

—*Yah, yah,*—said the old fellow, and gave his breeches another hitch.

The postilion jumped on the box.

—D——n it, we want to stop,—shouted Cameron.

—*Yah,*—said the fat old rascal, and shut the door; and the coach started.

It may seem very simple in us, that we did not get out of our carriage; but the truth was, we should have been no nearer the hotel out of the carriage than in, beside the inconvenience of being pelted by the rain. We knew merely from our informant at Marburg, that we should find a hotel shortly before reaching the second post station.

And whatever difference of opinion had previously existed among us, in regard to stopping, or going on to Gratz, there was now a manifest coincidence upon the former course; and our three opinions formed an aggregate of determination, which we thought it would be difficult, for either postman or postilion to resist.

We restrained for a moment or two the *furor* of our resolve, hoping the coach might yet turn back. It was a vain hope. At a desperate speed we rattled along the brink of the river, on whose tumbling surface an occasional gleam of the lantern shone dismally.

The Count screamed a volley of imprecations at the postilion, who at length stopped

his headlong pace, though muttering as angrily in reply.

The Count put his head out of the window. It was an odd scene—a mad Frenchman berating an impudent knave of a postilion, in a merciless rain, at midnight, and neither understanding a word that the other said. The Count gesticulated furiously—*Que diable!—un Hôtel—une Auberge, nous disons!*

The postilion swore;—the Count drew in his head. The knave hesitated a moment,—muttered something, evidently intended for our ignorant ears, and drove on at the same mad pace.

The Count shouted again: the postilion muttered louder, and gave his horses a new thwack.

We all screamed together, and broke open the coach door. The postilion swore again, and drew up his team.

Cameron jumped out into the rain, and ran to the horses' heads. The Count surveyed from one window, and I from the other. Cameron talked very impressive Scotch, and his pantomime would have done honor to the witches of Macbeth. Uncomfortable as was our position, we could not resist breaking into a roar of laughter.

This disturbed the poor postilion more and

more. With a madman before, and two crazy fellows inside, as it must have seemed to him, he was sorely perplexed. He expostulated, he entreated, he explained,—I dare say in very good Styrian dialect. Cameron instructed, confuted, threatened, in equally good English. We attempted to assist matters, by throwing in a little French and Italian denunciation.

The postilion in despair, uttered what seemed a round oath, and put the whip to his horses. Cameron caught them by the bit;—they started back. There was no room for any fancy evolutions, there on the brink of the river. The postilion jumped from his seat, and ran to his horses' heads. Cameron caught him by the collar, and pointed back; and whether it was the gripe or the expression of his eye, I do not know, but the knave became convinced that there was no going farther that night.

We found our way back to the post station; the grumbling old Styrian was roused again; we left him grumbling, and hitching up his breeches, and drove to the inn.

Two or three half-dressed servants received us. We were in no humor for long interpretations. We made our own way to the kitchen, and took possession of a large dish of milk, and a loaf of bread; and slept the night

out quietly, on sheets fringed with lace, just over the banks of the wild Styrian river.

GRATZ

Next day by noon, we were in the old town of Gratz. Thence a railway goes to Vienna, so we dismissed our Post coach, and spent the afternoon rambling about the town. There was a good Hotel, and people with Christian tongues to serve one.

It was the old Styrian Capital. It lies on a spur of mountains, that lie like a long, blue cloud-bank on the horizon, hours before you reach them. A fortress is on a rock in the middle of the city, and there is a mouldy old cathedral, into which I wandered, and saw the women praying at noon, before the altar. The streets are broad, and on the hill the grass grows between the paving-stones; the houses are ancient, and gray and strong; and the townspeople stare one in the face prodigiously; —and this is all I know about them. For in the evening, the Count, and Cameron and I, counted it better spending of time, to talk about the events of the post ride, over some ices ordered up from the Restaurant,—than to be wandering over the gloomy old city.

AN AUSTRIAN RAILWAY

It was as if I was in America again, when I got, next morning, into a rail-carriage of American fashion, and found myself drawn—I could hardly believe my eyes—by one of Norris's Philadelphia engines. You do not know,—unless you have experienced the same thing,—how some such accident of travel, linking the distant, and the Home-known, by a sudden slip-knot, to the strange and beguiling Present of Foreign scene,—you do not know, I say, how it bewilders, and how your thought that has flowed in one steady current of quiet admiration, is all at once stirred into a thousand eddies, and a multitude of memories come crowding on your soul, that play the deuce with all your searching and traveller-like observation.

I could, however, see that the Austrians have yet much to learn in way of engineering; for though every thing is arranged with the greatest attention to safety, there is little scientific grading. The precautions taken to prevent collision, or indeed accident of any kind, are almost numberless; and I felt as safe going through the rugged defiles of middle Austria—

some twenty-five miles in the hour—as here in my elbow-chair.

We entered at once into scenery of exceeding beauty. The road went up the valley of a mountain river—winding among hills covered with richest vegetation. It reminded me strongly of Switzerland. There were the same wild forms of firs sweeping down whole sides of mountains. There were the same green slopes of hills,—sunny, and soft, and blossoming with tillage far up along the heights. Sometimes too, they broke into cliffs of bald, gray limestone,—rough and jagged, and tumbled out into the valley,—and piled aloft, like Gothic-wrought Sphinxes, to awe the weak prattler of a stream that gurgled below.

Nor was this all to make the scenery picturesque; for again and again, Cameron from one side of the coach and I from the other, called attention to some old remnant of a castle seated upon the tops of the hills;—the blue sky, or a bit of black cloud—for clouds were scudding thick and fast—would break through the ruined loop-holes with magical effect. Sometimes the ruin sat proud and scornful upon a peak of rock; at other times upon a green eminence, with trees half hiding it, and ivy hanging tresses over the stones. Once

too, we saw in the very face of the cliff, a little cavern, where a hermit had placed his home;—the smoke was oozing from one of its small windows as we passed.

The road is not continuous to Vienna; for a chain of mountains stretches right athwart the route. We took carriages to cross over. It grew wild as we approached the top;—and there, amid pine-trees that climb up on either side, a cloud of snow came over us. But between the scattered flakes we could see out over an immense country;—first low hills, that sloped away gradually to plain, on which, in broad, bright spots of grain-fields, and of grass, the sun was playing as in Summer,—while we were shivering in the winter of a mountain Spring.

The Danube would have added to the picture, but unfortunately, it lay too far away; and Vienna, with all its spires, did not even glimmer on the horizon. Grain-fields ran away to mist and sky, except where the low-lying, and driving snow-clouds came down to cover them up.

Down two leagues of zig-zag descent we went like the wind. The pine-trees hemmed us in, though not so closely, but that we could see gems of valleys in the sides of the moun-

tains, with their groups of gray-thatched houses, and flocks of goats, and bridges leaping frightful chasms below us, and the same, by and by, hanging fearfully above our heads.

——Away we went sailing again over the carelessly cultivated plain-land that stretches on toward the Capital. We passed villages, and broad market-towns lying in the flat; and we passed the baths of Baden, on a lip of the hills, that there come curling into the plain;—and presently glimmering on the level, were the housetops of a great and crowded city. From the midst of them rose a lofty and beautiful spire;—heavily crusted with Gothic sculpture, it rose above the houses;—solid, and fair in its proportions it rose, and bore up griffin, and angel, and turret, and golden saint,—high over the city.

The spire was the spire of St. Stephens, in the middle of the city of Vienna.

——You know, I believe, what it is, when a boy—long time away from home, at school—first comes in sight again of the remembered place; the letters he has received have been carefully read, and reread; the warm expressions of affection he regards little—he *knows* all that; but he bears in his topmost thought the new things he will see;—he longs to see

Ben's new rocking-horse, and the little boat—Tom's birth-day gift;—and to have a ride upon the pony that has been bought for sister Kate; and he remembers—for they have written him—that the trees which he left bare at Christmas, will be all tufted with foliage, and will sweep down upon the walks;—and that the old yard will have become a leafy paradise;—and he fancies himself rambling over the wooded hillside,—building up the stone fort on a ledge of the cliffs, and looking around to see if the chestnut-trees be promising a store of nuts;—You know, I say, how these fancies throng on him, as he comes in sight of the tree-tops, and yet how he half trembles to think—it is all so near—and that the dream is almost ended:——Just so, as I sat in the carriage before Vienna, with my thought full of what had been heard, and read, and fancied, of its stately streets—its princely mansions—its palaces—its Great Congress—its entry of Napoleon—its crown of Charlemagne—its splendid cabinets—its stores of art—its glorious music—its luxurious gardens——I half trembled that it was all so near,—and that that very night I should compose myself to sleep, within the wall-encircled city of the august Monarch of the ancient House of Hapsburg.

A PIPE WITH THE DUTCHMAN

A PIPE WITH THE DUTCHMEN

THE UPPER ELBE

Old Prague is left behind. Its quaint houses, its garnet jewels, its colored glass, its house of Tycho Brahe—from which you looked over the battle-field—glorious in the rays of sunset, are dimmed to memory, by the fresher recollections (Heaven grant they be always fresh!) of that beautiful river, on which you glided down to the pleasant Capital of Saxony.

In Europe, or our own country, I have nowhere seen richer river scenery than that along the Elbe, in its progress through Saxon Switzerland: if a comparison is to be made,—is only less rich in association than the Rhine, and only less beautiful than the Hudson.

Undines, young and fair, inhabit its waters, and fabulous giants stride over from bank to bank. And gray, giant rocks pile up by its shores, hundreds of feet into the air. At their foot, a little debris sloping to the water is covered with forest trees; and upon the

small, level summits are straggling firs. Between these isolated towers, you sometimes get glimpses of undulating country, backed by a blue pile of mountains. At other times, these towers are joined by a rocky wall—not so smooth, but wilder than the Palisades, and far more fearful to look on—for you sail close under the threatening crag, and the dark tree-fringe at the top shuts off the light, and you know that if one of the loosened fragments were to fall, it would crush the little steamer you are upon.

——Now you are free of the frowning terrors of the cliff, and go gliding down—— straight upon a grassy knoll that stretches, or seems to stretch, right athwart the stream. Nearer and nearer you go, until you can see plainly the bottom, and the grass growing down into the water; and while you are looking upon the pretty pebbled bed of the river, the boat, like a frightened duck, shies away from the grassy shore, and quickens her speed, and shoots back to the shelter of the brown ramparts again. Directly under them—not seen before—though you thought it was the old line of rampart, a white Village nestles among vines and fruit-trees; and you pass so near it, that you can see the old women at their

knitting in the cottages, and hear the pleasant prattle of children.

The prattle of the children dies away, and you glide into forest silence again.——No sound now, save the plashing of your boat in the water—or the faint crash of a fir-tree, felled by some mountain woodsman, on a distant height,—or the voice of some screaming eagle, circling round the pinnacled rocks.

Königstein, the virgin fortress, never yet taken in war, throws its shadow black as ink across the stream; and as you glide under its overhanging cliffs—looking straight up, you can see the sentinel, on the highest bastion, standing out against the sky—no bigger than your thumb.

——And this is not the half, that one can see, in going down the Elbe, from Leitmeritz to the Saxon Capital.

Dresden too, is left behind—a beautiful city. It reminds one who has been in the Scottish Highlands of Perth. The mountains of the Saxon Switzerland take the place of the blue line of Grampians;—the valley of the Elbe, in surface and cultivation, brings vividly to

mind the view of the Scotch valley, from the heights above the castle of Kinfauns;—and just such a long, stone-arched bridge as crosses the 'silvery Tay,' may be seen spanning the river at Dresden.

It made me very sad to leave Dresden. It has just that sort of quiet beauty that makes one love to linger,—and made me love to linger, though Cameron and our Italian companion, *Il Mercante,* who had joined us in place of Le Comte, were both urging on toward the Northern capitals.

So we left the Elbe, and for a long month saw no more of it.

We came in sight of it again at Magdebourg—where, if the old legends are true, (and I dare say there is more truth in them than people think, if they would but get at the bottom of the matter) there lived in the river a whimsical water-sprite. She was pretty—for she appeared under likeness of a mischievous girl,—and used to come up into the village to dance with the inhabitants, at all the fêtes;—and she wore a snow-white dress and blue turban, and had a prettier foot and more languishing eye, than any maid of Magdebourg.

The result was—she won the heart of a youngster of the town, who followed her away

from the dance to the river's brink, and plunged in with her. The villagers looked to see them appear again; but all they saw, was a gout of blood floating in a little eddy upon the top of the water.

They say it appears every year, on the same day and hour;[1]—we were, unfortunately, a month too late; and I saw nothing in the river but a parcel of clumsy barges—a stout washer-woman or two, and a very dirty steamer, on board which I was going down to Hamburg.

Another old story runs thus:

A young man, and beautiful maiden of Magdebourg, were long time betrothed. At length, when the nuptials approached, he who should have been the bridegroom, was missing. Search was made everywhere, and he was not to be found.

A famous Magician was consulted, and informed the bereaved friends, that the missing bridegroom had been drawn under the river by the Undine of the Elbe.

The Undine of the Elbe would not give him up, except the bride should take his place.

[1] *Tradition Orale de Magdebourg. MM. Grimm.* This, and the following legend will remind the reader of Carleton's ballad of Sir Turlough, or the Church Yard Bride; and also of Scott's Glenfinlas.

To this, the bride, like an exemplary woman, consented,—but her parents did not.

The friends mourned more and more, and called upon the Magician to reveal the lost man again to their view. So he brought them to the bank of the river—our steamer was lying near the spot—and uttered his spells, and the body of the lost one floated to the top, with a deep red gash in the left breast.

It seems there were stupid, inquiring people in those days, who said the Magician had murdered the poor soul of a lover, and used his magic to cover his rascality; but fortunately, such ridiculous explanations of the weird power of the Undine, were not at all credited.

I should think the Undine had now and then a dance upon the bottom of the river;—for the Elbe is the muddiest stream, all the way from Magdebourg to Hamburg, that I ever sailed upon.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

I SHOULD say, if I have not already said as much, that half the advantage of European travel, consists not so much in observation of customs of particular cities or provinces, as in

contrast and comparison of different habits,—characteristics of different countries, as represented in your fellow-*voyageurs,* on all the great routes of travel.

You may see Cockney habit in London, and Parisian habit at Paris, and Danish habit at Copenhagen, and Prussian habit at Stettin, and Italian habit at Livourne;—but you shall see them all, and more, contrasted on the deck of the little steamer that goes down the lower Elbe to Hamburg. And it is this Cosmopolitan sort of observation, by which you are enabled to detect whose habit is most distinctive in character,—whose habit most easily blends with general or local habit, that will give one an opportunity for study of both individual and national peculiarity—not easily found elsewhere.

The Englishman in his stiff cravat, you will find in all that regards dress, manner, companionship, and topic of conversation, the most distinctive in habit of all.

He cannot wear the German blouse, or the French sack; he cannot assume the easy manner of the Parisian, nor the significant carriage of the Italian. In choosing his companions, he avoids the English, because they are countrymen, and everyone else, because

they are not English. The consequence is, if he does not cross the Channel with a companion, or find one at Paris, he is very apt to go through the country without one.

Whatever may be his conversation—its foci are British topics. If he discusses the hotel, he cannot forbear alluding to the "Bell" at Gloucester, or the "Angel" at Liverpool:—if of war, it is of Marlborough, and Wellesley. He seems hardly capable of entertaining an enlarged idea, which has not some connection with England; and he would very likely think it most extraordinary, that a clever man could sustain any prolonged conversation, without a similar connection.

The Frenchman, bustling and gracious, is distinctive in whatever regards his language or food, and also in some measure, in topic.

He would be astonished to find a man in Kamtschatka who did not speak French; and if a chattering Undine had risen above the surface of the Elbe, our little French traveller would not have been half as much surprised at the phenomenon of her rising, as to hear her talking German.

He is never satisfied with his dinner;—he can neither eat English beef, nor German pies, nor Italian oil.—*Mon Dieu! quelle mauvaise*

cuisine!—is the blessing he asks at every meal; and —*Mon Dieu! c'est fini. J'en suis bien aise,*—are the thanks he returns.

His *politesse* will induce him to follow whatever topic of conversation may be suggested; but this failing, his inexhaustible resources, as you meet him on travel, are *Les Femmes,* and *La France.*

The Russian, if he has only been in a civilized country long enough to shake off a little of his savage manner, is far less distinctive than either. He cares little—how he dresses—what he eats, or in what language he talks. In Rome you would take him for an Italian,—in the Diligence for a Frenchman—at sea for an Englishman; and in trading only, for a Russian.

The German—setting aside his beard and his pipe—(which last is not easily set aside) is also little distinctive in conversational, or personal habit. You will detect him easiest at table, and by his curious questionings.

The Italian learns easily and quickly to play the Cosmopolite in dress, speech, action, and in conversation too—so long as there is no mention of Art. Touch only this source of his Passion, and he reveals in a twinkling his Southern birth.

The American—and here I hesitate long, knowing that my observation will be submitted to the test of a more rigorous examination—is in disposition least wedded to distinctiveness of all. In lack of aptitude he betrays himself. His travel being hasty, and not often repeated, he has not that cognizance of general form, which the Russian and Italian gain by their frequent journeyings.

Nor in point of language will he have the adaptiveness of the Russian;—both from lack of familiarity with conversational idiom, and lack of that facility in acquisition, which seems to belong peculiarly to the holders of the Sclavonic tongue.

Again—in way of adaptation to European life, there is something harder yet, for the American to gain:—it is the cool, half-distant, world-like courtesy which belongs to a people among whom rank obtains, and which is the very opposite to the free, open, daredevil, inconsiderate manner, that the Westerner brings over the ocean with him.

Nor is the American, in general, so close an observer of personal habit as the European. Those things naturally attract most his attention, to which he is most unused; he can tell you of the dress of royalty,—of the Papal robes, and of the modes at an Imperial ball;

but of the every-day dress and manner of gentlemen, and their after-dinner habit and topics, he may perhaps know very little.

Still, in disposition he is adaptive: what he detects he adopts. He is not obstinate in topic or dress like the Englishman, nor wedded to his speech or his dinner, like the Frenchman. He slips easily into change. In England he dines at six, with roast beef and ale. At Paris, he takes his *café*, and fricandeau, and *vin ordinaire*, and thinks nothing can be finer. At Rome he eats maccaroni *al burro*, and sets down in his note-book—how to cook it. At Barcelona he chooses rancid butter, and wonders he ever loved it fresh; and on the Rhine, he takes a bit of the boiled meat, a bit of the stew, a bit of the tart, a bit of the roast, a bit of the salad, with a bottle of Hochheimer, and the memory of all former dinners is utterly eclipsed.

In Vienna he will wear a beard,—in France a mustache,—in Spain a cloak,—and in England a white cravat. And if he but stay long enough to cure a certain native extravagance of manner,—to observe thoroughly every-day habit, and to instruct himself in the idoms of speech, he is the most thorough Worlds-man of any.

It has occurred to me, while setting down

these observations, that their faithfulness would be sustained by an attentive examination of the literary habit of the several nations, of which I have spoken. Thus, Russia—careless of her own literature, accepts that of the world; England, tenacious of British topic, is cautious in alliance with whatever is foreign.

But I have no space to pursue the parallel further. The curious reader can do it at his leisure, while I go back to our floating *bateau* on the Elbe.

THE ELBE

A DAY and a night we were floating down the river. The banks were low and sedgy—not worth a look. A chattering little Frenchman detailed to us his adventures in Russia. A clumsy Englishman was discoursing with a Norwegian merchant upon trade.

It was the sixteenth day of June, and the air hot as hottest summer. Night came in with a glorious sunset. For everything that we could see of the low country Westward was gold-yellow; the long sedge-leaves waved glittering, as if they had been dipped in golden light, and fields following fields beyond them: and Eastward, save where the black shadow of

our boat, and its clouds of smoke stretched a slanted mile over the flat banks, the color of grass, and shrub, and everything visible was golden,—golden grain-fields, and fields far beyond them, golden and golden still,—till the color blended in the pale violet of the East—far on toward Northern Poland;—and the pale violet—clear of clouds—rolled up over our heads into a purple dome. By and by the dome was studded with stars;—the awning of our boat was furled;—and we lay about the deck, looking out upon the dim, shadowy shore and to the West, where the red light lingered.

Morning came in thick fog; but the shores, when we could see them, were better cultivated, and farm-houses made their appearance.

Presently Dutch stacks of chimneys threw their long shadows over the water; and with Peter Parley's old story-book in my mind, I saw the first storks' nest. The long-legged birds were lazing about the house-tops in the sun, or picking the seeds from the sedgy grass in the meadow.

The Frenchman had talked himself quiet. Cameron was asleep.

Two or three Dutchmen were whiffing silently and earnestly at their pipes, in the bow

of the boat,—looking out for the belfries of Hamburg.

——To relieve the tedium, I thought I could do no better myself;—so I pulled out my pipe that had borne me company all through France and Italy, (it lies yet in my writing-case,) and begged a little tobacco, and a light,——it was my first Pipe with the Dutchmen.

HAMBURG

CAMERON would not go with me to Bremen:—so I left him at Hamburg—at dinner—at the table of the Kronprinzen Charles, on the sunny side of the *Jungfernstieg*.

There was, it is true, a great deal to detain him in the old free city:—there was the Alster, stretching out under our chamber windows in a broad sheet, with elegant new houses flanking it,—with little skiffs paddling over it, from which the music floated up to our ears at eventide; and beyond it was the belt of road, along which dashing equipages ran all day, and from which rose up out of the very edge of the water, the great windmill that flung the black shadows of its slouching arms, half way to the "Maiden's walk," when the

sun was riding over the tops of the gardens of Vierland.

Jenny Lind was coming to sing to the Hamburgers, and Cameron had secured a seat: besides there were two beautiful Russian girls sitting *vis à vis* at the table where I left him, and a Swedish bride, as pretty as the picture of Potiphar's wife, in the palace of Barberini at Rome. And there was a gay little Prussian girl, who could speak just enough English to enlist the sympathies of my Scotch friend, and to puzzle prodigiously her staid German Papa. I know very well, by the mischief that was in her eye, that she did not translate truly to her Papa, all the little gossip that passed between her and fun-loving Cameron, or my friend would have had, as sure as the world, a snatch of the old man's cane.

Whether it was such company, or the "hung beef" that held him, Cameron would not go with me to Bremen.

——I could have stayed at Hamburg myself. It is a queer old city, lying just where the Elbe, coming down from the mountains of Bohemia, through the wild gaps of Saxony and everlasting plains of Prussia, pours its muddy waters into a long arm of the *Mer du Nord.*

The new city, built over the ruins of the fire is elegant, and almost Paris-like; and out of it, one wanders, before he is aware, into the narrow alleys of the old Dutch gables. And blackened cross-beams and overlapping roofs, and diamond panes, and scores of smart Dutch caps, are looking down on him as he wanders entranced. It is the strangest contrast of cities that can be seen in Europe. One hour, you are in a world that has an old age of centuries;—pavements, sideways, houses, every thing old, and the smoke curling in an old-fashioned way out of monstrous chimney-stacks, into the murky sky:—five minutes' walk will bring one from the midst of this into a region where all is shockingly new:—Parisian shops, with Parisian plate-glass in the windows—Parisian shopkeepers, with Parisian gold in the till. The contrast was tormenting. Before the smooth-cut shops that are ranged around the basin of the Alster, I could not persuade myself that I was in the quaint old Hanse town of Jew brokers, and storks' nests, that I had come to see; or when I wandered upon the quays that are lined up and down with such true Dutch-looking houses, it seemed to me that I was out of all reach of the splendid hotel of the Crown

Prince, and the prim porter who sports his livery at the door. The change was as quick and unwelcome as that from pleasant dreams, to the realities of morning.

Quaint costumes may be seen all over Hamburg:—chiefest among them, are the short, red skirts of the flower-girls, and the broad-brimmed hats, with no crowns at all, set jauntily on one side a bright, smooth mesh of dark brown hair, from which braided tails go down half to their feet behind. They—the girls—wear a basket hung coquettishly on one arm, and with the other will offer you roses, from the gardens that look down on the Alster, with an air that is so sure of success, one is ashamed to disappoint it.

Strange and solemn-looking mourners in black, with white ruffles and short swords, follow coffins through the streets; and at times, when the dead man has been renowned, one of them with a long trumpet robed in black, is perched in the belfry of St. Michael's,—the highest of Hamburg,—to blow a dirge.—— Shrilly it peals over the peaked gables, and mingles with the mists that rise over the meadows of Heligoland. The drosky-men stop, to let the prim mourners go by;—the flower-girls draw back into the shadows of

the street, and cross themselves, and for one little moment look thoughtful;—the burghers take off their hats as the black pall goes dismally on. The dirge dies in the tower; and for twelve hours the body rests in the sepulchral chapel, with a light burning at the head, and another at the feet.

There would be feasting for a commercial eye in the old Hanse houses of Hamburg trade. There are piles of folios marked by centuries, instead of years—correspondences in which grandsons have grown old, and bequeathed letters to grandchildren. As likely as not, the same smoke-browned office is tenanted by the same respectable-looking groups of desks, and long-legged stools that adorned it, when Frederic was storming over the South kingdoms—and the same tall Dutch clock may be ticking in the corner, that has ticked off three or four generations past, and that is now busy with the fifth,—ticking and ticking on.

I dare say that the snuff-taking book-keepers wear the same wigs, that their grandfathers wore; and as for the snuff-boxes, and the spectacles, there is not a doubt but they have come down with the ledgers, and the day-books, from an age that is utterly gone.

I was fortunate enough to have made a

Dresden Counsellor my friend, upon the little boat that came down from Magdebourg; and the Counsellor took ice with me at the Café on the *Jungfernstieg,* and chatted with me at table; and after dinner, kindly took me to see an old client of his, of whom he purchased a monkey, and two stuffed birds. Whether the old lady, his client, thought me charmed by her treasures, I do not know; though I stared prodigiously at her and her Counsellor; and she slipped her card coyly in my hand at going out, and has expected me, I doubt not, before this, to buy one of her long-tailed imps, at the saucy price of ten louis-d'or.

——All this, and a look at the demure-faced, pretty Danish country girls toward Altona, and a ride in a one-horse gig through the garden country of Vierland,—cottages peeping out on each side the way, upon a true English road, and haymakers in the fields at sunsetting, with their rakes on their shoulders, throwing long shadows over the new-mown turf—all this, I say, I had to leave behind me on going to Bremen.

But my decision was made; my bill paid; the drosky at the door. I promised to meet Cameron at the Oude Doelen at Amsterdam, and drove off for the steamer for Harbourg.

RIDE TO BREMEN

I NEVER quite forgave myself for leaving Cameron to quarrel out the terms with the *valet-de-place* at the Crown Prince; for which I must be owing him still, one shilling and sixpence; for I never saw him afterward, and long before this, he must be tramping over the Muirs of Lanarkshire in the blue and white shooting jacket, we bought on the Quay at Berlin.

It was a fête day at Hamburg; and the steamer that went over to Harbourg was crowded with women in white. I was quite at a loss among them, in my sober travelling trim, and I twisted the brim of my Roman hat over and over again, to give it an air of gentility; but it would not do;—and the only acquaintance I could make, was a dirty-looking, sandy-haired small man, in a greasy coat, who asked me in broken English, if I was going to Bremen. As I could not understand one word of the jargon of the others about me, I thought it best to secure the acquaintance of even so unfavorable a specimen. It proved, that he was going to Bremen too, and he advised me to go with him in a diligence that set off immediately on our arrival at Har-

bourg. As it was some time before the mail carriage would leave, I agreed to his proposal.

It was near night when we set off, and never did I pass over duller country, in duller coach, in duller company.——Nothing but wastes on either side, half covered with heather; and when cultivated at all, producing only a light crop of rye, which here and there, flaunted its yellow heads over miles of country. The road, too, was execrably paved with round stones,—the coach, a rattling, crazy, half made, and half decayed diligence. A shoemaker's boy and my companion of the boat, who proved a Bremen Jew, were with me on the back seat, and two little windows were at each side, scarce bigger than my hand. Three tobacco-chewing Dutch sailors were on the middle seat, who had been at Bordeaux, and Jamaica, and the Cape; and in front was an elderly man and his wife—the most quiet of all,—for the woman slept, and the man smoked.

The little villages passed, were poor, but not dirty, and the inns despicable on every account but that of filth. The sailors at each took their schnapps; and I, at intervals, a mug of beer or dish of coffee.

The night grew upon us in the midst of dismal landscape, and the sun went down over

the distant rye fields, like a sun at sea. Nor was it without its glory:—the old man who smoked, pulled out his pipe, and nudged his wife in the ribs; and the sailors laid their heads together. The Sun was the color of blood, with a strip of blue cloud over the middle; and the reflections of light were crimson—over the waving grain tops, and over the sky, and over the heather landscape.

Two hours after, it was dark, and we tried to sleep. The shoemaker smelt strong of his bench, and the Jew of his old clothes, and the sailors, as sailors always smell, and the coach was shut; so it was hard work to sleep, and I dare say it was but little after midnight, when I gave it up, and looked for the light of the next day.

—It came at last, a white streak along the horizon, but disclosed no better country; nor did we see better until the Jew had put on his bands, and said his Hebraic service by the fair light of morning, in the outskirts of the city of Bremen.

BREMEN

I NEVER want to go to Bremen again. There are pretty walks upon the ramparts, and there is old hock under the Hôtel de Ville in enormous casks, and there are a parcel of mum-

mied bodies lying under the church, that for a silver mark, Hamburg money, the sexton will be delighted to show one; but the townspeople, such of them as happened about the Linden-hof, upon the great square, seemed very stupid; and not one could tell me how I was to get to Amsterdam.

In this strait, I had a wish to find the Consul: and the *garçon,* a knowing fellow, took me to a magnificent portal, on which were the blended arms of all the South American States. I told him it would not do—that there must be stars and stripes; at which he stared very piteously at me, seeming to think I was a little touched in the brain. But after some further inquiries, I found my way to a cockloft, where a good-natured Dutchman received me, and took me to the Exchange, and the wine-cellar, and left me at the Poste, with my name booked for Oldenburg the same afternoon. The mail line was the property of the Duke of Oldenburg; and a very good one it was, for we went off in fine style in a sort of drosky drawn by two Dutch ponies.

OLDENBURG

There is a dreamy kind of pleasure in scudding so fast, over so smooth and pretty roads

as lay between us that afternoon, and the capital of the Duchy of Oldenburg. There was a kindly-looking old man sat opposite to me in the drosky, who would have talked with me more—for we mustered a little of common language—but for a gabbling Danois, who engrossed nearly the whole of his time. I met him again in the park of the Duke, and arm in arm the *viellard* and I rambled over it together, under the copper-leaved beech-trees, and by the stripes of water that lay in the lawn.

Sometimes we would meet a family of the town at their evening stroll—the youngest trooping it over the greensward, and the half-grown girls shading their faces with the roses, that grow so profusely in the park. Then would come along, laughing, a company of older ones. I would button up my coat, and put on my cleanest glove, and make the best appearance I could with my travelling trim; but for all that, there were a great many wicked glances thrown at me; and half a dozen times, I vowed I would be looking better on my next visit to Oldenburg. It would all be very well on the great routes of travel, where every third man you meet is a *voyageur* like yourself, and where a sort of travelling

etiquette prevails. Not so in the out-of-the-way, quiet, and home-like towns, where a new comer is at once an object of attention, and put down in the tattle-books of the gossips.

It was in Oldenburg I saw first the Dutch taste for flowers. Every house had its parterre of roses and tulips; and the good old custom of taking tea in the midst of them, before the door, was zealously maintained. And I could see the old ladies lifting their teapots, and the girls smirking behind their saucers, as I walked before the houses, still chatting with the old gentleman of the drosky.

THE DRINKING-HORN

He led me into the great court-yard of the Ducal Palace. The doors were shut—only a sentinel or two were pacing about.

I was sorry not to go within the Palace, for my companion told me something of an old drinking-horn, guarded as a precious relic by the Oldenburg family, which made me very curious to see it. He told me it was a stag's horn, curiously carved over, in an antique style, with dragons and fairies,—that it was tipped at the bottom with pearl, and lined throughout with pure gold.

It seems that many centuries ago, when things were different from what they are now, and men were tempted by Satan in the shape of goblins and elfs, as they are tempted now by him in the shape of men and women—there lived a pious and brave Baron of Oldenburg—Hilderick by name, who was kind to his vassals, and said his prayers, in spite of all the Devil could do.

Hilderick had gone out one day to hunt, and excited by the chase, had rode away from his companions, and lost himself in the forest. For hours he rode on, not knowing which way he was going. At length, when he was nearly exhausted by fatigue and thirst, he espied through an opening in the trees, a tall hill.

He spurred his jaded horse toward the eminence, thinking that possibly he might see from the top, either the turrets of his castle, or some sign of his comrades.

But he was doomed to be disappointed; he could see from the top neither turret nor horseman;—and heard only the wind rushing through the openings of the forest, or the howl of a bear from some dark thicket.

The Baron was near falling from his horse, exhausted by hard riding, and a raging thirst, when suddenly there appeared behind him—as if she had come up the other side of the moun-

tain—a beautiful damsel, in white, bearing a drinking-horn full of sparkling liquor. Softly she approached the Baron, and put the horn in his hand. Hilderick murmured a word of thanks—his fatigue would allow him to do no more,—and put the rim of the horn to his lips,—when suddenly he remembered that he had been warned against a strange lady, who should come to him with a goblet of wine.

His thirst was raging, but he implored the aid of his patron saint, and dashed the liquor behind him. His horse reared and plunged, for where so much as a drop had touched his flank, the skin was raw and bloody.

The eyes of the strange lady shot out glances of fire. She demanded the horn of the Baron, but he refused to give it her.

Hilderick's eyes started in fright, and his frame shook, for the eyes of the woman changed to the red eyes of a dragon, and her hair grew coarse and stiff, and her fair bosom became coated with ugly scales, and her arms became sharp claws.

The horse of Hilderick bounded down the mountain—the Baron clutching his trophy, and hearing with dread, the bushes crackling behind him under the tread of the great she-dragon.

On and on—straight as an arrow, flew the

horse of Hilderick—his flanks all bloody—his nostrils panting with rage. And on as fast, through the terrible forest, came the roaring paces of the maddened dragon.

The Baron uttered his prayers, and saw at length, that he was approaching the bounds of his kingdom; but his foe was near upon him, and he felt her hot breath like the blasts of a furnace.

At length the horse of Hilderick fell exhausted. The knight uttered a prayer, and looking around, saw that he was within the bounds of his own kingdom, and that the dragon had vanished.

When the horse of Hilderick had recovered himself, the Baron rode home to his castle, and ordered prayers to be said for his deliverance. His people rejoiced as much as he, for he was kind to his vassals. It was, without doubt, they said, an attempt on the part of Satan, to buy the allegiance of the Baron. And it was a boast with them in years after;—the Good Knight Hilderick, who, though dying with thirst, would not take drink from the Evil One.

Whether some of his successors have not sold themselves to the Devil, on much cheaper terms, is more than I know.

The proof of the story is;—that there is still a race of horses in the neighborhood, with white spots on their flank—called the breed of the Dragon. And what is still stronger—indeed irrefragable, is the fact that the drinking-horn is still hanging in an old cabinet of the Palace of Oldenburg.

——At least, my companion told me it was; and I find the same thing attested by Messieurs Grimm[1]—from whom, indeed, I suspect the *viellard* had taken the prominent ideas of the story: though he amplified it to excess; for, whereas in Grimm, it is embraced in two short paragraphs, the old gentleman had occupied a full half hour in the recital.

A SHORT SERMON

When we had rambled back to his inn, we had grown quite familiar, and wholly forgot, until we told each other of it, that our paths diverged on the morrow, forever.

It is sad, and it is pleasant, this experience of solitary wayside travel! An hour—you interchange thought with a man of different language, different religion, and different ideas

[1] Les veillées Allemandes: Traduction par L'Heritier (de L'Ain) *Imp. Mme. Huzard. Paris.*

of what is moral. You unite with him only on a common social ground—you grow into his thoughts,—you look out through his eyes. Your sympathies chime together on some common subject; your feelings toward him grow warm,—your familiarity increases; you take him, in words, to your home; you extend the sympathies, that grow and kindle into a flame at the recollection, around the new heart, that seems to pulsate with yours; and he takes you to *his* home, and your affections, warmed, take the impulse and bound under it; and you are united to him by ties pure as blood ties; and yet, when you shake his hand, as I shook the hand of that old gentleman that evening, on the banks of the little stream that runs into the Weser, an uncontrollable sadness comes over you,—for it is the last shaking of hands that you, or he will know.

His sentiments may be as different from yours on some subjects, that have a shape formed by education, as light from darkness. What on earth matters it, if he be Jew, or Catholic, or German? There will be words, and warm words, as common to him as to you; and he who shrinks them into little words, that have meaning so limited, they cannot touch feelings, except they are biased just as his

on every point, does not know how to use words well, or as the God of nature meant they should be used.

In familiar life, and in a world we know, we shape words to characters: insensibly we make an estimate of what a man's opinions may be, and we shape conduct to the opinions —either to combat them or to humor them, but all the while with them in view. In a strange world, of creeds so variant and curious, as scatter over the surface of the Continent, one meets man as a man, and a man only; and he tempers thought and intercourse upon a grand range—a range limited only by human sympathies; and he does not think to jar on this opinion or that, but embraces opinions that must belong to every human feeling soul. The mind and the heart expand on this great ground. Sensibilities take quicker impulse where there are no codes to regulate them: affections break out free and evenly divided: prejudice is bewildered, for the landmarks are lost.

What glorious openness and evenness of feeling grow out of such experience! How one towers up, and towers up, until he feels that he can look down on the wranglers about differences of opinion—there they squabble

away, the poor creatures! about thinking unlike, and can never agree to do it; they are defining charity, and cannot lift themselves to the nobleness of its practice.

I believe, on my honor, I should have preached a very good sort of a sermon that night (if I have not done so already), with no better text than the cheerful talk the gray-haired man of Bremen and I had together, along the pretty paths of the park of Oldenburg. I could not do justice to my chops and wine at the Hôtel de Russie: so I went off early to bed.

THE DROSKY AND DUTCHMAN

It was a good drosky, and good horses put to it, that was standing at the door of the *bureau de poste* next morning, to take me on my way to Amsterdam. The back seats and front seats were both empty, and I dreaded near a two days' ride alone. But just as I got in, there came up a young man of nineteen or twenty, and took a place beside me. Company was agreeable; but two days together, with no common language to talk in, would be worse than no company at all.

Presently it came—just as I thought,—infernal Dutch.

I shook my head in a sour way; and so, thought I, he takes me for a Dutchman; and partly nettled with this notion, and partly annoyed at not being able to talk, I muttered—*le diable!*

The exclamation was out of all place, for my companion spoke French better than I. He had French communicativeness, too, and in a half hour we were old friends.

He was the oldest of nine children of a merchant of Amsterdam. Eight years he had sucked the ink from the quills in his father's counting-room. But two years back, there had come under his father's patronage an Italian skipper. The skipper and he had many a quiet afternoon together over the tall desks, and while the old Meinheer was puffing at his meerschaum, in the leather-bottomed chair of the inner office, the young Meinheer had lolled over the long stools, killing flies with the end of his ruler, and listening to the skipper's stories of those parts of the world which lie beyond the Zuyder Zee. His youthful imagination became inflamed, and with it, his love of knowledge. He added Italian to French, and begged his father to let him change his position. He was tired of the old counting-room by the Amstel, and tired of looking forever into the dirty Keizers Gracht.

The children at home were good children and quiet children: but little Frans, and Girard, and Jans would catch hold of his coat-tails when he came in from the office tired, and would pull his hair if he did not take one in his lap, and ride the other on his foot;—all which,—said my companion,—took up my evenings; which young men like you and I want to themselves.

—I gave him an affirmative nod, and he went on—

—For six months my father considered the subject. Meantime little Frans was growing up to be as high at the desk as I. The skipper became more eloquent of other lands; and I listened and grew enamored. At length one day—a week Monday—my father called me in the office, and put a batch of letters in my hand, and counted out a hundred guilders, and told me I might go, and see what could be done in Bremen.

—In Bremen?—said I.

—Bremen, Monsieur.

—It is a little way,—said I.

—*Pardon, Monsieur, pardon,* it is a long way from Amsterdam.

—I am come farther within a month—even from Vienna.

—*Monsieur—Quel grand chemin!*
—And before that, from Rome.
—*Par bleu!*
—And from Paris.
—*Ciel!*
—And from America.
—*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*

When he had recovered a little from his good-natured astonishment, I inquired after his success. It could not have been better: the second day in the strange city he had secured a place, he had lived like a prince at the inn, had drunk a bottle of Hochheimer a day, and was now, with fifteen guilders left, going back to arrange his final departure from his home and kindred.

I felt interested in my companion's story, as showing the simplicity and quietude of the Dutch character; and if the reader has been as much so, he will care nothing about the country we passed over, before stopping to dine.

The postilion had given two blasts on his bugle; I gulped down a last glass of wine,—seized a piece of the old lady's cheese in my hand, and we settled the cost between us, my companion and I, on the back seat of the coach. My Dutch friend had well improved his one

trip over the road, for I noticed that the maid of the inn at Lingen gave him a familiar nod, and a very encouraging look—leaving me to the guidance of a middle-aged woman in boots, who entertained a half-score of fat, short boys, who followed us, by telling them that the Meinheer in the gray hat and coat, was a live American; nor did I get rid of the troop, until I went in to supper at that town on the Ems.

Here, our post arrangements underwent a change; and we were reduced to choice of seats in a wretched old diligence. It was dark when we got in the coach, and I could not make out what sort of companions we had. At eleven and a half we were fairly jolted asleep, when there was a stop for the officers of the Customs of Holland. All escaped except an old fellow who was dreaming before me, and who could give no satisfactory account of a savory package in his lap.—He looked appealingly with his eyes half open, at the officer with the lantern; but the officer with the lantern was unfortunately wide awake, and our poor fellow-traveller was at length obliged to confess to—sausages: they took him and his meats out of the coach, and for a half hour we waited in the cold, before

the poor soul came back, muttering over his prostrate hopes.

A DUTCH INN

A LITTE past sunrise, I took my first cup of coffee in a true Dutch inn. The floor was as clean as the white deal table, but made of polished tiles; the huge chimney was adorned with the same. The walls were fresh painted and washed; the dishes were set on edge upon the shelves, and the copper saucepans hung round, as redly bright as in Bassano's pictures. The clock stood in the corner; the slate and the pencil were hanging beside the casement; a family portrait hung over one end of the mantel, and the hour-glass, and the treasures were ranged below. A black and white cat was curled up and dozing in a straight-backed chair; and a weazen-faced landlady was gliding about in a stiff white cap.

DEVENTER

WHEN we reached Deventer, it was the middle of the morning of a market day; and the short-gowned women thronging over the great square, under the shadow of the cathedral,

seemed just come out of the studios of the old Dutch painters. We ate some of the eggs that were in pyramids among them, at the inn of the Crown. Rich enough is the primitiveness of all this region. Even the rude stares that met me and my Southern garb in the streets, were more pleasant than annoying. Strangers rarely come into the region, merely to look about them; and so little is there even of local travel, that the small silver coin I had taken the evening before, was looked doubtfully upon by the ginger-bread dealers of Deventer. In every other portion of Europe, I had been harassed by falling in with French and English, in every coach and at every inn. Here I was free from all but natives; and not a single post carriage had I fallen in with, over all the country from Bremen to Deventer. There was a spice of old habits in every action. There was a seeming of being translated a century or two back in life; and neither in coaches, nor horses, nor taverns, nor hostesses, was there anything to break the seeming. The eggs at the inn were served in old style; the teapot, low and sprawling, was puffing out of a long, crooked nose by the fire, in good old fashion; the maid wore a queer old cap and stomacher, and she and the cook peeped through the half-

opened door, and giggled at the strange language we were talking.

The daughters of the market-women, were many of them as fresh and rosy as their red cabbages; and there were daughters of gentlewomen, looking as innocent as the morning air, out of the open casements:—in short, I was half sorry I had booked for Arnheim, and what was worse, that the coach was at the door of the Crown.

Many a time before and since, my heart has rebelled against being packed off from bright sunny towns, whose very air one seems to love,—and still more the pleasant faces that look after you. What large spots in memory, bright, kind-looking faces cover over! But they pass out of sight, and only come back, a long way off, in dreams—blessed be Heaven for that! And when one wakes from them into the vividness of present interests, he seems to have the benefit of two worlds at once—blessed be Heaven for that, too!

I should have grown very sulky in the coach, had it not been for the exceedingly beautiful scenery we were going through. The fields were as green as English fields, and the hedges as trim and blooming as English hedges. The cottages were buried in flowers

and vines, and an avenue embowered us all the way. A village we passed through, was the loveliest gem of a village, that could bless an old or a young lady's eyes in Europe. The road was as even and hard as a table, and winding. Hedges were each side of it, and palings here and there as neatly painted as the interiors at home; and over them, amid a wilderness of roses and jessamines, the white faces of pleasant-looking Dutch cottages:—the road throughout the village as tidy as if it had been swept, and the trees so luxuriant, that they bent over to the coach-top. Here, again, I would have wished to stop—to stop, by all that is charming in bright eyes—for half a lifetime.

An old Dutch lady, a worthy burgomaster's wife of Arnheim, would not leave off pointing to me the beauties as they came up, with her *fort joli,* and *charmant*;—to all of which, I was far more willing in accordance, than of the two thirds of the coach seat, which was surely never intended for such sized bodies, as that of the burgomaster's wife. I was sorry, notwithstanding, when we had finished our ride in the clean streets of Arnheim, and set off, in a hard rain, by the first train for Amsterdam. All the way down, through Naarden

and Utrecht, the rain was pouring so hard, that I had only glimpses of water and windmills. I bade my friend of the office in the Amstel, good-by, and though he promised to call at my inn, I never saw him again.

THE OUDE DOELEN

I DID not much like the little back room on the first floor, which they gave me at the Oude Doelen, for it seemed I could almost put the end of my umbrella into the canal; and there was a queer craft with a long bowsprit lying close by, that for all I knew, with a change of tide, might be tangling her jib-boom in my sheets. I ventured to say to my host, that the room might be damp.

—*Le diable,*—said my host; and without making further reply to my suggestion, turned round and spoke very briskly with the head-waiter. What he said I do not know; but when he had finished, the waiter clasped his hands, looked very intently at me, and exclaimed, with the utmost fervor,—*Mon Dieu!*

I saw I had committed, however innocently, some very grave mistake; so I thought to recommend myself to their charities, by tak-

ing the room at once, and saying no more about the dampness.

When I woke up, the sun was reflected off the water in the canal into my eyes. From the time I had left Florence, four months before, I had not received a letter from home, and my first object was to seek out a Mr. Van Bercheem, to whom I was duly accredited. Godsends, in verity, are letters from home, to one wandering alone; and never did a wine lover break the green seal off the Hermitage, as eagerly as I broke open the broad red wax, and lay back in the heavy, Dutch chair, and read, and thought, and dreamed—dreamed that Europe was gone—utterly vanished; and a country where the rocks are rough, and the hills high, and the brooks all brawlers, come suddenly around me,—where I walked between homely fences, but under glorious old trees, and opened gateways that creaked; and trod pathways that were not shaven, but tangled and wild; and said to my dog, as he leaped in his crazy joy half to my head—Good fellow, Carlo!—and took this little hand, and kissed that other soft cheek——heigho! dreaming surely; and I all the while in the little back parlor of the Oude Doelen at Amsterdam!

A DUTCH MERCHANT

A ROSY young woman came out into the shop that I entered with the valet, upon one of the dirty canals, and led me into a back hall, and up a dark stairway, and rapped at a door, and Mr. Van Bercheem appeared. He was a spare, thin-faced man of forty—a bachelor,—wedded to business. At first, he saw in me a new connection in trade; it was hard to disappoint him, and I half encouraged the idea; but my present travel, I assured him, was wholly for observation.

—Ah, he had tried it, but it would not do. He was lost,—withering up soul and body, when he was away from his counting-room. He had tried the country,—he had tried society for a change, but he could find no peace of mind away from his books.

He spoke of the great names upon 'Change,—the Van Diepens, the Van Huyems, the De Heems; and I fancied there had been hours, when he had listened to himself, adding to the roll,—Van Bercheem.

The valet put his head in at the door, to ask if I wished him longer; I dismissed him, and the mèrchant thanked me.

—These fellows are devils, Monsieur; he has been keeping his place there at the door, to know what business you and I can have together, and he will tattle it in the town; and there are men who disgrace the profession of a merchant, who will pay such dogs;—and he lowered his voice, and stepped lightly to the door, and opened it again, but I was glad the valet had gone.

He asked me in with him to breakfast; it was only across the back hall, in a little parlor, heavily curtained, and clean as Dutch parlors are always. The breakfast was served,—I knew not by whom—perhaps the rosy woman in the shop below. A cat that walked in, and lay down on the rug, was the only creature I saw, save my friend, the merchant. I tried to lead him to talk of the wonders, and of the society of Amsterdam; but his mind worked back insensibly to 'Change and trade. It was a fearful enthusiasm. I thought of Horace's lines:—

> Quisquis
> Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore,
> Aut alio mentis morbo calet,—

Burning, surely! He finished his breakfast and went back with me to the counting-room.

He gave me a list of his correspondences;—he put in my hands a great packet of cards of houses from Smyrna to Calcutta, and of each he gave me a brief history, with the never-failing close, that each was safe and honorable. He pressed upon me thirty-five cards of the house of Van Bercheem;—he wished me success;—he hoped I would not be forgetful of him, and sent a little Dutch boy in the office to show me the Palace. He went back pale to his books. I shall never forget him.

AMSTERDAM

In an hour, with the Dutch boy, I was on the top of the tower of the Palace. The view that lay under my eye that July day, and one not wholly dissimilar, seen three months before, from the tower of San Marco at Venice, are the most strange that met my eye in Europe.

Here, as at Venice, there was a world of water, and the land lay flat, and the waves played up to the edges as if they would cover it over. At Venice, the waters were bright, and green, and moving. At Amsterdam, they lay still and black in the city, and only where the wind ruffled them in the distance, did they sparkle of white. The houses too, seemed tot-

tering on their uneasy foundations, as the palaces of Venice, and the tower of the Greek Church had seemed to sway.

But the great difference between the two, was in the stir of life. Beneath me, in the Dutch Capital, was the Palace Square and the Exchange, thronging with thousands, and cars and omnibuses rattling among them. Along the broad canals, the boatmen were tugging their clumsy craft, piled high with the merchandise of every land. Every avenue was crowded,—every quay cumbered with bales, and you could trace the boats along the canals bearing off in every direction,—even India ships were gliding along upon artificial water above the meadows where men were reaping; and the broad, high dikes, stretching like sinews between land and water, were studded thick with mills, turning unceasingly their broad arms, and multiplying in the distance to mere revolving specks upon the horizon.

Venice seemed asleep. The waves, indeed, broke with a light murmur against the palace of the Doge, and at the foot of the tower; but the boats lay rocking lazily on the surface of the water, or the graceful gondolas glided noiselessly. The Greek sailors slept on the decks of their quaint feluccas;—no roll of

cart, or horses' heavy tread, echoed over the Piazza di San Marco;—a single man-of-war lay with her awning spread at the foot of the Grand Canal. There was an occasional foot-fall on the pavement below us;—there was the dash of the green sea-water over the marble steps;—there was the rustling of the pigeons' wings, as they swooped in easy circles around us, and then bore down to their resting-places among the golden turrets of St. Mark:—everything beside was quiet!

The little Dutch boy and I went down the steps together. I thanked him, and asked him my way into the Jews' quarter of the town. He would not permit me to go alone. He had learned French at his school, where, he said, all the boys of merchants spoke it only; and a great many intelligent inquiries he made of me, about that part of the world which could not be seen from the top of the palace tower;—for further, poor soul, he had never been. The tribe of Israel cannot be clean even in Dutch-land; and though their street was broad, and the houses rich, there was more filth in it, than in all the rest of Amsterdam together. There they pile old clothes, and they polish diamonds by the thousand.

Walking along under the trees upon the

quays beside the canals, one sees in little, square mirrors, that seem to be set outside the windows of the houses for the very purpose, the faces of the prettiest of the Dutch girls. Old women, fat and spectacled, are not so busy with their knitting but they can look into them at times, and see all down the street, without ever being observed. It is one of the old Dutch customs, and while Dutch women are gossips, or Dutch girls are pretty, it will probably never go by. In Rotterdam, at Leyden, at Utrecht, and the Hague, these same slanting mirrors will stare you in the face.

Nowhere are girls' faces prettier than in Holland; complexions pearly white, with just enough of red in them to give a healthy bloom, and their hands are as fair, soft and tapering, as their eyes are full of mirth, witchery, and fire.

I went through the street of the merchant princes of Amsterdam. A broad canal sweeps through the centre, full of every sort of craft, and the dairy-women land their milk from their barges, on the quay in front of the proudest doors. The houses and half the canal are shaded with deep-leaved lindens, and the carriages rattle under them, with the tall houses one side, and the waters the other.

My boy guide left me at the steps of the Royal Gallery. There is in it a picture of twenty-five of the old City Guard, with faces so beer-loving and real, that one sidles up to it, with his hat hanging low, as if he were afraid to look so many in the face at once. And opposite, are some noble fellows of Rembrandt's painting, going out to shoot; they jostle along, or look you in the face, as carelessly as if they cared not one fig for you, or the Dutch burgomaster's family, who were with me looking on, that morning:—and there was a painted Candle-light, and Bear-hunt—— how a tempest of memory scuds over them all, here in my quiet chamber, that I can no more control, than the wind that is blowing the last leaves away!

Would to Heaven I were gifted with some Aladdin touch, to set before you—actual—only so many quaint things and curious, as lie together in the old Dutch Capital,—churches, and pictures, and quays, and dikes, and spreading water,—sluggish and dead within, but raging like a horse that is goaded without!

Like a toad the city sits, squat upon the marshes; and her people push out the waters, and pile up the earth against them, and sit

down quietly to smoke.[1] Ships come home from India and ride at anchor before their doors,—coming in from the sea through paths they have opened in the sand, and unloading their goods on quays that quiver on the bogs.

BUIKSLUT

VAN BERCHEEM had told me I must go over to Buikslut to see the ship-canal; so, one sunny noon, I sailed over, and fell in with an India Captain, who was my interpreter. He was a fat, easy talking Dutchman; but I do not now remember the half that he said about his ship, and his trip down the China Seas, and the great canal we were upon. And it was something very odd, and struck me very oddly, that he, a Dutchman from Japan, should be describing to me, half a savage, from a little nook of savage country, as far West as he had

[1] Old Andrew Marvel gives them this bit of undeserved satire:—

"As miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fished the land to shore,
And dived as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergris;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;
Or than those pills, which sordid beetles roll,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul."

been East, the strange things that were coming to our eyes through the cabin windows of our boat.

One side we looked over a wild waste, with rank herbage here and there, and over the far-off edge of which, appeared some of the windmills of Saardam; the other side, we looked down upon a soft meadow where cattle were grazing, while water that floated ships was only a stone's throw away, and high over its level.

Sober-looking cottages were here and there along the margin of the canal, with sober-looking burghers smoking in the door-ways,—living safely enough now; but if old Ocean were to take one little madcap leap—and he has done it before—they would go down into the sea, with their herring. Along the great sea-dike at Saardam, one may see the Ocean trying to leap over; and standing low down upon the meadow, one hears the waves dashing against the dike high over his head, upon the other side.

From Buikslut, a little village in the trees, upon the bank of the grand canal, I would go on to Broek;—so the Captain gave me over to the patronage of a little skipper, who ran his boat over the cross-country canals.

BROEK

A HALF-HOUR'S sail brought us in sight of the church spire, rising from among the trees; and soon appeared the chimney-tops, and finally the houses themselves, of the little town of Broek,—all prettily reflected in a clear side-basin of the canal.

A town it hardly is; but a group of houses among rich trees, where eight hundred neighbors live, and make things so neat, that strangers come a thousand miles for a look at the wondrous nicety. Passing by the basin of smooth water that reflected so prettily the church and the trees, we stopped before a little inn, finely shaded with a beech trained into an arbor all over the front. A very, very pretty blue-eyed Dutch girl of sixteen, received me. We could talk nothing together; but there happened a stupid old Meinheer smoking with his wife at the door, through whom I explained my wants. I saw by the twinkle in her eye that she comprehended. If I had spoken an hour it could not have been better—my dinner. There were cutlets white as the driven snow, and wine with cobwebs of at least a year's date on the bottle, and the nicest of Dutch

cheese, and strawberries, and profusion of delicious cream.

The blue-eyed girl had stolen out to put on another dress, while I was busy with the first cutlet; and she wore one of the prettiest little handkerchiefs imaginable on her shoulders, and she glided about the table so noiselessly, so charmingly, and arranged the dishes so neatly, and put so heaping a plateful of strawberries before me, that—confound me! I should have kept by the dinner-table until night, if the old lady had not put her head in the door, to say—there was a person without, who would guide me through the village.

—And who is to be my guide?—said I, as well as I could say it.

The old lady pointed opposite. I thought she misunderstood me, and asked her again.

She pointed the same way—it was a stout woman with a baby in her arms!

Was there ever such a Cicerone before? I looked incredulously at my hostess; she looked me honestly enough back, and set her arms a-kimbo. I tried to understand her to point to her blue-eyed daughter, who was giggling behind her shoulder—but she was inexorable.

I grew frightened; the woman was well enough, though jogging upon forty. But the

baby—what on earth should it be doing; suppose she were to put it in my arms in some retired part of the village? Only fancy me six leagues from Amsterdam, with only ten guilders in my pocket, and a fat Dutch baby squalling in my hands! But the woman—with a ripe, red, laughing cheek, had a charitable eye, and we set off together.

Not a bit, though, could we talk, and it was —*nichts, nichts,* however I put the questions. Nature designed eyes to talk half a language, and the good soul pleaded to me with hers for the beauty of her village;—words of the oldest Cicerone could not plead stronger. And as for the village, it needed none. It was like dreaming; it was like fairy-land.

Away, over a little bridge, we turned off the tow-path of the canal, and directly were in the quiet ways of the town. They were all paved with pebbles or bricks, arranged in every quaint variety of pattern; and all so clean, that I could find no place to knock the ashes from my pipe. The grass that grew up everywhere to the edge of the walks was short—not the prim shortness of French shearing, but it had a look of dwarfish neatness, as if custom had habituated it to short growth, and habit become nature. All this in the public highway

—not five yards wide, but under so strict municipal surveillance, that no horse or unclean thing was allowed to trample on its neatness. Once a little donkey, harnessed to a miniature carriage, passed us, in which was a Dutch Miss, to whom my lady patroness with the baby bowed low. It was evidently, however, a privileged lady, and the donkey's feet had been waxed.

Little yards were before the houses, and these stocked with all sorts of flowers, arranged in all sorts of forms, and so clean—walks, beds, and flowers—that I am sure, a passing sparrow could not have trimmed his feathers in the plat, without bringing out a toddling Dutch wife with her broom. The fences were absolutely polished with paint; and the hedges were clipped—not with shears, but scissors. Now and then faces would peep out of the windows, but in general the curtains were close drawn. We saw no men, but one or two old gardeners and a half-dozen painters. Girls we met, who would pass a word to my entertainer, and a glance to me, and a low courtesy, and would chuckle the baby under the chin, and glance again. But they were not better dressed, nor prettier, than the rest of the world, besides having a great deal shorter

waists and larger ankles. They looked happy, and healthy, and homelike.

Little boys were rolling along home from school—rolling, I mean, as a seaman rolls—with their short legs, and fat bodies, and phlegmatic faces. Two of them were throwing off hook and bait into the canal from under the trees; and good fishers, I dare say, they made, for never a word did they speak; and I almost fancied that if I had stepped quietly up, and kicked one of them into the water, the other would have quietly pulled in his line—taken off his bait—put all in his pocket, and toddled off in true Dutch style, home, to tell his Dutch mamma.

Round pretty angles that came unlooked for, and the shady square of the church—not a sound anywhere—we passed along, the woman, the baby, and I. Half a dozen times, I wanted Cameron with me to enjoy a good Scotch laugh at the oddity of the whole thing; for there was something approaching the ludicrous in the excess of cleanliness—to say nothing about my stout attendant, whose cares and anxieties were most amusingly divided between me and the babe. There was a large garden, a phthisicky old gardener took me over, with puppets in cottages, going by clock-work—an old woman

spinning, dog barking, and wooden mermaids playing in artificial water; these all confirmed the idea with which the extravagant neatness cannot fail to impress one, that the whole thing is a mockery, and in no sense earnest.

From this, we wandered away in a new quarter, to the tubs, and pans, and presses of the dairy. The woman in waiting gave a suspicious glance at my feet when I entered the cow-stable; and afterward, when she favored me with a look into her home, all beset with high-polished cupboards and china, my steps were each one of them regarded—though my boots had been cleaned two hours before—as if I had been treading in her churn, and not upon a floor of stout Norway plank. The press was adorned with brazen weights, and bands shining like gold. The big mastiff who turned the churn was sleeping under the table, and the maid showed me the women milking over the low ditches in the fields,—for the sun was getting near to the far away flat grounds in the West.

With another stroll through the clean streets of the village, I returned to my little inn, where I sat under the braided limbs of the beech-tree over the door. There was something in the quiet and cleanliness that im-

pressed me like a picture, or a curious book. It did not seem as if healthy flesh and blood, with all its passions and cares, could make a part of such a way of living. It was like reading a Utopia, only putting household economy in place of the *politeia* of Sir Thomas More. I am sure that some of the dirty people along the Rhone, and in the Vallais Canton of Switzerland, if suddenly translated to the grass slopes that sink into the water at Broek, would imagine it some new creation.

So I sat there musing before the inn, looking out over the canal, and the vast plain with its feeding flocks, and over the groups of cottages, and windmills, and far-off delicate spires.

SAILING HOME

By and by a faint gush of a distant bugle-note came up over the evening air. It was from the boat that was to carry me back to Amsterdam.

It came again, and stronger, and rolled tremulously over the meadows.—The sheep feeding across the canal lifted their heads, and listened. ——The blue-eyed girl of the inn came and leaned against the door-post, and listened too. ——The landlady put her sharp eyes out of

the half-opened window, and looked down the meadows. The music was not common to the boaters of Broek. Presently came the pattering steps of the horse upon the foot-way, and the noise of the rush of the boat, and a new blast of the bugle. The sheep opposite lifted their heads, and looked,—and turned,—and looked again, and ran away in a fright.

The blue-eyed girl was yet leaning in the door-way, and the old lady was looking out of the window when the boat sailed slowly by, and left the inn out of sight.

I was standing by the side of the skipper, musing on what I had seen: one does not get there, after all, a true idea of the Dutch country character, since the village is mostly peopled by retired citizens.——This other, the true Ostade and Teniers light upon Dutch land, is seen farther North and East, and in glimpses as we floated along the canal in the evening twilight, home. The women were seated at the low doors knitting, or some belated ones were squatting like frogs on the edge of the canal, scrubbing their coppers, till they shone in the red light of sunset, brighter than the moon. Our skipper with his pipe sitting to his tiller, would pass a sober good "eben" to every passer on the dike, and to every old

Dutchman smoking at his door;—and every passer on the dike, and every smoking Dutchman at his door, would solemnly bow his good "eben" back. More than this nothing was said.

One could hear the rustling of the reeds along the bank, as our boat pushed a light wave among them. Far in advance—a black tall figure—the boy was moving on his horse, but he did not break the silence by a word. The man in the bow was quiet, and we so still behind that I could count every whiff of the skipper's pipe. The people were coming up through the low meadows from their work, and occasionally some old woman harnessed to a boat-load of hay in a side canal. And soon—sooner than I thought—the spires of the city were black in the sky before us.

In an hour, I was in the back room at the Oude Doelen, in bed. What on earth had become of Cameron? Five days, and he had not come.

——I thought of the little Prussian vixen, but her father had a lynx's eye.

——I thought of the two pretty Russians; but their mamma sat between them.

——I thought of the *Suédoise* bride, but her husband was a Tartar. And so thinking, and

my heart warming with pity, toward all who have Tartars for husbands, I fell gently asleep.

LE FRAUENSAND

North of Amsterdam lies a great Peninsula, crossed by the Ship Canal, and washed on its Eastern shore by the Zuyder Zee, and on the West by the German Ocean. The East shore, on which lie Broek, and Purmerende—famous for its dairies—is rich and green; but the West shore is sandy and barren. The two shores meet in the desolate promontory, on which stands the walled town of Helder.

Bearing North by East from Helder is the island of the Texel, where a few shepherds dispute occupancy with greedy sea-fowl. From the Texel stretches a line of islands across the opening of the Zuyder Zee—verging more and more East, until they almost touch the shores of Northern Friesland.

Various ingenious theories, of currents and inundations—of flux and reflux, have been from time to time set forth to account for the formation of these islands, in their peculiar position—all which—though I dare say, very good in their way, I shall pass over to the

hands of such men as Lyell and De la Beche; —reserving for my own notice, a theory of another sort, which accounts most ingeniously, and as will appear, most satisfactorily, for the formation of a single small bank of earth, belonging to this chain of islands, and called Le Frauensand. It lies only a little way from the shore, directly opposite the decayed village of Stavoren.

The theory runs thus:—and if the author of the Vestiges of Creation can contrive a better one, his labor would be—comparatively —well bestowed:—Stavoren had once its shipping, and commerce, and of course, its port of entry. Its churches were few, but its private mansions were splendid—even to the ornamenting of the exterior walls with precious metals. The head-dresses of the women were fillets of solid gold as broad as your hand, and their ear-rings drooped with pearls and rubies, upon shoulders as white as ivory. Their spencers were of the richest silks of India, and their skirts—longer than they wear them now —were of the costliest velvets of Genoa.

Their bracelets were cables of the twisted Venetian chain, and their shoe-buckles were studded with Bohemian garnets.

There were but few churches in the city,

and it was said of the people of Stavoren,—as is said nowadays of many rich people,—that they were very worldly, and very wicked.

It was certainly true of one of the inhabitants—a very beautiful woman, whose name was Bathilda—and who, strange to say, was the richest of all. Her wealth (nor will wealth do more now) could not secure her from remark; and terrible stories went abroad of her wickedness.

For instance:—there were amiable and weak-minded young men in Stavoren—as there is now a very weak king in Bavaria—who could do no less than fall desperately in love with so beautiful a woman as Bathilda;—and it was said that such, after a visit or two to her house,[1] to which they were beguiled by fair promises, suddenly disappeared. Too often now, crime and wealth conspire to hide shame. The misfortune is, that the Bathildas of our day, cannot also rid the community of the panders to their lust.

The fame of Bathilda spread through the

[1] The same thing is related in an old Chronicle, of a Countess who inhabited a château of Normandy. Complaint was at length made to the reigning Duke—the Countess burnt, and her lands confiscated.—*La Normandie Romanesque et Merveilleuse. Par Mme. Bosquet.* 1845.

region for twenty leagues around—which is an almost incredible distance in Dutch-land, even to this day.

Her lovers grew fewer, when they saw how dearly others had paid for the wooing; and at thirty, though blooming and beautiful as she was wicked, Bathilda was still unmarried.

At length—whether tired of single life—as many have been tired since, or contriving some new scheme of wickedness—she caused it to be proclaimed to the inhabitants of Stavoren, that she would give her hand, and the half of her wealth, to whoever should bring, within two years, the richest cargo to her storehouses at Stavoren. Her ships were on every ocean, and there were not wanting men among the avaricious ones of the city, who inspired by her money or her beauty, took command of ships to bring back the coveted freight.

Some steered for the coast of Africa, to purchase gold and ivory, and others for the Indies, to bring home spices.

A year passed, and twelve of her ships were afloat upon the marriage errand, but none had yet returned. At the beginning of the second year, there came to Bathilda a new applicant—unknown to the people of Stavoren. He was of proud and noble mien; he sailed with his

ship up the Baltic, and landèd at Dantzic. Here he caused to be procured the largest and sweetest grain of all that region, which was once called Poland.

He stowed it safely in his vessel, and set sail for Stavoren. He arrived first of all, in the eighth month of the year. Bathilda came down to the port in her richest silks, her eyes flashing in expectation of finding costly jewels and gold; and when she saw nothing but the grain of the Dantzic, she howled with rage and disappointment.

She ordered the captain to appear, and commanded him to throw the grain into the sea. He refused, and uttering a curse upon her avarice, which made her cheeks blanch with terror, he withdrew to the shore, and disappeared.

Bathilda, ashamed of her fright, ordered the grain—sack by sack, to be thrown into the sea. The poor people collected about the port, and implored her charity—mothers brought their children, who plead as children will plead—with their eyes, and their little hands lifted up—for some of the precious grain.

Nothing could move the wicked woman, and she stationed men with cutlasses—enjoining upon them, with threats, to cut off the hands

of whoever should touch a kernel of the accursed corn.

Two days she stayed upon the vessel, to see the work of destruction accomplished; and after it, as the last sack fell over the side, there arose a fearful storm. For three days the winds howled, and the waters roared, and the waves were heavy and thick with sand.

On the morning of the fourth day, another of Bathilda's ships appeared entering the harbor. The wind was strong, and she came swiftly up, and to the wonder of all—stranded, where was ship never stranded before—over the spot where the grain had fallen. In an hour, the vessel was a wreck, and her ruined cargo was strewn along the shore.

Day by day the sand accumulated over the fallen grain——three more of Bathilda's ships stranded upon it, and were lost. None of the twelve ever came safely back; some were driven upon foreign coasts; two were captured by the Moors, and one, hearing of the ruin of the harbor of Stavoren, had sold its cargo in a foreign port.

Bathilda's wealth was lost, and she pawned her house and jewels for bread, and these failing, died at length, the miserable victim of her avarice and shame.

As the sand accumulated in the harbor of Stavoren, it was observed that the nearer shore sunk,—the merchants moved their goods to other cities, and gradually the storehouses of Stavoren sunk under the waves. Its people—those who remained,—from having been the richest, became the poorest in all Holland.

No ships could enter their port;—their boats rotted at the wharves. The pile of sand at length showed itself above the water, and soon there grew upon it a false grain,—green and luxuriant,—but without either blossom or fruit.[1]

And they say that now—if you dig deep enough in Le Frauensand, you will find the grain of Dantzic, still fresh and plump.

MY PIPE GONE OUT

Amsterdam is not the most pleasant place

[1] *Wunderkorn—Dünenhelm* (*Arundo arenaria*) a species of reed not very unlike wheat, which grows upon these islands, and on the Dunes of Holland. By its roots it holds the sand together, and prevents its removal by wind or rain. It serves the same office with the grass cultivated upon Cape Cod (*vid. Dwight's Travels*). The germ of the story, lies in an old popular legend of Holland. *Grabner; Voyage dans le Pays Bas.*

in the world, when a June sun is shining hot upon the dead water of its canals, and their green surface is only disturbed by the sluggish barges, or the slops of the tidy house-maids.

I grew tired of its windmills, and clumsy drawbridges,—and tired of waiting for Cameron. I left him a note at the Oude Doelen, telling him that we would talk over matters some day——Heaven grant that the day some time come!—upon the green banks of wild Loch Oich.

I set off toward Harlaem, and Leyden, and Historic Belgium.

——Not a tulip, though, did I bring away from Harlaem—nor anything but the memory of the music of its organ, which tingles in my ear now, like a good reading of the ballad of Chevy Chace.

Of Leyden, seated in the rich, flat country, nothing but the gray walls of its University, rises now in the wake of my travel.

La Hague, with its city-fed storks stalking about the market-place, and its palaces and parks, is left behind. And Rotterdam, with its high windmills, and ships, and filthy canals, and clean door-steps, and wharfage smells, is also left; and if you would know more of

them, or of Dutch-land—read the books of stately Silliman, or of biting Beckford.[1]

——Meanwhile I am gliding down one of the winding branches of the Scheldt toward the commercial capital of Belgium.

The sun shines hot upon the deck of the little steamer—and hot upon the still surface of the river,—and hot upon the low banks covered with green marsh grass.

The windmills of Rotterdam long before noon, have faded from the sight. The river now widens to a sea,—and now narrows to a strait. Here is an old Dutch fort with red brick walls,—and there a red-roofed village lying on the marshes. After noon a light breeze stirs, and little craft are making sail all around us. Still there is no cloud to shade us, and no trees upon the shore.

I sit under the awning—the Dutchmen around me—puffing quietly at the same pipe, which a month before, I had lighted upon the Elbe.

[1] The Journal of Professor Silliman, though now out of print, and though the country has much changed since the book was written—I yet found most accurate in its descriptions; Beckford—the eccentric nabob of Bath (author of Vathek) has shown a quick eye to the peculiarities of this peculiar people.

At length, five hours and more past noon, there rose up over the flat country, far away to the right, the top of the spire of the Cathedral of Antwerp. It was the beacon of a new kingdom. And straight—the old Belgic cities ranged around me.

I had not seen them, then—so the images were vague and uncertain, but wildly pleasant; for soon I would compare them with what was real.——Yet what more real than the forms of things that Belgic History had planted in my mind?

There was a Liege of my own—the Liege of the wicked Bishop of Schonwaldt (for Scott is reliable history)—of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, and of the hopeful Quentin Durward,—as real to me, as the Belgic Birmingham of to-day.

Ghent was before me, with its Burghers—so stout at the Battle of the Spurs,—and so submissive to Charles V. when they wore halters round their necks. And Van Arteveldt—another Cola di Rienzi—poured that eloquence on my ear, which in the time of Edward III. 'set them of Ghent on fire.' The very market-place, the *stadhuis,* the streets—lay mistily before me. And the stout Flemings came up from the dead in troops, who in

the Old Time went over to help the stout Constable of Chester, against the fiery Welchmen.[1]

'Fair Bruges' had its shadow in my mind, and easy as a thought, came visions of its fair-faced girls.[2] I seemed to see the Palace—the old Palace, and Barber Oliver,[3] and scheming Louis XI., and Charles the Bold, and—pleasanter vision, and lingering longer than any—sweet Mary of Burgundy, with the falcon sitting proudly on her jewelled finger.

——Now the scene of this thick host of memories, which through the whole past time of my life, had been shadowy, and uncertain, and changeful,—within one short week would become definite and fixed;—no more dreams—no more shadows thereafter. But the new scene that so soon was to fasten itself upon my brain, would never change, and—blessed be Heaven!—it would never fade.

My whiffs were growing more and more

[1] Vid. Scott's story of the "Betrothed."

[2] Bruges is famous for its pretty women;—thus an old verse says:

Gandavum laqueis, formosis Burga puellis.

The allusion in *laqueis* is to the halters worn by the Burghers of Ghent, in obedience to command of Charles V.

[3] Vid. Anquetil, Hist. de France. Siècle de Louis XI. Also see James's romance of Mary of Burgundy.

earnest,—but there was now no smoke.——My pipe with the Dutchmen was ended.

I knocked out the ashes, and put the pipe carefully in my pocket, and in a half hour more, was strolling with a dreamy gladness, in the rough, narrow streets—under the long, evening shadows of the Cathedral of Antwerp.

HOMEWARD

Belgium passed like a wild dream—full of brilliancies and shadows.

Then, I went sailing under the skirts of ancient towns—under vine-covered cliffs, and among pleasant islands,—upon the waters of the Rhine. Up and down its bounding current, by night and by day—I sailed.

In the day, the waters were bright, and there was the loud hum of busy cities by the shore;—in the night, the cities were dark and silent as the dead, and the waters were flecked with red furnace fires, or blazed upon with the white light of God's moon.

Great and glorious Cathedrals rose up, and faded away behind;—barge-bridges opened—and closed again; mountains grew great, and frowned,—and grew smaller, and smiling, left us;—echoes rang, and fainted;—songs of peasant girls came to our ears, and died in the

rustling current. Towns,—vineyards,—ruins came and went,———and I was journeying through France again.

The people were gathering the sheaves of Harvest, and the grapes were purpling on every hill-side, for the vintage.

——Again the enchanting City, and the winding Seine; Lillebonne, and most beautiful Caudebec,—and I was by the edge of the Ocean once more.

Then came the quick, sharp bustle of departure, and the fading shores. My straining eye held upon them tearfully, until the night stooped down, and covered them.

With morning, came Sky and Ocean. And this petted eye, which had rioted in the indulgence of new scenes, each day, for years, was now starved in the close-built dungeon of a ship—with nothing but Sky and Ocean. Week followed week—still nothing but Sky and Ocean:——before us—behind us—around us —nothing but Sky and Ocean. But—thanks to this quick-working memory—through the livelong days, and the wakeful nights, my fancy was busy with pictures of countries, and the images of nations.

——Yet, ever, through it all—Mary—the burden of my most anxious thought, was drifting, like a sea-bound river——Homeward.

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